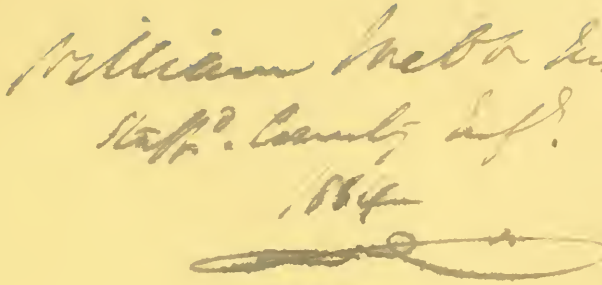

MEMORANDUMS

MADE IN

IRELAND.

Drawn and Lithographed by W L Walton.

Hullmandel & Walton Imp.

GLENGARIFF.

MEMORANDUMS

MADE IN

I R E L A N D

IN THE AUTUMN OF

1852.

BY JOHN FORBES, M.D. F.R.S.

HON. D.C.L. OXON.

PHYSICIAN TO HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD,

Author of 'A Physician's Holiday.'

WITH A MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Rerum ipsarum cognitio vera e rebus ipsis est.
JUL. SCAL.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.

1853.

C. and J. Adlard, Printers, Bartholomew Close.

PREFACE.

This book is literally what its title gives it out to be—a series of Memorandums made in Ireland. Although in transcribing these, I have, of course, very considerably enlarged them, I do not think that I have added a single new topic to the collection in my memorandum book.

Sundry remarks and reflections, not in the original notes, have, no doubt, been put into words for the first time, during the process of composition; but even these can hardly be said to be additions, as most—if not all—of them, had already passed through the mind, although not formally registered. Such interpolations will not, therefore, I trust, be regarded as in any way impugning the literal truth of my title-page.

I am anxious to have this matter clearly understood by my readers, for two reasons: first, because knowing how and out of what materials the work has been framed, they may be prepared for its scrap-like character, and the confined range of its subjects; and secondly, because if the book has any

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value at all, this must rest mainly on the implied authenticity derived from the fact—that all the statements were recorded at the moment, and on the spot.

The only portions of the volumes that do not come clearly within this category of primary notation, are some of the statistics relating to the population, to ecclesiastical matters, to schools, and to workhouses,—which have been derived from official documents; and the few chapters which give, in greater detail, and in a more general and formal manner, an account of certain important subjects and questions which cannot be overlooked in any work professing to treat of Ireland. These chapters must be admitted to be rather supplementary to the Memorandums, than an intrinsic portion of them; although, as far as regards the views and opinions propounded, they may be all said to have been formed in the country to which they relate. It is only in the elaboration of their details, that these articles can be regarded as in any way deviating from the promise of my title.

J. F.

London; 10*th May*, 1853.

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Lough Key
Lough Gill
Lough Macnean

MEMORANDUMS MADE IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

KINGSTOWN—DUBLIN—COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

On Saturday, August the 7th, 1852, we landed at Kingstown-harbour, and, about 11 P.M., found ourselves on Irish ground for the first time.

Kingstown is now a large and a fine town, though as recently, I believe, as thirty years since, it consisted of nothing but a cluster of fishermen's cabins, with a harbour, if it may be so called, only fit for fishing-craft. In 1817 the present magnificent harbour was commenced, and although for years in a state of efficiency, it is scarcely yet completed. It is said that 800,000*l.* have been expended on this admirable work. Dunleary was the old name of this place, ill-exchanged, I think, for its present name in the year 1821, on the occasion of the visit of George IV to Dublin. Since the foundation of the harbour the town has increased wonderfully, and now contains a population of more than 10,000. The actual population, according to

the census of 1851, is 10,453, being an increase of 3224 since 1841. Many of the streets and terraces are handsome, and the vicinity is sprinkled over with many pretty villas; the whole commanding a charming view of Dublin Bay and its northern boundary, the Hill of Howth.

We took up our abode at Rathbone's Hotel, a large and, on the whole, an excellent establishment, —yet constantly reminding us, by sundry little intimations, that we had got into a less nice and more careless country than we had left on the eastern side of the Irish Channel. In a very good bed-room, for example, the bell-rope had been broken and was not yet repaired; the window-blind was crippled and would not work; the swing-mirror could not be steadied for want of a fitting screw; and the sole resource against being stifled in a hot night, was to keep the window up by the poker, there being no pullies to the large and handsome sashes. Water was occasionally found wanting where it was most wanted; and there seemed, every now and then, to be a lingering doubt among the servants, *whose* special duty it was to attend to the particular bell that happened to be ringing. Yet, for all this, the hotel was by no means a bad one, as to accommodation, attendance, or living; and it is but doing justice to it individually to say, that its defects as well as excellencies were more or less shared with it by all the hotels we visited in Ireland. And it certainly would be unjust not to add, that their

excellencies, speaking generally, greatly preponderated over their defects.

When leaving this Kingstown hotel on the following day, a little incident occurred which was also somewhat characteristic of the new people we had come among. I was in a great hurry to get a parcel tied up, fearing that I might be too late for the inexorable rail. Some twine was needed to complete the job, and as none could be immediately found in the room, the maid who was the operator, after a moment's delay, coolly went to the sideboard drawer, and taking thence the cord of a window blind, complete with all its brass pullies, (perhaps the very one wanting in my bed-room,) cut off as much of it as was needed, and therewith did up my parcel in a trice.

Being uncertain whether we should return to Kingstown, we thought it best, before proceeding to Dublin, to ascend some greater height, in order that we might have a still more complete view of the bay. Accordingly, we went to Dalkey by the atmospheric railway, and there took a car to the top of Killiney Hill. From this height Dublin Bay is conspicuous in all its extent and beauty; and a charming scene it is, well deserving this slight trouble to command it. This short railway (only one mile and three quarters in length) is remarkable for its great deviation from the level line, rising no less than one foot in 115 to within a few hundred yards of Dalkey, and from thence to the terminus

as much as one in 57. With so great a declination, it will readily be understood that the trains return to Kingstown without any aid from steam or other power but their own gravity.

We reached Dublin (a distance of about five miles) by the railway, in time to visit the Phœnix Park, and see—exteriorly, at least,—its principal objects, the Military Hospital, the Constabulary Barracks, the Zoological Gardens, the Wellington Testimonial, the Phœnix Pillar, and the Vice-regal Lodge. None of these, except the Zoological Gardens, claim particular attention. The collection of animals is very good and of considerable extent. The space is, however, too much filled up by thick shrubberies. This being Sunday afternoon, we were admitted to view the collection for one penny, an arrangement made for the convenience of the poorer classes, and which we would recommend to the consideration of the directors of our own gardens in the Regent's Park. The Phœnix Park itself is a splendid expanse of ground, containing, it is said, between 1700 and 1800 statute acres, and being about seven miles in circumference. It is, however, greatly inferior in general beauty to our smaller London parks, and is not to be compared with our Richmond Park, and still less with the truly royal domain of Windsor, in point of variety, extent, and beauty of the views.

We took up our abode at the Imperial Hotel, Sackville Street, a capital establishment in every respect; with excellent attendance, although the

servants are paid by the house; and with moderate charges—everything supplied being of the best kind.—All that I have to say of Dublin I shall say in this place, although we paid it a second visit, as will be seen in the sequel.

I own myself to have been a good deal disappointed with Dublin as a city. To say nothing of its extent, it is greatly inferior, in many other respects, not only to London, but to several towns in England and some in Scotland.[1] Its site is flat and monotonous, and its streets and squares possess no architectural beauty. The former, to be sure, are often very wide, and some of the latter, as Merrion Square and Stephen's Green, are of immense extent; but there is throughout a general want of elegance and grandeur. Most of the streets seem to want dignity, and the majority of the houses are common-looking, and even mean and dingy. The very extent of the squares and the width of the streets—particularly Sackville Street—are the means of detracting from their architectural effect, the size and structure of the houses not being sufficiently imposing to harmonise with the spaces they surround or line. Were these squares half their present extent, and Sackville Street half its width, their very ordinary houses would not then be so destitute of effect as they now are. The same remarks apply, though in a less degree, to the quays along the Liffey, which, however, constitute a

[1] The population of Dublin in 1841 was 232,726; by the last census (1851) it was 247,111; or, including "Public Institutions," 258,361.

beautiful and redeeming feature in the city. If the buildings on either side of the fine and beautifully-embanked river, corresponded in size and architecture to the space they bound, this would be one of the most striking promenades in Europe. Sackville Street is, however, a fine street even as it is, with its splendid Nelson column in its centre, and the magnificent Post Office facing it.

While denying both beauty and grandeur to Dublin as a city, I must join in the universal judgment as to the splendour of many of its public buildings, as the Bank of Ireland—formerly the Parliament House, the Custom House, the Post Office, the Royal Exchange, &c. Trinity College also consists of a series of fine buildings, and, for an institution in the very centre of a great city, has singularly open and extensive grounds. Unfortunately we could not see the museum or library on the day we visited the College. In the Theatre and Refectory are some fine portraits and monuments, but some of the best of the portraits are placed too high for effect. In the former room, there is an organ which was taken out of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, wrecked on the Irish coast near the Giants' Causeway.

There are a few fine churches, both Catholic and Protestant, in Dublin, as St. George's in Hardwicke Place, St. Michael's in High Street, the Catholic Chapel of St. Andrew in Westland Row, and the Metropolitan Chapel in Marlborough Street. The

two cathedrals, Christ Church and St. Patrick, are chiefly interesting from their antiquity: they also contain some fine architectural remains; but both externally and internally they are inferior to almost all our English cathedrals. St. Patrick's is now undergoing repair; and it is to be hoped that, when completed, greater pains will be taken to keep it decently clean than is the case at present. I never saw a church in so discreditable a state. One part of it may be literally said to be converted into a dove-cot, as its roof is filled with pigeons, and its floor in a state not to be described. It contains some fine and some deeply-interesting monuments. Though far from striking in itself, the monument of Swift is terribly impressive, — perpetuating, as it were, beyond actual life, his savage indignation and lacerated heart.[1] Among the monuments I was also particularly struck with a bust of Curran, by C. Moore, which appeared to me to be the most animated representation of a human face I ever saw in marble. Whether it may be too animated for its solemn station, or for the laws of strict artistic taste, I know not, but the effect is great.

The Castle, the town residence of the Lord-Lieutenant, has, as a whole, no pretensions to either grandeur or beauty, though it still retains, amid the

[1] Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, S.T.D., hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani, ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit Abi, Viator, et imitare, si poteris, strenuum pro virili Libertatis Vindicatorem.—(The Epitaph, left in Swift's will.)

mendings to which it has been subjected, some fine samples of its ancient splendour.

I did not make any attempt to visit the abodes of the poor in the obscure recesses of Dublin, preferring to see the condition of this class of persons in the smaller towns and in the country, where—the degrading influences that prevail in all large cities, in all countries, being absent—they might be seen under circumstances more characteristic of the individual nation. Such of the common people as we had yet seen and conversed with, impressed us favorably by their civility and shrewdness; but we were rather startled at the intensity of the *brogue*. Some of the speakers were actually unintelligible to us. This novelty, however, soon ceased to be a novelty; and, after a week or two, the peculiarity of the intonation, as well as of the phraseology, was found to be rather agreeable than otherwise.

As yet we had seen no signs of misery and hardly any beggars, though we could not fail to be struck by the general inferiority of the dress of the labouring classes, when compared with that of their English brethren. Ill-fitting coats, with disproportionate length of tail, were common; and holes in the outer garment, showing the white within, were not rare. This struck us the more remarkably as the day was Sunday, and many of the clothes were obviously Sunday clothes. I shall, hereafter, have something more to say on this general untidi-

ness of the Irish as to dress; and will only further remark here, that it prevails, in a greater or less degree, even among those of whom better things might be expected. In one of the waiters at our excellent hotel, I observed a little of the white within, even when he was in attendance in the coffee-room; and, in another part of the island, the landlord of a respectable country inn once presented himself in like dishabille.

Having seen as much of Dublin as we thought necessary at present, we set about the first object of our country journey,—a visit to the county of Wicklow, of whose beauties we had heard much. We left the city early in the afternoon for Bray, taking advantage of the Kingstown and Dalkey railways as far as they went, and completing our journey in an Irish car. In this short distance we had an opportunity of witnessing one of the disadvantages of this mode of conveyance, as we should have got thoroughly drenched by a sudden and very heavy shower, had it not fortunately overtaken us close to a roadside-blacksmith's forge, into whose open door we drove bodily, without license or ceremony, yet evidently not unwelcome. Here we waited till the rain was over, the time being well beguiled by the conversation of two or three stalwart forgemen, who seemed nothing loath to postpone their work for the sake of a traveller's gossip.

Among other subjects of talk with these good men, an incidental remark brought up the subject

of fairs and drinking, with the comment that the ancient glories of both had vanished since the advent of Father Matthew. While evidently half-regretting this, my informant readily admitted that the change was for the better. He mentioned, however, a recent little anecdote of himself and a friend, which proved that there still lived in the embers some of the old fire. His friend, after a successful campaign in England as a railway labourer, returned home with 25*l.* in his pocket. A fair happening to fall in his way immediately after his return, he went to it, of course, taking my friend of the forge with him, and as many of his other friends as he could lay hands on. The result was, that my informant *got kilt,* as he said, at the end of the second day by the strength of the potheen, while his friend and treater held on for a day or two more,—that is to say, as long as his cash lasted.

Finding on our arrival at Bray, at four o'clock, that there was still time to see some of the beauties of the immediate neighbourhood before dinner, I set off at once in a car to accomplish this object. The points of attraction were the glen of the Dargle and the waterfall in Lord Powerscourt's deer-park, both in the tract of the same small river, the Dargle.

The glen of the Dargle is about three miles from Bray, and is a mile in length. It is a fine example of a wooded ravine, and is extremely beautiful. The banks on either side, particularly on the right bank of the river, rise in some places to the height of

three hundred feet, the slopes being completely covered with the liveliest and greenest woods. It is like some of the more wooded glens of our Scottish streams, but softer and richer. Perhaps it comes nearest the character of some portions of the valley of the Wye, but is on a smaller scale. The river that flows through it is inconsiderable, but large enough to yield the charms both of sight and sound to the traveller as he treads his shaded path on the brow of the steep above it.

On rejoining the car at the further extremity of the glen, we proceeded on the main road for several miles, through some well-wooded and well-cultivated country, before descending into the valley where the Dargle escapes from Lord Powerscourt's park. While approaching this along the brow of the right bank of the rivulet, I think the landscape presented to us on the other side, for the distance of about a mile, could hardly be exceeded in point of simple and tranquil beauty,—as it lay stretched out before us, in one delightful perspective of well-cultivated fields, green hedges, trees, and cottages, one beyond the other, up the gentle slope from the brink of the small ravine at our feet to the base of the dark hills in the near horizon.

The drive along the bank of the river to the waterfall, along the brow of the wooded ravine, is delightful, and the whole may be said to be a repetition of the glen of the Dargle, only on a larger scale. The steep and lofty barrier, on the other side of the

river, is wooded to the very top, except where the brows of the hills thrust themselves into the landscape more and more as we ascend. It is where these bordering hills unite at an angle, that they constitute the lofty and steep precipice over which the little river descends along its black surface of rock; and it is thus that they half-surround the loveliest green nook that ever fairies or picknickers haunted. The cascade itself is rather a foamy descent of water along the face of the steep cliff than an actual fall. It is of small extent, gentle and very beautiful, but not grand. With all its adjuncts of rock and turf and trees, with all its rural sights and sounds, it would not be easy to match this scene elsewhere: it is surely well worth the traveller's visit, come he from where he may.

Bray is a small scattered town, nearly a mile in length, and finely situated on both sides of the river Bray, which is the boundary between the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, the town consequently being in both counties. The population has remained stationary during the last ten years, being, according to the census, 3169 in 1841, and 3152 in 1851: it is chiefly catholic. Bray is much frequented by the people of Dublin as a summer residence and bathing place. The hotel is a large establishment, and well conducted by its very intelligent landlord, Mr. Quin; we had, however, some difficulty in obtaining accommodation in it owing to the unusual number of strangers then

in Ireland. This house has the most extensive pleasure-grounds I ever saw attached to an inn. The flower garden is a full quarter of a mile in length, extending, in the form of a narrow slip, down to the sea-shore.

Both on our arrival and departure from this place, we had the first specimen of what we saw much of afterwards, the active and most obtrusive beggary which disfigures most of the public haunts in the South of Ireland. Our carriage was followed—hunted I may say—by a crowd of children, some of whom were, in the most literal sense of the words, not half-clad.

On leaving Bray in the morning, following the instructions of our landlord, we first visited the demesnes of Lord Meath, (Kilruddery,) and Sir George Hodson, (Hollybrook,) both in the vicinity of Bray. They are fine houses, and with very ornamental grounds, but too much shut in with trees. It is hardly worth the while of the English traveller to expend time in visiting such places, as they differ in nothing from the same class of country houses in his own land, unless, indeed, he may wish to be convinced from actual inspection, that the absenteeism of Ireland is not fostered by the deficiency of beautiful and splendid residences. I may here say, once for all, that the seats of the nobility and gentry of Ireland are, generally speaking, beautifully situated, replete with every comfort and elegance, and, with some striking

exceptions, kept in excellent order. I must, however, add that these beautiful residences are almost always too much shut in with dense and extensive woods, the demesnes, as they are called, being often more like a forest than a park, according to the idea we have of what constitutes a park in England.

Shortly after leaving Hollybrook we passed through the glen of the Downs, a ravine that cuts across the southern portion of the chain of mountains that almost encircle the district of which Bray may be regarded as the capital. This chain of mountains, as seen from every point, constitutes a most beautiful and picturesque feature in the landscape. It is deficient only on the side of the sea, and there its want is supplied by a boundary as beautiful in its kind. The charm of the whole scene is wonderfully enhanced by its mountain-screen, which is rendered singularly varied and picturesque by the succession of smaller and larger peaks by which its whole skiey outline is broken. The loftiest and most striking of these mountains are the Downs, Bray Head, the Scalp, and especially the Sugar Loaf, greater and lesser, the height of the former being no less than 1650 feet above the sea level. It would not be easy to select a finer site for a residence than might be supplied by many spots in the centre of this valley—if we may call it so—all sufficiently elevated to command at once the sea through the gap of Bray, as well as the circling mountains in all their extent. The presence of

these two grand features of nature around our dwellings, supplies a perpetual source of quiet interest and silent companionship, which the inhabitants of inland plains know nothing of.

The glen of the Downs may be said to be, in character, of precisely the same kindred as the glens on the Dargle, only less varied and picturesque in its bounding walls, which are, however, equally wooded and still higher. It seems also deprived of some of its natural charms, by the formality of the high road which runs along its bottom, and by the less obvious path of its rivulet. It divides the two mountains of the greater Sugar Loaf and the Downs from each other; and what may be called its walls rise in some places to the height of 600 feet. The mountains themselves rise to the respective elevation of 1232 and 1561 feet above the sea-level.

On escaping from this ravine we entered upon a somewhat wilder country than that we left on the other side of the mountains, but it was still well cultivated and wooded, and more resembling England than most of the other parts of Ireland.

A short distance beyond the glen we left the carriage, and ascended a small hill, in order to improve our view. The view thus obtained was indeed very fine, comprehending the wide slope of a richly cultivated tract, terminated by the open sea and the bay of Wicklow, with its beautiful headland. In our ramble we came upon a secluded hamlet, called

the Downs, containing eight or ten cottages, and one gentleman's house uninhabited. These being the first abodes of the rural poor we had come in contact with, I was curious to visit their interior. I found them all very wretched. They consisted respectively of one small apartment without any partition, with rough mud floors, and with either no window or with an opening so small as hardly to deserve the name. There was no furniture but a broken chair and small wooden box, and a small filthy settle-bed in one corner. This bed, we were told in one cottage, was occupied by the poor woman's two sons, while she herself slept on the floor. For these wretched cabins they paid from 3*d.* to 6*d.* and even 10*d.* per week. A larger double cottage paid a rent of 3*l.* a year. This was divided into two apartments. In one end, besides two beds, there was a loom for weaving a strong composite cloth of wool and cotton yarn which was spun by the daughter. Some of the cottages were occupied by families whose fathers or brothers had recently emigrated, and from whom they were looking for means to enable them to follow. In the poorest of the cabins, occupied by a helpless old woman, I found a dog which belonged to one of these emigrants, with which the poor creature divided her scanty meals out of affection for his absent master.

Proceeding onwards towards the chief object of the day's journey, the Devil's Glen, we drove through another extensive demesne belonging to a clergy-

man, and distinguished by the foreign-sounding name of Altadore. It was only remarkable for its fine woods, and the fine views it afforded of the country below it, and of the sea. The house was common, and the grounds not in good order.

The Devil's Glen is precisely of the same configuration and general character as the two glens of the Dargle and the glen of the Downs, only on a grander scale, and more picturesquely beautiful. The wall of the ravine on the right bank of the river rises to a height of full 400 feet, and is diversified by bold bare crags jutting out here and there from the green wall of trees, and by the dark summits of heath surmounting it at intervals. The small river (the Vartney) that runs through the glen, is steep in its descent, and forms a succession of small rapids as it dashes over its rocky pathway. The glen is about a mile and a half in length, and terminates in an abrupt angle of rock, over which the river tumbles in a beautiful cascade, or rather in a succession of two or three rapids. This fall, though not so high as that on the Dargle, has the advantage of a fuller stream, and is, on the whole, a fine termination to this romantic glen. One side of the ravine (the right) belongs to Mr. Synge, of Glenmore, whose beautiful house, called Glenmore Castle, is seen among the trees at its entrance. The other side belongs to Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycarry, who has constructed an excellent footpath along the river side to within a short distance of the cascade.

On leaving the Devil's Glen we pursued our journey to Newrath-bridge, a few miles from the town of Wicklow, and which our host of Bray had indicated as our resting-place for the night. We had no reason to be dissatisfied with our quarters, as the hotel is really a most charming resting-place; but taking into consideration what was intended to be done on the following day, namely, to visit Lough Tay, Lough Dan, and the Seven Churches, we ought, on leaving the Devil's Glen, to have gone in quite another direction, to the north-west, to Roundwood, in place of south-west, to Newrath. No doubt we had much better quarters where we were; but in visiting the places indicated, we had to return for many miles directly on our path.

The hotel of Newrath-bridge, besides excellent accommodations and a most civil landlord, has the great additional charm of being a solitary house among beautiful scenery. Like the inn at Bray, it overlooks an extensive garden, and combines all the comforts of an inn with the quiet of a private house in the country. It adjoins the classic grounds of Rosanna, the residence of the celebrated authoress of 'Psyche;' and it is said to be a favorite resort with those whom Psyche's lord has just delivered into the hands of Hymen. We saw some indications of this fact in the poetical effusions contained in the well-filled album of the hotel; and we could not deny that the selection of the locality seemed appropriate.

The morning being wet, and the look of the sky very unpropitious, we were forced to abandon our intention of visiting Lough Tay and Lough Dan, and the famous Luggala, and therefore shaped our course directly to Glendalough and the Seven Churches. In reaching there we passed through a very dreary and barren country, a sort of table-land of bog of the most wretched description. On leaving this, however, the aspect and condition of the country sensibly improved as we approached the small town of Larach, about a mile and a half from the Seven Churches, and at the entrance of what is properly termed Glendalough.

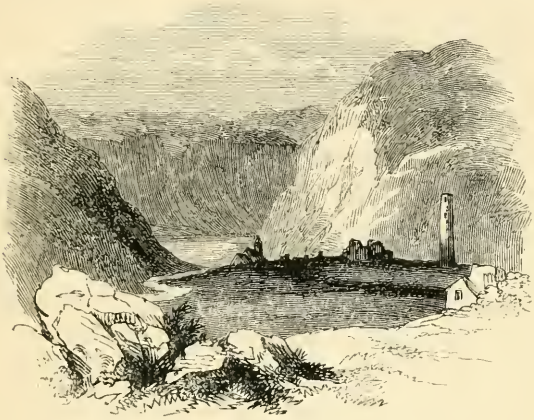
This glen is about three miles in length, and is bounded throughout by the lofty mountains of Derrybawn, Lugdaff, Brockagh, Glendassan, and Comaderry. These mountains at their western extremity approach closely together and finally unite, so as to constitute a profound abyss or hollow, bounded on three sides by lofty and precipitous cliffs and steep rocky wastes. In the bottom of this hollow lies the Lough which gives its name to the whole glen: it is about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth. In winter and rainy seasons, the longitudinal extent is considerably prolonged by a temporary accumulation of water at its eastern extremity, which is usually termed the lower lough, and which, when full, nearly washes the principal ruins of the Seven Churches. The mountains which enclose this narrow glen are, as already said,

entirely precipitous on the side of the lake, and are said to rise to the extreme height of 1800 feet. Feebly illumined as it thus is by so bounded a space of sky overhead, and excluded through the greater part of the day from the direct influence of the sun, this lough must present a gloomy aspect even in the brightest season, while the impression thence arising will be heightened by the dark, wild, and barren character of its mountain boundaries. Well, therefore, might Moore, in his celebrated ballad of St. Kevin, term it a "gloomy shore."

On the day of our visit, the gloom was painfully increased by the darkness of a clouded and rainy atmosphere. This lough of the glen reminded me forcibly, both in its configuration and general characters, of the dark Loch Muick, in the highlands of Aberdeenshire. Glendalough is fed by one or more streams that fall into it at its western extremity, and constitute foamy rapids or cascades, which, seen at a distance, somewhat relieve the neighbouring blackness. Two of these waterfalls are known by the euphonious names of Poolanas and Glaneola.

The Seven Churches, which give their name to this wild locality, are all still traceable in their ruins, and are at a considerable distance from one another. They occupy both banks of the river Glendalough, which flows out of the lake. Strange as it may seem, that so wild a locality as this should have been chosen for the site of a town, there is no doubt that

such a town or city did once exist, and was famous in its day for its ecclesiastical establishments and its seminaries of learning. The founder of the churches, no doubt, the nucleus of the future city,



Glendalough.

was the famous St. Kevin, who is understood to have flourished in the fifth and sixth centuries, and whose memory is still preserved in innumerable local legends. The small cavern in which the saint is supposed to have lived, and which is still known by the name of St. Kevin's bed, is pointed out in a cliff on the borders of the upper lake, and is constantly visited by travellers. The highly ungallant way in which the anchorite treated the fair Kathleen, when paying him a friendly visit in this comfortless abode, is known to every one, through the medium of Moore's melody. Glendalough was the see of a bishop for centuries, and seems to have continued

so even to the time of our King John, when it was united to that of Dublin.

The largest and most conspicuous remains of the ancient glories of the Seven Churches, are those already mentioned as adjoining the eastern margin of the lower lake. These consist of the ruinous outlines of a small church, dignified with the name of cathedral; a small chapel, called our Lady's Chapel, adjoining; and a building still retaining its roof, commonly known by the name of St. Kevin's Kitchen, though no doubt a religious edifice like the rest. This building is of small extent, being only about twenty-two feet in length by fifteen in breadth. There is a small enclosure termed the sacristy, no doubt an ancient burial-place, and still used as such by pious Catholics. It ought, indeed, to be a popular resting-place for the faithful, as the legend is still half-believed by the common people, that gives heaven as a heritage to all who have the good fortune to be here interred. In this cemetery there still remains an ancient granite cross, about ten or eleven feet in height, and formed of one solid stone. It is, however, much decayed, the sculptures upon it being now very imperfectly discoverable.

But the most remarkable relic amidst these ruins is the Round Tower, which still exists in all its mysterious perfection, except that it has lost the conical top which seems to have originally belonged to all these singular structures. The tower is said to be 110 feet high, and about 52 in cir-

cumference. The round-headed door is about ten feet from the ground; and it has several small openings or windows in its shaft, besides three or four just below its top. As another opportunity may probably occur for noticing these towers, which constitute a feature so remarkable and unique in the landscape as well as in the archæology of Ireland, I shall not here advert to any of the ideas or speculations that the present tower, the first we had seen, naturally awakened.

At the upper end of the glen, about three miles from the Seven Churches, the lead mines of Luggamore are situated. We did not visit them. Our guide told us that the Cornishmen employed in these mines had tended to improve the cottages in the neighbourhood, by exhibiting in their own a better arrangement, greater cleanliness, and a more comfortable mode of living generally. There is assuredly much room for such improvement. I found the cabins in this place of the same wretched character as those visited the day before. In one occupied by a widow, there could hardly be said to be any furniture. She paid for it a rent of one pound per annum, which was chiefly obtained by the exertions of her son, a lad of some fourteen years of age.

On the banks of the lake I visited a cottage of the better order, and found that it was intended as a lodging-house for such stray anglers as come to fish in the lough. The cottage contained a decent bedroom, with a wooden floor, and with two good

beds for visitors. The board and lodging together amounted to a pound a week. The mistress of thi cottage was still a very good-looking woman, although she was forty-six years of age, and had had fourteen children. In the course of a short conversation with her and her husband, I became the depositary of a small piece of family history, which, as it was not confided to me as a secret, I cannot refrain from recording here, as a sample of that simplicity and candour, which have struck me as such conspicuous features in the Irish character.

The good wife having told me that she was married at fifteen, I was curious to know what had led to so early an union. Without a moment's hesitation, and evidently without the consciousness of telling anything extraordinary, she gave me the following explanation in the presence of her husband. She said, being an only child, and the sole support of her mother, who was a widow, she felt that, as her mother's health was beginning to fail, she must do something more effectual for her future maintenance. Two ways were open for her,—one, service with a farmer, the other matrimony; the latter being in her option, through an offer made to her by her present husband, who, by the bye, was obviously much older than his partner. After much deliberation, she decided on marriage, "though (she added, pointing to her husband,) I did not then like him at all, at all!" I of course rallied her good man on a confession so little flattering to him; but he confirmed

its truth, adding, however, that she came soon to like him well enough—"almost as well as he liked her;" and, what seemed to him still more remarkable, "that she made as good a manager as if she had been thirty instead of fifteen." The good couple's married life had evidently been a happy one; and the smoothness of its current seemed to receive no ripple from the present candid recurrence to what must have been a grievance in its day.

My guide was evidently a kind-hearted fellow, and spoke well of his neighbours. Every one had a good word from him, and he was evidently anxious that the poorer members of the hamlet should participate, with himself, in the traveller's bounty. He was forty-five years of age, and, for a wonder, was not yet married, owing, he says, to having to support his old mother. He pays 3*l.* for his cottage, but lets off part of it to a lodger, who pays half the rent. Among the people pointed out to me by the guide, was a nice, cleanly-dressed young woman, who, he said, worked hard to support herself and a baby, left in her charge by a sister gone to America. Her sister's husband had died almost immediately after his arrival, and his widow had not yet been able to send for her child, or to send much money for her support. The young nurse had, however, received from her sister one remittance of a pound, a sum which, she regrettingly said, had been diminished by eighteen pence for postage, and eighteen pence as discount! There was something deeply

pathetic in this regret. I fear we too often forget how great such "little things are to little men." The young woman spoke cheerfully and confidently of soon receiving a fresh supply from her sister.

Leaving the hamlet of the Seven Churches, we returned on our path so far as the village of Larach, and then turned off, at a right angle, to the south, our destination being Arklow. Our course now lay through the beautiful vale of Clara, on the right bank of the Avonmore, which river we touched at Larach, and accompanied all the way to Arklow. This valley of Clara is very beautiful—not narrow and confined like a glen, but open, and with cultivation extending high on its gently-sloping sides, like a highland strath opening on the lowlands. It is well-wooded in many places, but is more characterised by cultivated than by wild beauty. The small town of Rathdrum, the property of Lord Fitzwilliam, is traversed by the Avonmore, and forms a pleasing feature in the landscape. We only passed through one of its suburbs, as we still kept the Avonmore on our left hand. According to the census, Rathdrum had a population of 1232 in 1841, which had fallen to 947 in 1851.

A short way beyond Rathdrum we left, somewhat on our left, the Avonmore and the Avondale watered by it; but from the ridge that bounds its southern bank, we commanded, on our right, the equally beautiful valley of Glenmalure, watered by the Avonbeg, as it speeds on and joins its half-namesake

in the vale of Ovoca. Descending to the bank of this river, and still keeping it on our right hand, we soon reached the celebrated spot where it unites with the Avonmore, and which all the world knows as Moore's "Meeting of the Waters." The united streams now take the name of the Ovoca, and proceed to water the beautiful vale of that name, until they join the ocean at Arklow. We first crossed the Avonbeg immediately before its junction, and then crossed the united streams at Newbridge, a short way further down the valley, in order to reach our destination, which was the house of a friend, situated on the left bank of the river, nearly opposite the town of Arklow. We reached our night's quarters about six o'clock, purposing to spend one whole day there, in order that we might do full justice to the famous vale, at whose eastern extremity we were now planted.

We devoted our day to visit the neighbourhood of Arklow, especially the vale of Ovoca and its bordering beauties. Crossing the old bridge at Arklow, we drove up the valley along the right bank of the river, stopping to look at several gentlemen's seats on our route. The chief of these, on this side the river, is Glenart, the mansion of Lord Carysfort. The house commands some good views, but is itself not fine, and, as usual, is shut up by thick woods. After a considerable detour we returned to the river, and kept close to its banks all the way to the Meeting of the Waters.

The Vale of Ovoca is certainly very beautiful, traversed as it is by its fine river, rapid yet meandering, and bounded by richly-wooded banks on both sides. It is properly called the vale, being much too open to take the name of glen, like several of the places already visited. In some places it is of considerable width, containing pasture meadows and cultivated fields and houses, and in one place a parish church (Castle M'Adam); but it everywhere retains the lofty and wooded barriers which give it the charm of seclusion and repose. As the road follows the windings of the stream, the upward view presents constantly-varying scenes, ever bounded in the distance by some wooded summit; while, looking backwards, we here and there catch a glimpse of the sea through the fringed openings in the woods.

There are two Meetings of the Waters, the upper, already mentioned, formed by the junction of the greater and lesser Avon (for this is the meaning of the terminations *more* and *beg*), and the lower, about four miles down, formed by the union of the Aughrim with this double stream now termed the Ovoca. It is close by this last meeting that the Wooden Bridge Inn is situated, the comfortable resort of all explorers of the beauties of the vale. Of the rival meetings of the waters there cannot be a question, in my mind, as to the great superiority of the upper in point of beauty. It is accordingly this that is usually regarded as the theme of Moore's charming ballad; and it is here where the guides

never fail to point out to the traveller the very tree beneath which he composed it.[1] But, alas, for the muse, the classical spot is now sadly desecrated by the progressive encroachments of the works of a most prosaic copper-mine in its immediate vicinity, which not only troubles but poisons the "waters," and mingles its squalid ruins and its gigantic mechanism with the pure charms of nature. If the poet had lived to witness this degradation, we can easily imagine that he would have protested in some such indignant lament as that in which Wordsworth greeted the approach of the railway and steam engine to his beloved lakes and vallies:

> "In balance true,
> Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
> Mountains, and vales, and floods, I call on you
> To share the passion of a just disdain.
> Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
> Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
> Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
> And constant voice, protest against the wrong."

As we, however, were not poets, and had no ballads to defend, nothing loath we turned our steps to the mine itself, and are not ashamed to confess that we spent a pleasant half hour amid its huge wheels and heaps of ponderous ore.

There are mines on both sides of the river. That which we visited lies on the right bank, and is

[1] I see by a remark of Moore's, in his recently published memoirs by Lord John Russell, that it is this upper "meeting" which he recognises.

called Ballymurtagh. Those on the other side are called the Cronbane copper mines. The ore of the Ballymurtagh mine is a sulphuret of copper, but the sulphur is in places so predominant, that the produce in sulphur is more productive than in metal. The ore is all exported to England for reduction, being conveyed to the pier at Arklow by a tram-road running down the valley. The ore, at the period of our visit, was yielding only about three per cent. of copper, while the less metalliferous portion was said to give a return of sulphur amounting to one third. There were about 200 men employed on the mine, all Irish except the manager who is a Cornish man. He told me that nothing could exceed the attention, industry, and soberness of the men. He said they were much more manageable than his own countrymen, and worked contentedly for much smaller wages. Many of them are strict "Teetotallers," though of late years a considerable proportion of them had broken their pledges, and again indulged in strong drinks, but not so as to interfere materially with their work, or seriously to affect the great general sobriety of the mass.

On leaving the mine we proceeded to visit Castle Howard, conspicuous through the woods on the brow of the opposite bank. To reach it we had to cross both the Avons, and then ascend a long and winding path overhanging the river, through a perfect thicket of wood. The house is closely em-

bosomed in wood, and though placed on so lofty an eminence, it is thus deprived of some fine views, which it might command if left more open. It can hardly be said to have any park, though its wooded demesne is of great extent.

Descending from Castle Howard, and recrossing the river at Newbridge, we drove through the woods of Ballyarthur, a gentleman's seat on the same ridge as Castle Howard, commanding similar views, and in itself a much superior place of residence, though with an inferior house. It possesses something like an open park, the woods being kept at a more convenient distance from the house.

Beyond Ballyarthur we entered the domain of Lord Wicklow, and drove down to Shelton Abbey, his splended and delightful residence. Of all the places yet seen in Ireland,—I had almost said, or elsewhere,—this Abbey impressed me the most by its singular and placid beauty. Placed in a lofty plain or mountain valley, surrounded, yet not too closely, by woods and wooded hills rising gently above it, seeing nothing from its walls but these woods and hills, and yet, while conveying the impression of profound seclusion and solitude, still breathing of airyness and openness and sylvan freedom, it seemed truly an abode set apart for the peaceful and holy life, which should harbour in a home so named. The character of the building, in the style of an ancient abbey, with its lofty windows, its jutting buttresses, and its wilderness

of turrets, belfries, and lofty and slender chimneys, harmonised admirably with the scenes amid which it was placed. Everything breathed tranquillity and peace, and the charmed beholder could scarce refrain from holding his breath, in momentary expectation of hearing the solemn bell summoning its inmates to vespers. The illusion was probably heightened by the perfect stillness of the evening, the immobility of the sheltering woods, and the growing dimness of the sky, which only here and there retained a feeble colouring from the sunken sun.

Next morning I paid a visit to a small farm in the neighbourhood, tenanted by an old man of seventy-five, an orangeman or Protestant, who had been *out in the* '98. He paid 20*l.* for about nineteen acres of good land, and some wild pasturage along the shore. His house is not much better or cleaner than that of a mere cottier, only larger. He keeps a good many cows, and sends the produce, in the shape of butter slightly salted, to Dublin once a fortnight. His grandfather and father occupied the farm before him, and he has still a lease of it, for his own and his son's life. He has three sons and one daughter. One son is a gardener, and out in the world gaining his living; another has gone to America, where he obtains a good livelihood as a servant on a railway at New York. His eldest son and heir lives with him on the farm, as does also his daughter, who seemed to be the only woman on

the establishment. His land was not in good order, though he seemed to have had a tolerable crop, both of corn and hay. The potato crop had suffered, as indeed throughout the whole county—one third, at least, being destroyed. He spoke doubtfully of being able to pay his rent, and grumbled because, some time back, it had been raised. He said he and his predecessors had built all the houses on the farm at their own expense, and he thought it hard that they should now be charged in the rent. This was the first distinct intimation we had of Tenant-right.

I was amused to find that, like many of his betters of the orange school, the farmer regarded the temperance proceedings of Father Matthew as a political, that is, a rebellious movement, originating with the priests and repealers. He readily admitted, however, that the system of teetotalism had been productive, while it lasted, of great social benefits, and had left behind it much more of general sobriety than existed before its introduction.

Our sensibility to natural beauty, if not our gallantry, might, we feel, be justly called in question, if, after what we had seen of it in the places commemorated in this chapter, we did not say one word of the most animated of all the forms of beauty we had seen—that, namely, of the women and children. We shall have another opportunity of referring to this matter; but we must allude here to the fact of our being struck, on the very threshold of Ireland,

with the unusual attractions presented to us by many of its women, and even by many of its children, though seen in all the disadvantages of dirt and rags. In one of our country hotels (I carefully withhold the name, mindful of the fate of Mary of Buttermere, betrayed through the printed encomiums of a tourist,) we were waited on by a young damsel, who might, I think, be regarded as a *perfect* beauty, especially by the admirers of the Rubens' school. Her features and expression were faultless.

CHAPTER II.

ARKLOW—TULLOW—CARLOW—KILDARE—CASHEL.

Arklow is a moderate-sized bustling country town, with a population, according to the last census, of 3300, making a difference of only 46 persons between this and the enumeration of 1841. The upper and better portion of it contains some good houses, with a fine church and chapel. The lower portion of it, on the flat shore, by the harbour, is chiefly inhabited by fishermen, and is very squalid and filthy. There is a pretty good trade here, the exports being principally mineral ores and fish; but the entrance to the small harbour is very shallow and unsafe. According to the Parliamentary returns, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants, in 1834, was more than double, the number of Catholics, in the whole parish, being 4347, and of Protestants only 2037. I believe the same proportion (nearly) still holds good. There is a fine National School here. At the time of my visit there were 150 boys in attendance, and a considerably larger proportion of girls. There was one master and two mistresses, all Catholics. There were no Protestants in the school, the Protestant clergymen discountenancing

the attendance of the children of their flocks, although it would appear that no interference in regard to religious instruction takes place on the part of the teachers. It is part of the system of these schools, that all religious instruction (confined mostly to learning the Catechism) is prohibited during ordinary school-hours. According to the Report of the Commissioners of National Education, the number on the books of this school, in September, 1850, was 214 boys and 224 girls; and in September, 1851, 210 boys and 247 girls. The boys at these schools are permitted to remain as long as they please, the education being such as to fit them for the office of clerk or tradesman. I found the head boys working in vulgar fractions, and their writing was good. There is also a Protestant school in connection with the Church Education Society. According to the last Report, there were in the preceding year (1851) 37 children on the roll, and an average attendance of 27.

I visited a (so-called) Protestant school, a little distance from the town, supported by a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood. The number of children on the books was from 50 to 60, and of these about 30 were present. Only about one seventh or one eighth part of the children were Protestants. In this school the scriptures are read daily, and the liturgy of the Church of England used. In these all the children are expected to take a part; but the mistress (a Protestant) told me that she believed some of the

Catholics said their own prayers mentally, while professing to join in the Protestant formula.

I had not an opportunity of inquiring minutely into the state of temperance in Arklow; but I learned that the number of the pledged children of Father Matthew had marvellously decreased, there being now perhaps hardly more than fifty in the town, where there had once been a thousand.

We left Arklow in the forenoon, intending to sleep at Carlow, and proceeding thence by the railway to Kildare, to join the Dublin train on its way to Cork. Advancing for a short way along the banks of the Aughrim river, we turned to the left through a rather wild country, chiefly the property of Lord Fitzwilliam. This property extends for many miles over a series of long and low valleys, mostly boggy in the centre, but partially cultivated on the slopes. The district possesses no feature of beauty, but it is fairly peopled.

In the hamlet of Killaveny, in the centre of this district, I passed some time in a peat-cutter's cabin, discoursing on various local matters. Lord Fitzwilliam was represented as a good landlord in his ordinary dealings with his tenantry. He had, also, at his own expense, sent out a large portion of the population to America, and more were preparing to follow. My informant indicated the extent of this emigration, by stating that the chapel of Killaveny, a large building, was not now one half so full on Sundays as formerly. Many of the emigrants had already

sent home a good deal of money to their relations. One girl, who had gone to Australia, and was there employed as a servant, had sent home no less than 20*l.* to her mother, though she had only been from home four years; and she expressed her intention of assisting all the members of her family to join her in her new country. This turf-cutter's cottage was superior, both in size and accommodation, to many I had seen in Wicklow. It had two apartments—a *but* and a *ben*, as the Scottish cotter names them,—and could boast of both chairs and a table, besides beds in the inner room. As there was no ground attached to it, the rent was only 1*l.* per annum. The man had no pigs; and I may here observe, that I had scarcely seen any pigs since my arrival in Ireland,—a blank which was proved to be almost general by my subsequent experience. Since the failure of the potato crop, and consequent famine in 1847, when the whole race was devoured, the cottagers have not been able to buy or to maintain pigs, there having been a considerable destruction of the potato crop every season since.

It is customary here as elsewhere for the neighbouring farmers to grant the cotters ground for planting their potatoes, on their finding manure for the soil. But with their pigs went their manure, and if they obtained land for their potatoes, they had to pay for it; and so they went on from bad to worse.

There is a National School in the parish, and the

turf-cutter lamented greatly that there was at that time no mistress, as he was anxious to send some of his children to it.

In coming along the valley, we had been struck with one farm in a very superior order to the others, and saw several boggy fields under the process of deep draining. The farmer, we were told, was a rich enterprising miller, who was expending on his land the gains he had made by his mill. A curious fact connected with this draining,—if it is a fact, and I see no reason to doubt it,—was mentioned to me by my intelligent friend as he sat by my side on his wife's table, with his huge bare legs besmeared with dark peat-earth up to the knees. He said that the miller's draining operations had been going on for years, and that the men employed in them had been brought from England. Most of these men, he said, had domesticated themselves in the place; several had married, and none of them intended to return to England again. My informant added that the chief cause of this settlement of the strangers was, that they preferred some of this country's customs to their own. The Irish, the Englishmen said, were friendlier and kindlier to one another, went more to the houses of each other, and so had more pleasure than their countrymen in England. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me;" and when I compare what I afterwards saw of the cordiality, jollity, and fun of the Irish peasantry, even under the pressure of extreme poverty, with the cold, dull,

matter of fact and business habits of the English labourers, I felt no great surprise that, by a certain class of men, the Irish hovel should be preferred to the Saxon cottage. I can easily fancy that the charming picture of cottage life, of which Burns makes his dog Luath the delineator, would be realised with much fewer appliances in an Irish cottage than in either a Scotch or English one.[1]

[1] This picture is so beautifully true, and so delightful in all its details, that I can scarcely resist the temptation of reproducing the whole of it in this place. Alas for civilisation and social progress if it be indeed true, as some suppose, that such pictures are now rarer in every country than they were in the last generation. I can only venture to give the few concluding lines of the poem descriptive of some of the winter festivities. It will be remembered that it is the dog Luath who is the narrator:

"As bleak-fac'd Hallomas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kirns,
When rural life, o' every station
Unite in common recreation:
Love blinks, wit slaps, an' social mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty wins;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them."

N.B.—For fear that my worthy teetotal friends of the south should consider me an advocate of strong drink, I beg to inform them that the "nappy" of the foregoing picture is only fresh home-brewed small-beer.

We arrived at the village of Coolattin between two and three o'clock, and were not a little disappointed that, owing to a mistake of the Arklow job-master, we could obtain no fresh horses to take us on to Carlow. We were therefore obliged to wait till our horses rested. Fortunately there is a very tolerable inn at the place, and we were enabled both to dine comfortably and to see the neighbourhood. Coolattin is one of those artificial villages that we see spring up at great men's gates, bran-new, stiff and staring, with no traces of the olden time, and with none of that softened and varied look that always characterises hamlets that have grown up and decayed and been renovated insensibly. It, in fact, contains few other houses than the inn, the schools, the blacksmith's shop, and the establishment of Paddy "the merchant," which designation in Ireland means a retail dealer in all things. The houses are all bright and fresh as a new pin, having been only recently erected or restored by the great lord of the land, Earl Fitzwilliam, whose Irish residence is close at hand.

Coolattin Park is of small extent, but contains some timber, and is watered by a small river, the Derry, one of the feeders of the Slaney. The house is a plain building, but of considerable extent, and is at this moment receiving a large addition. Adjoining the park is Lord Fitzwilliam's own farm, which looks, amid the wild and half-cultivated region around it, like a garden in the wilderness. This

farm is of great extent, the fields large and symmetrical, well fenced, and covered with the finest crops,—the turnips and even the potato fields looking green and without a weed. The friend who travelled with me, and who is learned in matters agricultural, exclaimed as soon as he saw it,—"There's a farm at last, and I'll wager the farmer is a Scotchman." We found on inquiry that this was the fact; and we could not help lamenting that such a scene as this was so rare in Ireland. It is very probable that Lord Fitzwilliam may have been hitherto a loser, instead of a gainer, by this magnificent farm, as the outlay must have been great to bring it to its present condition. It must, however, eventually not only repay the cost, but bring a good return for the capital invested. In another and still more important point of view, it must even now repay its benevolent and spirited possessor a hundredfold, by the pregnant and enduring example afforded by it, to all his tenantry and to the country generally. As in matters of morality, one can hardly live with good men without insensibly profiting by their examples; so it would seem hardly possible that the rude and slovenly and unproductive culture handed down unchanged from their fathers to the present generation of farmers in the barony of Shillelagh, should long resist the contagion of the bright example set them at Coolattin.

I was informed that the estates of Lord Fitzwilliam, in the county of Wicklow, produced a rental of

about 40,000*l.*; and that he derived about 2000*l.* more from some other property in the county of Kildare.

There is nothing note-worthy on the road from Coolattin to Tullow. The country, however, is richer and better cultivated, and this improved state was observable over the whole of that part of the county of Carlow through which we passed. Tullow is a tolerably neat country town, with a population of about 3000. It has remained nearly stationary since the previous census, having only decreased by 134; the population in 1841 being 3097, and in 1851, 2963. It is divided by the river Slaney, here a large stream, with a handsome bridge over it. The principal inn is built close to the bridge, the wall of its best sitting-room being washed by the stream. Tullow is conspicuous by its lofty church tower and spire, which are visible at a great distance.

The country around is well cultivated and agreeably varied in surface; the mountains of Wicklow forming a conspicuous feature in the distant landscape.

We reached Carlow about seven o'clock, having travelled, according to our post-boy's reckoning, 35 Irish miles from Arklow. We put up at a very good inn, called the Club House. Though the country we had passed over is but little travelled, and nearly the whole tract may be regarded as a cross-country, the roads were by no means bad. Our post-chaises, to be sure, were in a rather dilapidated

condition, but the horses were good, and the drivers active and obliging.

Carlow, the capital of the county of the same name, is a very handsome country town, with more than the ordinary display of public buildings in good style. It contains the ruins of a fine old castle, said to have been built by the famous De Lacy in the eleventh century. One front wall and two of the corner towers still remain, the latter upwards of sixty feet high. A singular piece of barbarism—it may almost be called sacrilege—was committed on this beautiful ruin, within the last 40 years, by a man who, from his education, ought to have had some regard for such relics of antiquity. A physician wishing to adapt the building for the purposes of a lunatic asylum, set about blasting with gunpowder some portion of the walls, and brought down about his ears more than half the structure. One cannot help wishing that it had been brought down literally about his ears. How such an act could have been permitted under the cognisance of the authorities of the town is marvellous. Both the English and Catholic churches are remarkably fine buildings, the one surmounted by a handsome spire, the other by a still handsomer tower: the latter is the cathedral church of the Catholic dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin. There are also here a Catholic college, with a handsome chapel attached, and a convent; a jail, lunatic asylum, infirmary, and a very handsome court-house, only recently erected.

Carlow lies on the banks and near the union of the two rivers, the Barrow and the Burren, the former of which divides the county of Carlow from Queen's County. A portion of the town is situated in the latter, and goes by the name of Graigue. It is connected with Carlow proper by a handsome stone bridge, called Wellington Bridge. The Barrow is navigable by barges down to Waterford; and the town is now also connected by railway with Kilkenny on the one hand, and with Dublin on the other.

The population of Carlow, by the last census, was, including the suburb of Graigue, 8687, being a decrease of 1722 since 1841. The great majority of the inhabitants are Catholics. According to the official returns of 1834, the proportion of the different religions in the parish were as follows: Catholics, 7843; Church of England, 1755; Presbyterians and other dissenters, 106.

I had not time to visit any of the public institutions of Carlow, nor to make any very special inquiries into other matters. I may state, however, that, according to the last two Reports of the National Schools, that of Carlow had on its books in September 1850, boys, 351; girls, 604; and in September 1851, boys, 288; girls, 452.

Strong in its Catholic tendencies as Carlow is, it has its staunch Protestantism also; the stauncher, no doubt, because of the strength of these very tendencies. I here met with a most intelligent

gentleman of this persuasion, who was not a whit less prejudiced and jaundiced by his Orange principles than was the small farmer and ex-soldier of Wicklow, formerly mentioned. He thought that no compromise should be made with the Catholics, and that every effort should be made to extirpate their religion at least, if not themselves. He, however, admitted that the Protestant clergy had committed a great mistake in withdrawing the children of their flock from the National Schools, as they had thereby thrown all the educational advantages of this system into the hands of their opponents.

While admitting with all the world, that the temperance movement of Father Matthew had done infinite good to the people in their social position, he could not refrain from deprecating it as a measure calculated to enhance the authority of the priests, and to strengthen the anti-Protestant spirit among the lower classes. From everything I have seen and heard in Ireland, I believe no imputation could be more groundless than this, and that there never was a reform undertaken with a more single eye to good than this temperance movement, incomparably the greatest of the efforts of modern philanthropy, after that of Education.

I learned from the conversation of this gentleman, what was confirmed from various other sources subsequently, that many of the proprietors of the encumbered estates already sold, had been

enabled to repossess themselves of much of their property by certain arrangements made with the principal creditors, and by borrowing money to effect the re-purchase at a depreciated value.

The country from Carlow to Kildare is flat and well cultivated, with some intervening bogs. Kildare itself is a miserable small place, hardly more than a village, though a market town, and giving its title to a county and a diocese. I am tempted to quote a description of this small town from a recent publication on Ireland, not because of its truth (though it comes as near this as the grand exaggerating spirit of the writer would allow), but as a specimen of the magnificent grandiloquence of the ancient hedge-school style, which still lingers in odd corners in Ireland. "The town itself (says this great writer), as seen from the approaches to it, sends up such a tufting of trees, and such a seeming museum of architecture, as to appear a fascinating feature in the landscape, and afford promise of interesting disclosures to the painter and the antiquary; but, on being entered, it dashes to the dust the hopes which it had excited, grins ghastly derision on the enthusiasm of the literary visiter, folds round him clouds of offensive odours, and huddles itself up in so squalid and tawdry a dress of cabin masonry, grotesquely patched and deformed with clumsy remains of pretending architecture, as instantly to convince him that it owes all its interest to the tales and associations of history, and to the

mind's power of abstracting its architectural monuments from connection with rubbish, and juxtaposition to the filth and conditions of a commonplace Irish village."[1]

The only things of any interest in Kildare are the fine ruins of the Abbey or Cathedral, and the Round Tower in their vicinity. The abbey was founded so late as the twelfth century, but had been preceded in the same locality by the famous Nunnery and Abbey of St. Bridget, erected, according to tradition, so early as the fourth. The sole remains of this original fabric is said to be that small portion of the ruins called St. Bridget's Chapel, or the Fire-house, from being the supposed site of that perennial fire instituted by this holy woman "for the benefit of poor strangers," and said to have been maintained by the nuns, day and night, for upwards of a thousand years.[2] The fire was extinguished for a time, in the twelfth century, by the Archbishop of Dublin; but being soon restored, was continued up till the period of the suppression of the monasteries. Looking on the wide open country around me, and fancying how wild it must have been in the days of St. Bridget, I could not help thinking how appropriate such an

[1] Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland; Art. KILDARE.

[2] "Apud Kildariam occurrit ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguilem vocant; non quod extingni non possit, sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis [Brigidæ] per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald. Cambrensis. Hibern.

institution as this perpetual fire, must have been in ministering to one of the most imperious of the traveller's wants in the cold season of this cold district. I felt that the good lady has had but scant justice done to her by the popular legend which has transmuted this pure and simple act of humanity and mercy into a barren miracle of religious faith. And I rather owe a grudge to the poet Moore for having yet further perpetuated and even aggravated this injustice by having, in one of his popular melodies, travestied the genial hot turf-fire of the kind and considerate institutrix, into a mere lamp of barren light, most disappointing to the shivering traveller who might be attracted by it.[1]

Kildare

[1] "Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned thro' long ages of darkness and storm."

The remains of the more recent Cathedral and Abbey are very interesting, containing some fine specimens of architecture, and several curious monuments. Some of these last have been removed into the adjoining Protestant church.

The Round Tower is situated close to the church, amid the graves. It is in perfect repair except on the summit, where the original conical top has been removed, probably by accident, and a sort of parapet or battlement put in its place. This tower is one of the largest in Ireland; Grose says it is 132, Ledwich 110 feet in height, the last being, no doubt, the best authority. We found its external circumference, by our rude measurement, to be about 54 feet. It has a fine ornamented doorway about 14 feet from the ground.

There is no good hotel at Kildare, but there is a small inn, where ordinary refreshment can be obtained, and a bed, if required.

While waiting for the train, we had time to spy the barrenness of the land; and I will here set down, just as they were recorded on the spot, some of the results of my interviews with several of the cottagers. I do this advisedly, although fully conscious of the humbleness of my theme, and of the small interest such apparently insignificant details are likely to possess for many readers. But my great object in making my memorandums, was to make a collection of Facts from which others as well as myself might draw conclusions; "for (as Burns

says) FACTS are chiels that winna ding;" and whether they be great or small is often of less importance than is their quality. At any rate, it will be admitted that the only sure means we possess of judging of the state of individual classes of men, must be derived from those classes themselves, according to the terms of my motto—*Rerum ipsarum cognitio vera é rebus ipsis est;*—and it will hardly be denied that it is the condition of the very lowest classes in Ireland, as elsewhere, that has the strongest claim on the attention of public men. I say this much here, not merely in excuse for the statements I am now about to make, but as a general explanation of and excuse for many details of a like humble kind that will be found in my subsequent chapters.

In a small shop in the suburbs I found a middle-aged woman and her son making tin saucepans; the department of the mother being to solder the seams. The cottage was tolerably clean and had furniture, and the mistress was both merry and wise. She made her living by selling her manufactured wares about the country. She pays 3*l.* per annum rent for her own cottage and one adjoining, which she lets to a labouring man at, if I recollect right, sixpence per week. We went in to look at this cottage, and found it literally without a single article of standing furniture, except a small settle-bed in one corner, on which sprawled an infant of about twelve or sixteen months old. There was

neither chair, nor stool, nor table, nor box on the earthen floor. The good tin-woman took up the baby and nursed it with the greatest kindness, cheering it up with her merry smile and laugh. In a short time the mother of the child came in. She was a remarkably good-looking and healthy-looking young woman, and,—what might have hardly been expected in such a place,—cleanly and even neatly dressed. I forgot to ask her, but, from her general appearance, I have little doubt that she had derived her tidiness, amid such poverty, from having been educated either in a National School or in an Union Workhouse. Her husband, a labouring man, she said, was at work in the fields, and could, at this harvest time, earn tenpence a day. In other seasons he could earn only sixpence, and often could get no work at all. She and her landlady were evidently on very good terms, and I doubt not that this true Irishwoman was as kind as she was cheerful.

In the same row of cottages I had a long talk with a lame tailor, a man whose brain indicated none of the incapacity of his limbs. He was a staunch Catholic, but evidently possessed of too hard a head and too strong a will to be domineered over by his priest, if his priest ever sought to do so. I was told afterwards by a respectable person in the town, that my cripple-friend was strictly honest and much respected in his humble station. His plan of reform of the Irish Church was nearly that of

O'Connell's. He would not object to the Protestant clergy being paid by the state, but would leave the Catholic clergy to be supported as at present. He would, however, have the stipends of the former come direct from the Government, and the present tithe-system abolished, as being productive of jealousy and heart-burning. So strong were his prejudices against the English government, that he could hardly be prevailed on to believe that the emigration movement was not a scheme of the ruling powers to extirpate the Irish race.

In common, I may say with almost every person I conversed with in Ireland, high or low, Catholic or Protestant, my friend of the needle condemned the mode in which the government grants, at the period of the famine, were expended; yet upon examination of this matter, I cannot help thinking there is more of prejudice than of reason in this general condemnation. Many roads and other works that are of little use at present were, no doubt, undertaken and not always completed, and the superintendents of the works seem to have been frequently injudiciously chosen; still it is not easy to see how, under the circumstances, a better choice for the employment and subsistence of the people could have been made. Roads, bridges, and other works of general convenience, must, sooner or later, be of positive benefit to a district; and these seem the only kind of works open to the Commissioners, unless they had chosen to expend the public labour for the benefit

of individuals and the improvement of private property.

No doubt the feelings of my honest tailor were somewhat embittered, and his prejudices sharpened, by the deterioration of his own circumstances, although he complained but little, and thankfully acknowledged that he still contrived to make a living by his trade. It was true that he had now no pig, and must, consequently, not only forego the luxury of bacon, but must also be more rigid in his economy than formerly, to enable him to pay his rent. Before the failure of the potato crop, having no land of his own, he was one of those who availed himself of the privilege of planting his potatoes on his neighbour's land, under the usual condition of manuring the plot of ground. Ever since the failure he had continued the practice until the present year; but he had now given it up, as the deteriorated crops of the last few years had not proved an equivalent for the expense of labour and of collecting manure without the aid of the pig.

Every one I spoke with in Kildare agreed in the belief that the emigration from the parish had been immense,—one half or two thirds at least of the population. This, however, was a great, though I believe an unintentional exaggeration; and I may here remark that such exaggeration was common through nearly the whole of Ireland. Every one losing some friends and neighbours, and seeing so many tenements empty, and having no means of

arriving at the general statistical facts, naturally enough over-estimated the actual truth. Thus, in the present instance, the population of the whole parish of Kildare had only sustained a diminution of one sixth, or thereabout, during the last ten years; the population in 1841 being 2654, and in 1851, 2229. While on this subject, I may observe that I here received statements, similar to those already noticed, of the large sums of money sent home from the emigrants to their friends, almost all for the purpose of enabling them to emigrate also.

But, considerable as it was, even when tested by statistics, this decrease in the population had by no means proportioned the labourers to the demand for labour. The remaining hands were not half employed. The farmers here, as elsewhere, for want of capital, were converting their corn and potato land into pasture, and thus greatly narrowing the field of employment to the labourer. Another cause of deficient employment here complained of, was the immigration of labourers from Galway and the other still poorer districts of the west.

Notwithstanding the poverty of this place, indicated, among other things, by the fearfully-ragged condition of many of the people in the streets, we saw no professional beggars, except the usual array of children soliciting pence under the excuse of acting as guides to show you things that were before your nose. Neither here nor elsewhere did the cottagers, however poor and miserable, ever ask for

money in their cottages. If, however, a small coin was at any time placed in the hand of a child, or offered to the parent under some colorable pretext, it was always most thankfully received, and repaid by many a warm prayer for the traveller's welfare.

I must also say that, amid all the privations of the poor, wheresoever observed, there was generally to be found an unrepining content, and rarely any bitterness of feeling mingled with their complaints. There was often even a mirthfulness and jollity contrasting strongly with the circumstances around. The clear ringing laugh of the good little woman above mentioned, while sitting on her stool soldering her tin pans, or the cordial chirrup with which she roused the cackle of her poor neighbour's dirty little baby, seemed to spring from a source which mere outward things had but small power over. Surely such a light-hearted race as this were intended to constitute a happy people.

The great haunt of beggars, throughout Ireland, are the doors of the hotels; and I was often struck with the marvellous tolerance of the innkeepers with this nuisance to their guests; no attempt, that I saw, being ever made to drive the beggars away, even when almost forcing themselves into the house. If this tolerance was an indication of less fastidiousness and of an inferior sense of the exigencies of refined life, on the part of the innkeepers, it was surely no less a testimony of their unselfishness and kindness of heart. Only think of the landlord of an

English inn submitting to a nuisance so clearly detrimental to his interests, while there was a poor-house or a policeman in the land!

Before proceeding to the more southern districts of Ireland, it will not be inappropriate to say a few words respecting the agricultural condition of the counties we had yet passed through. Comparing generally the style of agriculture with that in Scotland and England, every one must admit that the latter is infinitely superior. Everywhere, except in rare instances, some of which have been already noticed, the land is inadequately cultivated and much less productive than it might be made. It is generally very foul, and the crops, in places, are literally overgrown with weeds. The pasture land is, in the highest degree, neglected; and what might be the finest meadows are often mere plantations of rag-wort. This plant, indeed, seems to thrive here to an unexampled extent and with wonderful vigour. From the immunity it seems to claim and receive at the hand of the farmer, a stranger might be disposed to think that it and not the shamrock should be the emblem of the land. Though the corn crops are said to be above the average this season, the potatoes have suffered to a great extent,—a third, at least, of the roots have become diseased. I may here also add, to save future repetition, that we found a similar condition of the potato crop throughout Ireland;—in some places better, in some worse, but the

average loss certainly not less than that just stated.

One thing had already been noticed by us, and it struck us much more forcibly afterwards, as we passed by whole districts of green hill and moorland, namely, the total absence of sheep. In England or Scotland such tracts would not have failed to exhibit their white flocks in great numbers. We found, on inquiry, that this branch of agriculture had never been carried to any extent in Ireland; and we were told, in several places, that the small stock that existed at the time of the famine, and which had been all destroyed by the victims of starvation, had never since been restored. We found, however, in other districts that this and other species of stock were being gradually introduced. Yet it would appear that the increase of the few last years has done little more than compensate for the preceding losses. From the returns of the Census of 1851, it appears that the number of sheep in the whole of Ireland in that year only exceeded the number in 1841 by 15,939, the total stock in 1841 being 2,106,189, and in 1851 being 2,122,128. I have reason to believe, however, that there has been a much greater importation of live sheep into Ireland this year than during any preceding year, and this chiefly from Scotland. In subsequent parts of our journey, we passed on the road more than one flock proceeding to its destination under the command of their own northern shepherd.

No one who has the time, should pass on from Dublin or Kildare to Cork, without paying a visit to the celebrated Rock of Cashel. The station nearest to it on the Great South Western Railway is Goold's Cross, distant from Kildare about 60, and from Dublin 95 miles. Cars are in attendance from the town of Cashel to meet all the trains, the distance from the railway being seven or eight miles. All this district is in the county of Tipperary: it is well cultivated and rich, but flat, treeless, and unpicturesque. The town of Cashel, like almost every place hitherto visited, has decreased greatly in population during the past ten years; its population in 1841 being 7036, and in 1851 only 4659. It is not in any way distinguished as to its site or structural character; and, but for its famous rock and the ancient buildings upon it, would have few claims to the traveller's attention. It was solely on account of these buildings that I paid a visit to Cashel.

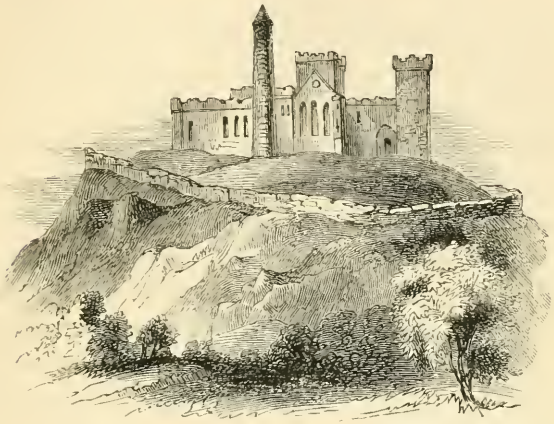
The Rock of Cashel is especially remarkable, from the perfect abruptness and boldness with which it rises out of the extensive plain in which it is situated; and this its bold and lofty isolation is enhanced a thousand fold by the grand mass of ruins which cover and crown its brow. These magnificent ruins, which though roofless and windowless, and greatly shattered, still stand up in almost their original height from their splendid platform, consist of a singular congeries of noble structures,

of vast extent and great variety, yet all united into one grand whole: a Cathedral, an Abbey, a Chapel, a Palace, a Round Tower.

We were shown over, in succession, all that remains of these by the intelligent guide whom we found on the spot, and who, while possessing that enthusiasm for his theme which it is pleasing to witness in such a person, had little of that obtrusive impertinence and absurd talk which so often interfere with the enjoyment of sight-seeing. But here, to be sure, there was ample room and verge enough for any narrator; and to antiquaries, whether baronial or ecclesiastical, whether architectural or historical, I can fancy no greater treat than a summer's day amid the ruins of Cashel. Neither my time nor my tastes permitted so long a study; but the couple of hours I spent without and within this noble pile, well redeemed the time and trouble given to accomplish its visitation.

The Castle seems to have been the very beau-ideal of a feudal hold, as well from its impregnable site as the multiplicity of its offensive and defensive arrangements. Its huge walls are everywhere burrowed by blind passages, now, literally, leading to nothing, while the smallness of its chambers and its cramped windows speak of times when rude life with security, not comfort or luxury, was the predominant thought of the dwellers in castles. The Cathedral, and especially its subordinate Cormac's chapel, still retain copious indications of a fine and

richly ornamental architecture. The ruins of the Abbey of "Saint Mary of the Rock of Cashel" are much less considerable and interesting.



The Rock of Cashel.

The position and relations of the Round Tower in regard to the Cathedral, are curious. It is so closely connected with one corner of the church, that it may almost be said to be built into it; and a communication between the two is effected by means of a door-like opening, quarried through the solid masonry of the tower, at the height of some 20 or 30 feet from the ground. It would be almost as curious a subject of inquiry, what was the object of the men of the church in making this communication, and what uses the tower was put to by them, as is the great question of the primary use of all these wonderful Irish towers. This tower of Cashel

is 90 feet high, and about 10 feet wide in the interior at its base. It is curiously indicative of its distinct origin from that of the other buildings on the rock, that it is built of an entirely different stone; the tower being sandstone, while the castle and church are of limestone. Doubtless it stood solitarily here for generations, perhaps for ages, before the Rock of Cashel was made the abode of St. Mary's monks or the fortress of the kings of Munster. The interior of this tower is, like that of Monasterboice, quite smooth; but small breaks exist in it at different heights, as if for the purpose of attaching floors or scaffolding. The top is still entire, but the space below the coping or roof, looked at from the interior, seems much too small to have formed a fitting place for bells.

There is a most extensive view from the top of the castle walls; but as the country is for the most part flat, and without either wood or water, the prospect is only interesting on account of its vastness. The mountains in the horizon are too distant to be grouped with effect in the landscape.

The town of Cashel, as already mentioned, possesses few objects of interest, except the remains of inferior churches, tributaries of the great Abbey of the Rock. It has no public buildings of much note, though the parish church or cathedral is a handsome structure with a lofty spire, and the bishop's palace has noble gardens attached to it. The Roman Catholic chapel is, as usual, of large

extent, but plain and clumsy, both without and within. As usual, I found its floor sprinkled over with devout worshippers on their knees, chiefly women.

A large part of the town consists of poor dirty crooked streets, with long rows of wretched cottages, many of them thatched, and all of them, I am very sorry to say, with interiors answering to the exterior—filthy, dark, unfurnished, comfortless.

The pressure of railway time did not allow me to extend my inquiries into any of the economical statistics of the place.[1]

There seemed nothing very remarkable in the country through which we passed from Kildare to Cork; and if there had, it could hardly be noticed by a railway traveller. It is deserving remark, however, that throughout the whole line the station-houses are exceedingly handsome, all built of stone, and of very varied but elegant design. Many of them are surmounted in front by a pretty belfry, which serves at once for ornament and use.

In a part of our transit on this railway I had the misfortune to encounter, as a fellow passenger, one of a class of unhappy men who ought never to travel. By his own report, he had met with nothing in Ireland but annoyances of one sort or other. The inns were dirty; the landlords extortionate;

[1] I have placed my memorandums respecting Cashel here, in their proper topographical relation, though they were made subsequently, after my return to Dublin, whence I went purposely to visit the place.

the waiters negligent and saucy; the postboys impertinent; the beggars utterly intolerable; the cottages hardly so good as Indian wigwams, and their inmates idle rogues. The country fared little better than its inhabitants: it was for the most part a succession of bogs and rocks, and wonderfully overrated as to beauty. To be sure, he had seen some tolerably high mountains and pretty big lakes, but nothing to be compared to *our* lakes. Killarney was perhaps worth seeing; but it was by no means the place he expected, after all he had heard about it.

I was heartily glad when this man went his way. Most assuredly he shall never "digest the venom of his spleen" any more in my company, if I can help it. I had as lief have a porcupine or a polecat for a *vis-à-vis*.

We reached Cork about five o'clock.

CHAPTER III.

CORK—QUEENSTOWN—SKIBBEREEN.

Cork, like Dublin and a few of the other chief towns of Ireland, is so well known and of such great extent, that it would be preposterous, in a work like this, to enter into any details respecting it. It is finely situated on the banks of the river Lee, where it begins to open out into the splendid inlet of the sea, called, at its further extremity, the Cove of Cork, and which is about fourteen or fifteen miles in length. The site of a large part of the present city was originally a series of small islands and marsh land, but a considerable portion of the town lies high on the base and along the slope of a lofty hill which bounds the river on the north. Like the Liffey at Dublin, the Lee is walled in by handsome quays and crossed by fine bridges, the shipping lining and filling up the more open portion of the river below these.

The unevenness of much of the ground on which it is built, the irregularity of the streets, the variety of the style of building, the intersecting river, and the overhanging heights, give a very pleasing and a somewhat picturesque aspect to the city of Cork, There are only a few very good streets in it, and its public buildings will stand no comparison with those

of Dublin. The Cathedral is a poor structure, and of the same stamp are nearly all the other churches and chapels; and I think there are few towns of the same extent so destitute of spires and towers and other indications of ecclesiastical distinction as Cork. The only fine buildings in the town are the County and City Court-house, and the new Queen's College, the former an elegant Grecian structure, the latter a handsome quadrangular pile of solid stone in the Tudor Gothic style.

Like all large towns, and more especially the large towns of Ireland, Cork contains extensive masses of hidden streets of the most squalid description, inhabited by a ragged and seemingly wretched population. In passing through such streets, however, it is but just to the inhabitants to state that we saw no riotous or indecorous behaviour, and were but rarely solicited for charity. In going along the better streets, on Sunday, we observed many wretched-looking women, most of them with ragged children on their laps or by their side, squatted in the recesses of the doors of the shut shops, obviously beggars, yet not begging, except with that speaking look of misery more emphatic than words. Even the children were as silent as their mothers. Some of this may have been for dramatic effect; but it was impossible to mistake the signs of destitution and distress presented by their emaciated and pinched features, their sickly paleness, and hollow eye. The population of

Cork, according to the census of 1851, was 85,715, being an increase of 5025 since 1841.

On Sunday afternoon we went down to Cove, or, as it is now called, Queenstown, in one of the steamers which are perpetually plying between this place and Cork. The day was very fine, and our steamer, like many others we saw on the water, was crowded with passengers of the middle class. These were all neatly and well dressed, and conducted themselves in the most decorous manner possible. I know not whether there was any strong drink sold or permitted on board, but none was used; the only luxuries that seemed to be available being apples and pears, and other green fruits, carried about by women. The fare for first class passengers was sixpence, for second class fourpence. Some of the passengers landed at two intermediate villages on the south side of the river or rather harbour, but the majority proceeded to Queenstown, where the voyage of our steamer terminated. Other steamers, however, after landing some passengers, proceeded onwards along the splendid harbour out to the open sea, whence, after taking a round for an hour or more, they returned, and calling for their passengers at the different landing-places, retraced their course to Cork.

It is hardly possible to imagine a more delightful means of recreation, or one more wholesome or more rational, for the inmates of a crowded city, than this hebdomadal excursion on the Sunday

afternoon, after a week of labour and confinement in their airless courts and shops. And happy are the Corkites that they can command so sweet and pure a luxury,—amid scenes which are in themselves an exquisite luxury,—for so small a sum as half a day's wages of a working-man. I could not help wishing that our London had been so situated that her children of labour also might have been able to add the delight of an open sea to their river trips; but they are happy beyond many in having, what they have in their glorious river, not only an escape from the stagnant and impure air of their habitual abodes, but, in addition, the bracing coolness of a breeze in perpetual change, to their lungs and faces. I have no doubt that the Sunday excursions up and down the river constitute a very important element in the improved health and diminished mortality of London, that has taken place during the last twenty years.

It would be difficult to over-praise the beauty of the river from Cork to Queenstown, or of the magnificent harbour or inland bay in which it terminates, more especially when these are seen as we saw them, under the influence of a bright sun and a brilliant sky. Indeed, every element of beauty that can mingle in such a scene, seemed to be here comprised: we had a stream ever varying in its course and outline, of ample breadth, yet not too broad to prevent distinct recognition of the objects on its banks; water of a colour and purity like the sea; lofty barriers on either side covered with rich

woods and intermingled with green parklike fields and shining villas; here and there white villages on level patches of shore; and the whole animated and as it were humanised by the peopled steamers sweeping up and down, the boats and yachts sailing or pulling about, and a ship or two at anchor (decked out in their national flags) in every bay that opened out upon us as we pursued our course.

Queenstown itself, as seen from the water, presents a most charming aspect, being built on the face of a high hill sloping down to the shore, and thus presenting the whole of its shining profile at once, house above house, street above street; not without the agreeable break of church and chapel, here and there shooting up their tower or spire, or humbler belfry, above the general outline. When, however, we come to closer quarters with it, it does not quite fulfil the promise of its distant attractions, though it contains some good houses in the streets, and some charming enclosed villas in its upper regions. From these, and indeed from almost every portion of the slope, the view of the subjacent harbour and bay, and of the open sea through the gap that unites it with the enclosed waters, is most beautiful and even magnificent. Queenstown is situated on an island called Great Island; but it is only at some distance from the harbour that you can detect its insular character. It has wonderfully increased in population of late years; its numbers in 1841 being only 5142, while in 1851 they were 11,428.

The harbour is many miles in diameter, completely land-locked, surrounded everywhere by high land of varied outline, and studded with numerous islands rising up abruptly and high above the water. On some of these, as, for instance, Hawlbowline and Spike Island, there are great public works, which have an imposing appearance at a distance. On the first-named island there is a naval arsenal, with its range of store-houses; and on the last a lofty and strong-looking battery, with barracks adjoining. The natural beauty of the harbour is, no doubt, not a little enhanced to the beholder by the consideration of utility which its mere aspect would suggest, even if this was not more clearly indicated by the numerous ships at anchor. I believe it is regarded as one of the finest natural harbours in the world, both as to size and security. It contained, at the time of our visit, only one man-of-war, a line-of-battle ship bearing an admiral's flag; but there were numerous ships of commerce at anchor in various parts of it. It is much resorted to by wind-bound merchantmen, and also as a rendezvous for ships from abroad to wait for orders.

There is a fine sea-wall, extending from the small piers of the town to a considerable distance along the water's edge towards Cork, constituting at once a splendid quay and a promenade,—or rather two promenades, one above the other,—of unequalled beauty.

On the whole, it must strike every stranger that

Queenstown is a most desirable place of residence, more especially for invalids, both in summer and winter. Its maritime position must render it mild, as to temperature, in both the hot and cold seasons; while, being perfectly sheltered from the north and north-west winds, and catching the whole of the winter sun on its sloping breast, its excellence as a winter residence for invalids can hardly be surpassed.

Beside the water communication with Cork there is a beautiful tract of road along the northern bank of the river, and, on the southern, a railway to Passage, three miles above Queenstown. We returned by the steamer,—the river or harbour, or whatever it is properly called, appearing even finer than when we came down it, owing to the risen tide (which now covered every shoal and shallow) making the expanse of water considerably greater.

We reached our hotel (the Imperial) in time for the table d'hôte dinner, which we found daily set out at half-past five. This table d'hôte was attended by nearly thirty persons, ladies as well as gentlemen, and was admirably conducted. Everything was good, and there was plenty of everything,—and all at the moderate charge of three shillings. All, or nearly all, the guests were strangers in Cork, and most of them travellers like ourselves; the staple of the conversation consisting of inquiries and responses as to routes and places, and descriptions of what had been visited and should be visited. The

scene and whole style of the proceedings reminded us forcibly of one of the *salles à manger* on the continent.

If Cork is defective in the style of its public buildings, it is certainly remarkable for the great number and variety of its public institutions, whether religious, charitable, educational, literary, or scientific. It would take pages to give the mere list of their names and objects; and this, as I made no personal examination of them, I shall not attempt to do. They will be found, in full detail, in the local histories and in the Guides to the city of Cork. I must, however, say a few words respecting one of the institutions of Cork; as, from its recent establishment, it is probably but little known, and as, from its great importance, it deserves to be much known: I refer to the new QUEEN'S COLLEGE, situated a little way out of the town.

By an act of Parliament passed in 1845, three new Colleges, called QUEEN'S COLLEGES, were instituted in Ireland, at Belfast, Cork, and Galway respectively, "for students in Arts, Law, Physic, and other useful learning." The president, vice-president, and professors of each college, were constituted a body corporate, with power to hold land of the annual value of 5000*l.*, and with all the privileges of other chartered corporations. By the original act the number of professors in each college was limited to twelve; but this number was subsequently enlarged, yet was not to exceed thirty.

The general government of the college was vested in the Council, consisting of the president, the vice-president, and the four deans of the three faculties of arts, medicine, and law; the faculty of arts being subdivided into the literary division and the scientific division, each with its dean. Provision was made for the nomination and support of numerous professors in all the departments; and scholarships, on a very extensive and most liberal scale, were instituted for the junior and senior students of every faculty: the junior scholarships being thirty of 24*l.*; eleven of 20*l.*; and four of 15*l.* The senior scholarships, ten in number, each of the value of 40*l.*

These colleges were planned and built under the direction of the Irish Board of Works, and were all completed by the year 1849, in a style of solidity, beauty, and interior arrangement, that does infinite credit to all concerned. They are now as great ornaments to their respective neighbourhoods as they are surely destined to become blessings to the country at large.

Notwithstanding the great pains taken by the enlightened government which founded the Queen's Colleges, to meet every difficulty in regard to religious differences among the people of Ireland, it is well known that the Catholic clergy have taken up a very hostile position against them, and have, in so doing, greatly retarded their progress hitherto. It cannot be doubted, however, that an opposition founded on such unjustifiable and untenable grounds,

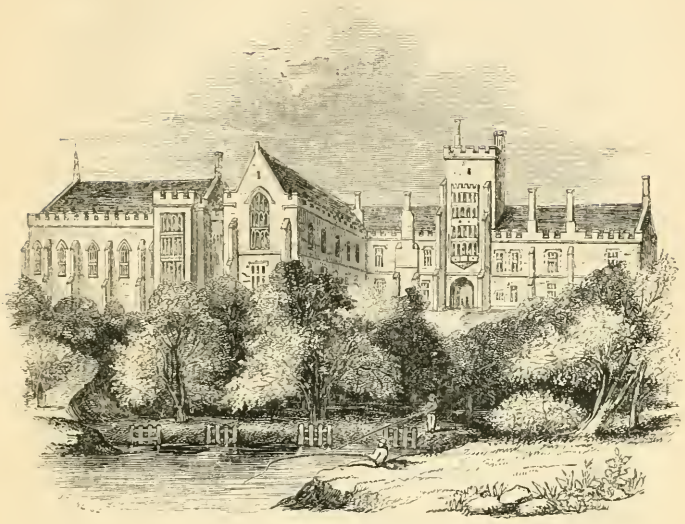
so discreditable to the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, and so utterly at variance with the enlightened spirit of the times, must gradually lessen and finally vanish. No religious or ecclesiastical authority, however potent or however strenuously exerted, can permanently maintain, in this epoch, what reason and the common sense of men in general declare to be wrong; more especially if that which is believed to be wrong is also felt to be injurious to men's most personal and dearest interests.

Queen's College, Cork, was built from the designs and under the supervision of Sir Thomas Deane, architect, and was opened for public instruction in October, 1849. It has ever since been discharging its important functions in the completest manner, through the instrumentality of a body of professors who, from their knowledge and activity and zeal, would do credit to any institution, however ancient or celebrated: and all this I may say, with equal truth, of the other two colleges.

The following is a return of the number of students who have been entered on its books since it first opened:

	Session 1849-50.	Session 1850-51.	Session 1851-52.
Matriculated Students	70	118	104
Non-matriculated Students . .	45	38	20
Total	115	156	124

The following is the distribution of the matricu-



Queen s College, Cork.

lated students, according to their religious denominations :

	Session 1849-50.	Session 1850-51.	Session 1851-52.
Church of England	26	42	37
Roman Catholics	38	65	54
Presbyterian	1	2	2
Wesleyan	4	8	6
Other Communions	1	1	5
Total	70	118	104

No inquiry is made as to the religion of non-matriculated students, they not being subject to the supervision of the Deans of Residences.

In considering the numbers that have hitherto attended this College, its very recent establishment must not be overlooked. This of itself, to say nothing of other difficulties, seems sufficient to account for the comparatively small number of pupils. It is no easy matter to divert the courses of any of the old currents of human activity; and three years constitute a very small fraction in the life of a National Institution.

One item in the preceding return is especially gratifying, and fraught with rich hope for the future; I mean the greatly predominant number of students professing the Catholic religion. To fill up even this number, moderate as it is, there must have been many heads of Roman Catholic families, whose consciences told them that their duty to their children was an obligation more sacred and more potent than obedience to the mere arbitrary will of any man. We need no further proof than this, that the opposition to these colleges, on religious grounds, must and will be abandoned. It is to be hoped, that the Roman Catholic Prelates will, by a spontaneous capitulation, prefer the credit of a gracious concession to the derogation of an assured defeat. By so doing they will still further disabuse the public mind of the opinion so generally entertained, that the Catholic religion is, of necessity, hostile to the enlightenment of the people. Persons cognisant of the principles of Catholicism know that the opposition of the Irish prelacy to the Queen's colleges is

based purely on religious scruples, not on any objection to the secular knowledge taught there. And as those scruples do not seem necessarily to involve any fundamental principle of religion, it is to be hoped that they will not be allowed to usurp an authoritative influence to which they are really not entitled.

We left Cork on the morning of the 16th, on our intended tour through the south and west of Ireland, purposing to keep as near the coast as the ordinary roads would permit, or only to leave it when diverted by the attraction of places or scenery still more engaging. As we understood that there was nothing very interesting between Cork and Bandon, we took advantage of the railway to that town, and on the same authority proceeded onwards with the coach, without making any attempt to see the place. The country through which we passed in the railway seemed well cultivated and fertile, and as we approached Bandon we traversed a valley of so much beauty, watered, I believe, by the river Bandon, as made us doubt whether we were acting under a wise authority in traversing it so rapidly. As the day was rainy, however, we adhered the more readily to our original plan, and passed onwards. Our intention was to reach Bantry that day, but we were subsequently induced to alter our course to Skibbereen.

The road runs, on the whole, through a fine country, becoming more picturesque and wilder as we advance. About sixteen miles from Bandon it

passes through the town of Dunmanway, containing about 3000 inhabitants.[1] Here the country becomes highly picturesque and bold, and a little further on, near the village of Drimoleague, it began to assume that wild, stony, and moorland aspect, which it preserved almost uninterruptedly until we reached Killarney. At the village of Drimoleague we left the main road to Bantry and turned southwards to Skibbereen; the change of direction bringing no improvement in the aspect of the country immediately around us, but supplying some relief to the eye in the ridge of lofty mountains that here bounded our prospect on the south and east.

Skibbereen is a mean and rather dirty town, with few good houses and no public buildings of consequence; it has, however, a large chapel, a good-looking church, and an excellent National School. Its population in 1841 was 4715; but this has been greatly reduced since by the famine and pestilence to which this unhappy town has been subjected, as well as by emigration. By the census of 1851 the population (exclusive of persons in the workhouse) was only 3833, being a loss of 682 since the previous census. I was informed that the proportion of Catholics to Protestants in the town is about four to one.

[1] The population by the census of 1851 was 2212, (or, including persons in the workhouse and bridewell, 3031;) the population of 1841 was 3086, showing a diminution of 874.

It will be remembered that this town and its neighbourhood suffered in an extraordinary degree in the year of the famine, and it was the desire to see whether it still bore marks of this terrible visitation, or how far it had recovered from it, that chiefly influenced us in visiting it. It was frightful to hear, on the spot, even now, the horrid details of that fearful calamity. Beside the vast number of persons that died in the poorhouses of fever and other diseases generated by insufficient food—and they died so rapidly and in such numbers that the bodies could not be buried in the ordinary way, but were thrown in mass into pits—there were hundreds who never reached the poorhouses, but were found dead in their own cabins and in the roads and fields. A police sergeant at Drimoleague told me that it was no unusual thing, at that time, for his men to meet with such instances, day after day, while on their rounds. In many places, persons were buried in their own potato-gardens, owing to the want of hands to carry the bodies to the churchyard.

The same intelligent man assured me that the population of the parish of Drimoleague had sunk from nearly 6000 to about 3000 in the course of two years, and this chiefly from death and not emigration; but he said, also, that a vast number of the survivors had since emigrated. In turning to the positive figures of the census, I find this statement pretty well borne out. Thus the population of the

parish in 1841 was 5501, while in 1851 it was only 3162, showing a loss of 2339 in the ten years.

The town of Skibbereen still seemed poverty-stricken, and every one complained of its low estate, its want of trade, and want of employment for labour. The country around is in the same predicament. A few miles from Skibbereen we passed near a small cattle fair, and met with many of the country people returning from it. It was painful to see the humble scale on which business appeared to be conducted. A single small sheep, or pig tied by the hind leg with a straw rope, and followed by the farmer or his wife; a single lean cow or heifer, driven apparently by three or four men; seemed to be the staple of the stock.

In the small market-place of Skibbereen the same indications of the poverty of the people were painfully indicated by the humble dealings going on. The articles for sale were chiefly potatoes, turnips and carrots, salted fish, and butter milk, with such trifling articles as country people need, as coarse crockery, nails, &c. The buyers were all of the humblest class, and a halfpenny, or even a farthing, was not seldom the whole outlay of the purchaser. Nor was this the lowest depth. These humble buyers and sellers were attended—I had almost said surrounded—by a motley group in rags, who had not even farthings to give, and who were manifestly calculating on receiving from kind hands some portion of their humble receipts or of their unsold substance.

These poor wretches, of course, turned towards me, obviously a stranger; and it was very pleasant, and, I almost think, characteristic of this cordial people, to see the readiness, I may indeed say the eagerness, with which the poor stall-keepers urged the claims of their yet poorer neighbours, with such recommendations as "This is a poor widow, your Honour," "This is an ould sickly creature, your Honour," "The poor woman is a cripple," "Sure the poor girl has neither father nor mother," &c. Even the beggars themselves seemed to have forgone all professional rivalry, and strove to help one another in the same manner. A poor woman to whom I had given a penny in passing along the street, soon came up to me holding a poor idiot girl by the hand, and begged something of my Honour for her.

It was also pleasant to see how, amid all these humble and, as we should think, very miserable and disheartening dealings, the cordial and mirthful spirit of the nation seemed still to triumph among these honest market-women. In the intervals of their dealings, the laugh and joke went round among themselves, and they talked and jested with the stranger with the most unaffected good humour and seeming content; and as much at their ease as if the acquaintance of the moment had been one of old standing, and they had no cares to make them grave. I could not help thinking, as I went away, how different would have been my reception in an

English market-place, stamped with such poverty as this; and how unlike would have been the prevailing tone of the grave and thoughtful matrons presiding over our tubs and baskets.

The beggars, not only in Skibbereen but in all the neighbouring district, were certainly more numerous than we had yet seen, though it was observable that the solicitations were usually but slight, until excited by the lure of something given. Then, indeed, they were apt to become both fast and furious, as if the sight and touch of the material equivalent of potatoes and stirabout, had dissipated in a moment every feeling of modesty and reserve.

At the village of Drimoleague the crowd of these solicitors of halfpence and pence, around the coaches while changing horses, was unusually large, and it was obviously an ordinary part of the duty of the police, here and elsewhere, to prevent the passengers from being unnecessarily interfered with by them. These good-natured men, however, are by no means strict in their supervision, and rarely interfere unless the case becomes one of evident annoyance. The present case was thought to be so; and the poor creatures, at the word of authority, not only ceased soliciting while the coaches were still there, but even refrained from following them when they set off, as is the uniform practice. They, however, retired no further from the field than to take up a position on the other side of the small street, in and around the

open door of a small carrier who seemed their friend, and where they spontaneously fell into a grouping so picturesque, that I could not help wishing, at the time, that they might have been seen by their countryman O'Neil, or some other of our painters who delight in filling their canvass with masses of human beings arranged in harmonious order. Crowding into as small a space as possible, sitting, crouching, standing, the boys half-naked in their ragged caps, the girls with their profuse bushy hair and sparkling eyes, every face bent earnestly in one direction,—there they remained, a heaped-up, motley-coloured mass, until the last coach had taken its departure.

I paid visits to a good many of the cottages of the labouring people in the suburbs of Skibbereen. They were, for the most part, very destitute of furniture; even those best supplied would be considered in England as almost empty. For these cottages they paid, some 4*d.* a week, some 20*s.* by the year. In one of these I found an old soldier's widow, 78 years of age, a merry old dame, who had tried various trades in her time, and among the rest that of an applewoman in London. This, she said, after a four months' trial, proved a failure, and she abandoned it. As usual, I found all these people cheerful and even merry, but still lamenting the poverty of the country, the want of work, and the scantiness of wages. At present, during the harvest season, they get something more; but the ordinary

daily wages were said to be only 3*d.* or 4*d.* for women and 6*d.* for men, without food.

I had a good deal of talk with some of the shopkeepers also. They seemed all of the same mind as most of the people I had previously talked with, that the want of capital is the great cause of the poverty and distress in Ireland. The farmer, they say, has no capital to expend on his farm, and consequently he and the labourer suffer,—he in defective produce, they in loss of labour. This primary and fundamental evil, it is believed, would be greatly mitigated, if not removed, if the proprietors could be freed from their difficulties and would reside on their estates; and it is hoped that the act for the sale of encumbered property may bring about this result, at least partially. The same want of capital, they said, prevented the establishment of manufactories, and deprived the labouring class of the vast source of labour thence derived in other countries. And certainly this want of factories must strike with surprise every one travelling in Ireland, seeing and hearing, as he does, in every valley, a superabundance of unemployed water-power.

Here as elsewhere, I find the emigration has been immense, and still continues; and there is the same unanimity in the statements respecting the great amount of money sent home by the emigrants to their relations: in this operation I find, as usual, the tender heart of the women playing a conspicuous

part, being constantly told of large sums (large for them) being transmitted by quite young girls.

The union workhouse at Skibbereen is of considerable extent, but not on so fine a scale of construction or so good a plan as many others subsequently visited. We found it very clean and in good order, and much work going on in the shape of spinning and weaving, shoemaking, hat-making, tailoring, &c. All the clothes used in the house are manufactured by the paupers; and hence the cost of clothing amounts only to one halfpenny per head per week. The dietary (the first we examined) appeared to us marvellously scanty, there being only two meals for the adults in the twenty-four hours, and these meals consisting exclusively of farinaceous food,—that is, of stirabout, bread, and a sort of gruel soup made of oatmeal and vegetables. We were told that the food was supplied by contract, and at the extremely low rate of nine pence farthing a head per week! I thought the inmates bore marks of this scanty sustenance in their looks; and a good many of the children were suffering from inflammation of the eyes. This disease has been for some years extremely prevalent in the union workhouses of Ireland; but there is no positive evidence that it has been induced or even aggravated by the system of diet in use in them. It seems, however, clear enough that privations of every kind, previously to reception in the workhouse, have often laid the foundation of this sad malady.

I may take this opportunity to state that in my subsequent notices of the union workhouses, as in the present, I shall restrict myself chiefly to statistical matter, or, at all events, to matters of fact. Hereafter I may have occasion to consider them under a more general point of view. The following is a copy of the dietary of the healthy classes:

DIETARY TABLE OF THE SKIBBEREEN WORKHOUSE.

Classes.	Breakfast.		Dinner.		Supper.
	Indian meal.[1]	Milk.	Brown bread.	Oatmeal.[2]	
1. Ablebodied Men .	9 oz.	½ pint	14 oz.	1½ oz.	—
2. Ablebodied Women	8 oz.	½ pint	12 oz.	1½ oz.	—
3. Aged and Infirm .	7 oz.	½ pint	10 oz.	1½ oz.	—
4. From 15 to 9 years	6 oz.	½ pint	8 oz.	1¼ oz.	4 oz. brown bread
5. From 9 to 5 ,,	5 oz.	½ pint	6 oz.	1 oz.	4 oz. ditto
6. From 5 to 2 ,,	4 oz.	½ pint	W. bread 4 oz.	1 oz.	4 oz. white bread
7. Infants	½ lb. of white bread and 1 pt. of new milk daily.				

There were on the books at the period of my visit 1056 persons, including children; and the number of Protestants among them was only five. The children in the school were under the direction of the National Board. I forgot to take a note of their actual number, but I see by the last two published Reports, that in September, 1850, the numbers on the school books were as follows: boys, 280; girls, 341; total, 621: and in 1851, boys, 241 (no girls noted).

[1] Made into stirabout with water.

[2] In soup, made in the proportion of 8 ounces to a gallon of water, seasoned with salt, pepper, turnips, and leeks.

There is a very fine National Schoolhouse at Skibbereen, containing four departments, viz., male and female preparatory schools, and male and female schools for more advanced children. At the time of my visit there were in the preparatory schools from 70 to 80 boys and about 90 girls, and in the upper school from 50 to 60 of each sex. There were scarcely any Protestant children in these schools. I see, by the official returns to the National Board, that the total number of children on the books, during the half year ending 30th September, 1850, was as follows:—in the preparatory schools, 420; in the more advanced, 220. In the same returns for 1851, the numbers are given as follows: preparatory school—boys, 140; upper school—boys, 79; girls, 135.

Skibbereen contains an English church, a methodist meeting-house, and a Roman Catholic chapel. This last is a large but unadorned building, and is regarded as a sort of cathedral, the bishop having his residence here. This prelate seems very popular among the people. Some good women whom I spoke to on their way to mass said "he is a saint on earth, and Skibbereen is blest in him." The bishop's name is Kane.

The chapel is very plain, but calculated to contain a vast number of persons, as there are scarcely any seats in it. It is, nevertheless, said to be too small for the congregation, especially during the ministrations of the bishop.

I copied the following inscription to the memory of a young priest, from a tablet on the wall of this chapel. It presents so excellent a specimen of the old hedge-schoolmaster style, that I here insert it; but I suppress, for obvious reasons, the name of the good man whose simple history it so grandiloquently records:—"This tribute of a people's love to a patriot's worth, commemorates a virtue pure as the vesture of holiness it adorned, and ardent as the youthful heart it once animated. More eloquent than the record of a protracted life, it preserves in the revered and honoured name of R. S. a memorial sacred to the affections of his flock, and brightened by the glory of a better world. Born," &c.

I may here remark that all I have yet heard of the Roman Catholic priests in the districts through which I have passed, is extremely creditable to their character and conduct. They seem to be most zealous in the discharge of their sacred duties and most blameless in their lives. I was told by a man, who should be an unbiassed witness, as he was both a stranger and a Protestant, (an intelligent serjeant of police,) that during the fourteen years he had resided in the district, he never heard of any priests being accused of any personal immorality, and added that they were, to his own knowledge, a body of truly excellent men. Another Protestant, who declared himself very hostile to the Catholic religion, admitted in my presence, when questioned

on the point, that the priests in his part of the country paid even more attention to their flocks than the English clergy, though he did not deny that these last were zealous also.

Through the whole of this district, and, indeed, I may say through every district in the south of Ireland, we found the same general failure of the potato, to the average of, at least, one third of the crop. All the fields, with very trifling exceptions, were blighted, and the stems of the plants were often scarcely visible amid the crop of luxuriant weeds which seemed to have taken their place. When pointing out this luxuriance of weeds, as at once a proof of bad husbandry and a probable promoter of the disease in the potato, we were generally answered by the averment that the weeds were the *consequence* of the disease, not its cause; first, because the decay of the useful plants left more plentiful nourishment to the useless ones; and, secondly, because the first indication of the disease put an end to the process of weeding the fields, as being now of no avail. I leave the truth and validity of the alleged facts to the decision of better judges, with the remark, that I subsequently received from many other quarters, equally trustworthy, opinions completely at variance with those just named. Whether the mode of culture and supervision had anything to do with the prevention of the disease in the potato, it assuredly must have an influence over the healthy root. In

England, under such management as we found general in Ireland, we should not expect more than half the crops of potatoes which we actually have.

From whatever cause arising, the loss of the potato has already made great changes both in agriculture and in the food of the people. The farmers now grow other green crops in place of the potato, such as turnips and carrots, and not merely for feeding their stock. Turnips dressed with Indian meal make a very wholesome and not unpalatable meal, which is well liked by the peasantry. In towns the use of flour and meal, particularly Indian meal, has increased greatly, and bread, as an article of diet, has become far more general. I was told that the number of bakers in Skibbereen has more than doubled since the famine.

I was sorry to learn that in Skibbereen the total-abstinence system of Father Matthew had fallen sadly into decay. From a muster of many hundreds at one time, the professed teetotallers had sunk down, it was supposed, to two or three! Yet, even now, there was very little intemperance in drink among the common people, partly, it was admitted, from the habits induced by the temperance system while in force, and partly from the general want of the means to purchase the indulgence. A poor man earning only sixpence a day, and sometimes nothing, has more imperious wants to satisfy than even the desire for strong drink; and these being satisfied

first, nothing remains for the whisky-shop. One of my informants in this matter, a respectable young man, a postboy, told me that he himself had been a teetotaller for two years, but getting into bad company one night, he broke his pledge, and had never since renewed it. He added that he never was so well as during the two years he totally abstained from strong drink, and this fact made him still *almost* a teetotaller. Among the faithful few who still kept the pledge in Skibbereen, another of my informants named one man, a nailer, who had once been a great drunkard, but who had been so thoroughly reformed that he had grown prosperous in his trade, and was "almost like a gentleman."

Here let me inform my temperance friends in England, that I am now able to settle that mooted point among them—the origin of the now-generally acknowledged name of their profession, TEETOTALISM, and of their own favorite title—TEETOTALLERS. The designation has manifestly originated from a mode of expression which I find to be common among the lower class in this country. This consists in the reduplication of the sound of the first syllable, or rather of the first letter in the word *totally*, as a means of intensifying the meaning usually conveyed by it; just as we repeat whole words for the same purpose—as when we say "very very bad," "sad sad," "cruel cruel man." Often when conversing with the common people have I heard them, when wishing to be emphatic—as it is their nature to

be—use the word "t-totally" ("Teetotally") for the simple trisyllable, and with manifest good effect too. "He was t-totally ruined, sir." "It is now t-totally gone." "The poor ould country is destroyed t-totally." No doubt, at some public meeting of the friends of temperance, and probably when discussing the relative merits of the temperate use of strong drinks with complete abstinence from them, some zealous Irishman advocated "t-total abstinence" as the only means of success, and enforced his arguments so energetically, that his emphatic "T" was never forgotten, and came at last to be permanently incorporated with the adjective that expressed the quality of the sect, and with the new substantives derived from the same root, ("T-Totaller," "T-Totalism,") which the necessities of language obliged them to form. And, truly, though a vulgar word, and of vulgar origin, this same substantive TEETOTALISM is destined to eternal consecration in our language, as embodying the idea of one of the greatest boons ever conferred by a man upon his fellow creatures.

One of the reasons for deviating from the main road to visit Skibbereen was, that we might take the coast line of road from thence to Bantry, said to present a much finer tract of scenery than the more direct and more inland route. However, from some misunderstanding of our meaning by our landlord, and from our own ignorance of the route, we discovered, after we had left Skibbereen some

miles, that we were, after all, about to return into the ordinary coach road to Bantry. This was a disappointment; but we had gone too far, before the discovery was made, to retrace our steps.

In setting out from Skibbereen I could not help being struck with the wonderful effect that the state of the weather has in modifying the character of a landscape, and, still more, in modifying our appreciation of it. Yesterday was wet and gloomy, and the country all around seemed to present nothing but a scene of barren wildness, with scarcely a trace of beauty. When viewed now, however, under a cloudless sky, and lighted up by the morning sun, it was manifest that the natural beauties of the landscape were far from inconsiderable—with its yellow corn fields sprinkled in patches among the dark bogs and projecting rocks; or creeping up adjoining slopes, dotted with white houses and patches of trees; and, above all, with its fine sweep of blue hills beyond.

When viewed, however, close at hand, and in detail, as when passing through it on our way to Bantry, the utmost commendation that could be bestowed on the country is, that its very wildness and rocky barrenness render it picturesque when contrasted with the tamer beauties of a rich and highly-cultivated region. In some places, indeed, especially when we arrived within a few miles of Bantry, where the road, after winding along an upland valley, at last attained to near the summit

of the lofty hills that overlook the bay of that name, the prospect became magnificent, but still preserving the character of picturesque wildness rather than of beauty. When, however, having crossed the hills, we came at length in view of the bay itself, studded with islands, and stretching out its river-like expanse to the horizon, between its lofty shores and jutting headlands, we felt that the element of beauty was combined, in no small proportion, with both the grand and the picturesque.

In our journey through this wild and stony but well-peopled district, we took occasion to pay our usual visits to some of the cottages and villages near our route, though, in doing so, we met with no adventures, and with but little that was uncommon. The humble principle, formerly stated, on which my book is composed, leads me, and without any apology, to reproduce, in almost their original words, some of "the short and simple annals of the poor," which I there recorded in my note-book.

In a little hamlet consisting only of a few houses, we found a small but neat English church and with a very respectable tower; but the gravel path leading up to it was quite grass-grown, indicating forcibly the scantiness of its congregation. The parish was, indeed, mainly a Catholic one, and had a large chapel at another hamlet. There was a Protestant school adjoining the church, equally indicative of the state of Protestantism in the parish, being a mere cottage, very small, and rather

dilapidated, and the master and his wife occupying one end of it. Of scholars I was told there were, in all, only six or eight; and there were none in attendance at the time of my visit. The master received a salary of 20*l.* per annum. In the village of Killenleagh, in the parish of Caharagh, (well named, as this word in Irish signifies *rock*,) we found, as usual, a church and chapel, a Protestant and National School. I did not visit the Protestant school, as it was some distance off, but I was told that it had only, like that in the last parish, eight or ten scholars. The National School was attended both by boys and girls, who all assembled in the same room, and were taught by the same master. There were 124 on the roll, and the numbers in actual attendance were 58 boys and 42 girls; among whom there was only one Protestant, a boy of fourteen. In this school two hours on Saturday (all the work-hours on that day) are set apart for religious instruction—that is, for catechising; and the Protestant boy stays at home while this is going on. The boys bring their catechisms with them at the time, it being one of the rules of the National Schools, that no religious books of any kind are permitted to remain in them.

The master has been no less than eighteen years here. He seems an intelligent man, mild and gentle, but not over polished. His salary, when he first came here, was only 8*l.*, and now it is only 17*l.* per annum. Out of this sum he finds himself a

house and living, paying for his wretched cottage an annual rent of 25*s*. The rule of the school is, that the children of farmers should pay one penny, and the children of labourers one halfpenny, per week. Of late years this humble levy is very badly paid. Before the year of the famine, he used to receive from 12*l*. to 14*l*. from this source, but since that time the sum has dwindled down to about 4*l*. The children seemed strong and healthy, and the teaching good. I find, on referring to the last two Reports of the Commissioners, that the number of children on the roll of this school, in September 1850, was 70 boys and 36 girls; in September 1851, 60 boys and 36 girls.

I called on the priest, but found him out *at the bog*, supervising the carting of his winter stock of turf. His kitchen was full of men seated round a large table at breakfast. These were the carters and others employed in the Father's turf-harvest. The farmers sent their carts, and those who had not carts sent milk and other good things to treat the drivers with. The priest's house consists of a small parlour at one end with a bedroom over, the other half being occupied by the ample kitchen in which the feast was now going on.

We found in this village a good illustration of the amount of destruction sustained by the potato crop, and also of the seeming capriciousness of the cause of the destruction, whatever it may be. In the schoolmaster's garden, the stalks of the potatoes

were all destroyed, but the only defect in the potatoes themselves, was their extremely small size: none were rotten. In the priest's field, on the other hand, only one fifth of the crop was sound, the remainder being unfit for use. In this latter case, the exact proportion was ascertained by separating the good from the bad on the spot, and placing them respectively in baskets: the contents of four out of every five baskets were unfit for use.

I found it to be a very general opinion in several parts of the country, that by planting the potatoes very early in the season, they came to maturity before the period of blight arrived, and so escaped. This opinion is, however, contested by many, and among others by the schoolmaster of Killeanleagh, who had seen it confuted by many positive examples.

I visited two small farmhouses in this same parish of the Stones, one in a hamlet near the main road, and one in a more solitary situation some distance from it. Both were in a most slovenly and filthy condition, the space around the houses covered with dung and mire up to the door, and the interior dirty and desolate in the highest degree. In one of these I found, almost for the first time, some pigs; and at the door of the other, several cows brought home to be milked. The women and children seemed all engaged in the domestic services; and I learnt, on inquiry, that

the latter could not be spared to go to school on this account.

Not far from these houses we stopped at a police-station on the high road. It was a house of considerable size, and was throughout extremely neat and clean, forming a striking contrast with the private domiciles around it. These stations are commonly called barracks; and though they usually contain only from five to fifteen men, they are conducted on the principle of soldiers' barrack-rooms. I shall hereafter have occasion to notice more particularly the admirable body of men by whom these barrack-houses are tenanted. I will only here observe that, ever since our landing at Kingstown, we had been everywhere struck with their fine figures, mild manners, great courtesy, and singular intelligence. They were evidently the masters of the people; but they seemed to rule them more by love than by force or fear.

CHAPTER IV.

BANTRY—GLENGARIFF—KENMARE.

Bantry is a small, neat-looking town, finely situated at the upper end of the beautiful bay, or rather firth or arm of the sea, of the same name. This inlet is full twenty miles long, and varies from two or three to six or eight miles in breadth. It is navigable, even to large ships, through nearly its whole extent, and almost rivals Queenstown harbour in size, safety, and beauty. It runs nearly north-east and south-west, and forms only one of the many splendid sea-rivers that cleave this portion of the Irish coast into a series of narrow peninsulas. It is separated from Dunmanus Bay on the south-east and from Kenmare Bay or river on the north-east, by two long strips of land, the one being seven and a half miles in mean breadth, and the other two and a half. Dunmanus Bay is about three miles wide at its mouth, and eleven or twelve miles long; Kenmare River, as it is commonly called, is full eighteen miles long, and from one to five miles broad. Well might old Gerard Boate say of Ireland: "The havens of Ireland are so many in number, and for the most part so fair and large, that, in this

particular, hardly any land in the world may be compared with this."[1]

The town of Bantry contained, in 1841, a population of 4082, but had fallen in 1851 to 2935; being a loss of 1147 in ten years. It has a good hotel and not a few good houses, with a fine church and large chapel. The great body of the people and nearly all the lower class are Catholics, but a considerable proportion of the middle class are Protestants. It was stated to me that probably as many as one third of the shopkeepers are Protestants.

There is an excellent National School here, and also a good Protestant School. In the former there were in attendance, at the time of my visit, 112 boys and 120 girls, and among them there was not a single Protestant of either sex. In the official Reports of this school for the half-years ending in September, 1850 and 1851, I find the number of children on the books as follows: 1850—boys, 153; girls, 195; 1851—boys, 175; girls, 196. The master and mistress are both Catholics. The master's present salary is 19*l.* per annum, besides about 12*l.* derived from the weekly penny payments. The mistress's salary is 13*l.* per annum, with about 3*l.* additional from the weekly pence. Both master and mistress receive an addition to their salaries from some fund at the disposal of the priest, the patron of the school; this addition amounting, in the one case, to about 10*l.*, and, in the other, to

[1] Nat. Hist. of Ireland.

about 7*l.* 10*s.* The children attend school from ten to four in summer, and from half-past ten to half-past three in winter. No religious instruction is given except on Saturdays, when three hours are devoted to this and to the repetition of the lessons of the week.

I found the Protestant schools in Bantry, as might be expected, on a less extensive scale, and they seemed to me somewhat inferior in their arrangements. Both the girls and boys were rather younger than those at the National School, and they seemed hardly so tidy. At the time of my visit, there were 32 boys on the books, and 24 in attendance; and 52 girls, of whom 42 were in attendance. Both these schools are in connection with the Church Education Society, in whose Report for 1851 I find the numbers set down as follows:—*Boys:* on rolls, 26; average attendance, 20. *Girls:* on rolls, 55; average attendance, 33. The annual local subscriptions for both amount to 48*l.* The master and mistress, as in the National School, seemed very competent, and the children well advanced in their studies. The mistress told me that her salary amounted to about 19*l.* per annum, of which sum 7*l.* was derived from some missionary fund (she thought in Scotland).

As usual, the boys in both these schools were not so well dressed as the girls, but they were by no means ragged or dirty. The girls were not merely decently but even very neatly dressed, their skins

clean, their hair in good order; and among them many children of extraordinary beauty.

This last observation is equally applicable to all the schools visited by me in the south of Ireland, as well as to the children seen in the cottages, and even to the beggars; the beauty of the female children, in particular, being very striking. They uniformly wear their hair very thick, and in great profusion—black, golden, and flaxen; and when this huge rounded mass is kept within due bounds and in proper trim, as is generally the case in the schools, it gives a romantic and poetical expression to the head and face, which greatly enhances the effect of their bright black eyes and elegant features. I may add that the beauty of the children is by no means evanescent, as it is found abundantly, though not in quite so great a degree, among the grown-up young women throughout the south and west of Ireland.

I find that almost all travellers in Ireland have made the same remark; but as I had not read their books previously to my visit, I was not prepared for either the frequency or style of the beauty that I encountered in my journey. I am not even sure that my thoughts were not rather turned from the expectation of finding good looks general in Ireland, from my having seen so many indifferent ones among the working people from that country who crowd our large towns; the great beauty of some of the few Irish gentlewomen I have had the pleasure of knowing, being insufficient to counteract the impression left

by this greater moiety. It was, therefore, with some surprise, and not a little satisfaction, that I made the (to me) discovery of the remarkable comeliness of the young women of Ireland. This comeliness, if not general, was certainly frequent; and, in individual specimens, attained the standard of almost faultless beauty—and this not merely in features, but in form and deportment also. It was no slight pleasure to meet one of those rustic maidens of a morning, tripping joyously along the turf in her bright-coloured shawl, with her small and well-shaped feet and ankles unfettered by shoes or stockings, with her lithe upright carriage, and her profuse glossy and well-arranged locks; and this pleasure was not a little enhanced when a salutation or a question brought out, as it did, at once, her modest smile and her pretty brogue.

It is another tribute justly due to the young women of Ireland, to record their singular decorum and modesty of demeanour, and their general propriety of conduct. I do not hesitate, for a moment, in giving to them decidedly the palm, in these particulars, over the rustic damsels of both England and Scotland. Unmarried mothers are, I believe, quite a rarity in Ireland—a thing which, I fear, cannot be said of any other portion of the three kingdoms.

In the town of Bantry, as elsewhere, I find that the glories of Father Matthew have shrunk to a little measure, though hardly so much so as in

Skibbereen. In its day of T T glory, it could boast of a band 500 strong; now it numbered hardly 30!

Lord Bantry has a beautiful park and splendid house adjoining the town. The situation is very fine, the ground rising into a considerable elevation, which gives it a complete command of the bay. Owing to a mistake, we did not visit the interior of the demesne, but we walked round the wall which completely surrounds it, and could see that the grounds were nicely varied in surface, and full of fine timber.

In making this round I visited some of the cottages on the country side of the park. They were not so destitute of furniture as some previously visited, and were a trifle cleaner. It being about meal-time, I found several of the men home from their work and at dinner, which consisted, as far as I could see, of nothing whatever but potatoes tumbled on the table in their skins.

In a somewhat superior cottage, with a loft over one end, I found the proprietress herself, who had just arrived from the town to look at her property. The cottage, with about two acres of garden-ground, was to be let at a rent of 5*l.* per annum. On the floor of this cottage I found an old woman (allowed at present to live rent-free, in order to take care of it,) engaged in picking out the good potatoes and good bits of bad potatoes, from a spoiled lot which she had just bought in Bantry for 3*d.*, and which, if sound, would have cost 7*d.*! And this, probably, was to be the whole of her fare for the remainder

of the week! No wonder that, in contemplating these and such-like shifts and straits to which the poor are reduced, a poet should exclaim—

> "Ah! little think the gay, licentious Proud,
> Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround," &c. &c.;

or that any prosaic traveller should give vent to the same humiliating and bitter feeling in the analogous but humbler expressions of the proverb—"Little knows one half the world how the other half lives!"

We left Bantry early in the afternoon for Glengariff, distant about eleven miles. The road leads round all the little arms and windings of the bay, which is scarcely ever out of sight. There is considerable variety of hill and dale, and numerous fresh aspects of the great bay; but there is little positively beautiful or picturesque until the small offshoot bay of Glengariff opens upon you. The country throughout preserves the same character of stony wildness and relative barrenness, which I have noticed in the former part of this day's journey. It is still, however, a peopled if not a populous country, the source of sustenance being everywhere conspicuous in small white patches of corn and potato land, scattered here and there amid the petrean desert. But on reaching the heights that overlook the bay and valley of Glengariff, and in descending the slope of the circular sweep which these take around the shore, the character of the landscape entirely changes, and you are at once ushered into the midst of scenes which combine

the most exquisite beauty with not a little of grandeur and picturesqueness. All that was barren and wild is either hidden from view or is, by distance and change of aspect, subdued and softened into perfect harmony with the prevailing tone of the new picture of which they form a part.

The constituent parts of this charming landscape are, in the first place, the bay itself, here circumscribed by its mountain barriers into a perfect lake, stretching out in one direction almost to the horizon, where it is bounded by the serrated ridge of blue mountains that divide it from Dunmanus Bay, and, less remotely, on the right, by the equally lofty range that overlooks Kenmare River; secondly, the numerous islands that break its glittering expanse, one with its martello tower, another with its thicket of trees, another with its summit of bare rock; thirdly, the circle of hills and mountains that surround all the inner or upper portion of the bay, the nearer hills covered to the top with wood, the higher and more remote mountains black in their coverings of heath and in the walls of bare rocks that cut it asunder, some of them sharpened into peaks, some massy and bluff, the whole suggesting the idea of guardianship to the valley and the water; lastly, the inner and lower circle of sloping terraces and rugged cliffs immediately bordering the shore at its innermost round, all covered with trees and bushes, rising bank above bank, and so uniting, as it were, by a broad green garland, the gentle

waters with their majestic ramparts. I shall not attempt to combine these elements into a picture by a description which must prove a failure; but I think I am not in any degree exaggerating the truth, when I say that the scene that presented itself to me between five and six o'clock the next morning, from my bedroom window in the Eccles hotel, seemed hardly surpassable as a specimen of the beautiful; and, certainly, according to my judgment at the time, had never been exceeded by anything in my past experience.

At that part of the head of the bay usually named Glengariff, there are two excellent hotels, a gentleman's house, a church, chapel, and National School, and one or two cottages, all scattered about, but nothing like a town or even village. The gentleman's house (Mr. White's) is beautifully situated amid its rocky and wooded terraces, and commands the finest views of the bay and all the mountain scenery to the south and west; and it is itself an agreeable feature in the landscape, as viewed from other parts of the shore.

A little way beyond the lower hotel, on the Kenmare road, there is a police station, and a quarter of a mile further on there is a village of considerable extent, which is, I believe, the proper Glengariff.

At this village a little incident occurred on the evening of my arrival, which, though trifling and even ludicrous, may deserve notice, as illustrating one of the phases of Irish life in its lowest scale.

A gentleman from Eccles's Hotel went out in the evening to take a walk and inspect the scenery beyond the borders of the lake. In passing through the village above mentioned, he happened to give a few pence to some ragged children who were playing in the road. This bounty and the still visible presence of the giver, seemed to act like magic on the susceptibilities of all the other children in the village, as the stranger found himself instantly surrounded by a crowd of boys and girls of all sizes, and in every variety of rag, each soliciting from his Honour, in earnest but subdued tones, "a halfpenny for the honour of God." Finding that his whole stock of coppers was altogether inadequate, even in its lowest denomination, to spread over the wide circle of outstretched hands by which he was environed, he went into a little huxter's shop close at hand for a further supply, and began distributing as before. When his stock was again exhausted, he proceeded on his way through the village, feeling, I suppose, that he had, by the number of his donations, at least, if not by their magnitude, sufficiently allayed, for the present, the appetite of his organ of benevolence. He soon found, however, that his walk was not to be a solitary one; as the same crowd, fortified by many new adherents, followed his path with unabated, or rather with much augmented energy both of step and tongue.

Whether from the helplessness of escape without further bribery, or from benevolence, or from the

love of sport, or from all or any of these motives, I cannot tell, but, after one or two ineffectual attempts to dismiss his followers, he despatched one of the longest-legged among them back to the village with a silver coin for more change. This gave a respite to solicitation for the time, and he walked on, but with no diminution of his *cortége*, except that a few stragglers would spread themselves along the road behind, as if to hail the first appearance of the missionary on his return. So soon as this event took place, and the hand was once more extended with the penny, the clamours and crowding of the candidates around their victim were renewed with tenfold vigour. Some fifteen or sixteen boys and girls, big and little, rushed simultaneously upon him from all sides, clustering around him like a swarm of bees, hustling and jostling one another, and now screaming all at once and in the loudest key, their ordinary subdued tone of supplication being entirely forgotten. It was of no use to try to escape from the meshes he had woven for himself, his long legs and long paces being but ill mated with the nimble and shoeless feet of his pursuers; and so he sent off another messenger, but still proceeded on his way, listening with comical gravity to the special claims that were shouted in his ears on all sides, and half wishing, I dare say, that the messenger should prove a raven messenger and be seen no more. But here he is again, breathless and shouting, his extended arm

striving to reach the central figure through the dense mass of living rags that surrounded him. And so the scramble and the hubbub are renewed in all their wildness, and the rushing and crushing become so blind and furious at last, that the whole bundle of rags rolls bodily into the ditch by the roadside, dragging the Lord Bountiful of pence along with it!

A considerable distance from the village had by this time been reached, and when the last messenger was sent off, a general panic seemed suddenly to seize the assembly lest this time he should not return. "Oh sir, your Honour, Tom Donoghue is a rogue—he will not come back—he is the worst boy among us.—Plase your honour will we look for him? He's a tief—he's a vagabone!" In due time, however, Tom Donoghue did come back, with flying rags and pence in hand; but, alas, whether the character given to Tom in his absence was true or false, it is an historical fact that Tom could only produce five coppers for the silver sixpence he had taken to the village. It is, however, but doing justice to Tom to state that he loudly asserted his own innocence, and as loudly accused his banker of foul play, who must herself have cribbed the missing penny which brought him to such dishonour.

All this, doubtless, is farcical to read, and may possibly have been felt, in the transacting, to be mainly a piece of picturesque or grotesque fun. But it was surely much more than this. If picturesque, it was also deeply painful, nay

shocking, to see the eagerness, the yearning, the wolfish longing for those miserable pence that gleamed in the eyes and countenances of these wretched children,—a longing too earnest and too intense to spring from aught but the absolute want of the food these pence could buy. That it should ever be said that the whole childhood and infancy of a village, in a civilised and Christian land, could be reduced so low as to exhibit such a scene as that now described, or that it should be in the power of any man to call it forth by a lure so vile, is surely very melancholy and very humiliating. Alas for Ireland, that she should be the theatre of such a scene!

Early in the morning I set off with a guide to ascend the highest hill in the neighbourhood, or mountain, as it is here called, according to the Irish style of designation. It is the highest of the ridge that immediately bounds Glengariff Bay, but one of the lowest of that lofty range that separates the waters of Bantry from Kenmare. After about a mile's walk through the woods that skirt the roads that lead to its base, we began to ascend the Curannen mountain. It is not very steep, but the ascent is rendered occasionally difficult by the intervention here and there of bare walls of rock, and is always disagreeable from the swampy nature of the soil which covers its slopes. From its summit a splendid view is obtained of the bays of Bantry and Glengariff, and of the magnificent ranges of Caha and Slievmisk on the south-west, culmi-

nating in the picturesque peaks of Hungry Hill. In the opposite direction, the whole country, as spread out beneath the eye, presents the aspect of a stony wilderness, broken up into innumerable low jagged peaks of rock, here and there intermingled with small patches of corn. On all sides there was enough of wild grandeur, but nothing of the exquisite beauty which characterises Glengariff Bay, as seen from its own shores.

My guide was an intelligent lad of twenty, who supported his widowed mother and sisters by his earnings. In the way up the mountain, we were joined by a sensible boy of sixteen years of age, but very small, who was guarding his master's cows on its green slopes, and kept us company so long as he could keep them in sight. While resting ourselves on a ledge of rock in the sunshine, I took down in my note-book Tim Sullivan's little history; and here it is, in all its trite and humble details, as winnowed by not a little cross-questioning, and by the criticisms and corroborations of our guide. "These little things are great to little men."

Poor Tim is an orphan. His mother has been dead thirteen years, and his father six. Both died young. His father had a little land and some cows, but all his substance disappeared with himself, Tim does not know how. Only about a pound remained over, and on this and the charity of the neighbours, Tim and his brother and two sisters lived in the old cottage for a year after his father's

death. Then they all went to the Union Workhouse, which Tim, after three months, was obliged to leave on account of sickness: he then, for a time, got relief out of doors, and eventually was taken into the service of a farmer, his present master. The boy attributes his illness in the workhouse, and no doubt justly, to the diet, which was so different to the potato-regimen that he had been accustomed to. He returned to his old regimen on going to the farm, and has remained quite well and very happy ever since.

Tim's master—who, he says, is a kind man—has about twenty acres of land, besides the mountain pasture, and keeps three men and two boys, who are all fed in the house. They have only two meals in the day, at ten and four, and both are precisely alike; namely, potatoes *ad libitum*, and a couple of pints of butter-milk or sour-milk each. At some seasons they get fish twice a week, fresh or salt, particularly in winter, when there is no milk; but they never taste bread from one year's end to the other. On this fare Tim says they are all strong and healthy and well contented with their lot.

Besides their living the men get, respectively, ten shillings, fourteen shillings, and twenty shillings a quarter. Tim and his young comrade get, as their sole pay, a suit of clothes now and then. Out of their scanty means, the men lay by some money. The desire of all is to save enough to take them to

America. Sometimes, however, their prudence is overcome by the temptations of the holiday of the week, Sunday, and a shilling is occasionally spent in strong drink at the public-house. None of the people of the farm are Teetotallers.

In returning from the mountain I went into a small cottage among the woods at its foot. Here I found an old woman who could speak only Irish, and a handsome young woman of 21, her daughter, who was married at 15, and had now two children. Her husband was absent in England, gone thither for the harvest. He was in this following the steps of her own father, the old woman's husband, who used to go every year to England, for three or four months in the summer, and usually brought back with him about three pounds.

To complete these "simple annals of the poor" of Glengariff, I will set down the prices of clothing, as I received them from my guide. The wearers have to go all the way to Bantry for them, as there are no clothes-shops in Glengariff. A suit of old clothes may be had for from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*, viz., a coat from 3*s.* to 4*s.*, a waistcoat for 1*s.*, and a pair of trousers for from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* A suit of new clothes may be obtained for from 20*s.* to 30*s.*; but there are few of the labouring class who can afford this luxury. My guide's jacket, which was now rather dilapidated, cost him 6*s.* (new cloth,) and had been worn a year. Good strong shoes (always bought new) cost about 6*s.*

There are two National Schools in the neighbourhood of Glengariff. I was prevented from visiting them, but I learnt that there were between 30 and 40 children in one, and between 40 and 50 in the other; and in one there were said to be five Protestants.

I learnt from the good authority of the coachman who drove our phaeton from Glengariff to Kenmare, that Teetotalism has fallen off greatly in the district, he being now one of 14 alone remaining out of a band of 250. The majority, however, had persevered for about five years. Most of them broke down in the year of the famine. He himself had kept his pledge for thirteen years, and doubted not, he said, with the blessing of God, to keep it all his life. He had proved its advantages to be too great ever to be foregone. Before he took the pledge, he said, he spent most of his substance in drink, and kept himself and wife in constant distress. Since he became a teetotaller, he has made a shift to make a fair living, and to keep his family decently. At this very time, four of his children are at the National School, for each of whom he pays one penny per week.

I was glad to learn, from more than one source, that the means of the labouring class are improving in Glengariff. Pigs, which had been all devoured in the year of famine, were beginning to be scantily replaced in their old premises, especially since Indian meal became so plentiful and cheap. During the

scarcity, this meal sold for 3*s.* 6*d.* and even 4*s.* 6*d.* the stone; now it is to be had for 1*s.*

At Bantry and Glengariff, and at every open point of the shore passed by, we observed an active traffic going on in the landing and carting of sea-sand for manure. This sand, here called coral sand, is an almost unmixed congeries of small fragmentary masses from decayed corallines, and exists in great quantities in the localities where it is found. It is brought in boats from various places in the bay, and seems very extensively used. It is said to be particularly excellent in the reclaiming of bog. I may almost say that the transport of this sand, by water and land, about Bantry Bay, seemed to us one of the most active and most extensive operations relating to agriculture that we saw in Ireland.[1]

In proceeding from Glengariff to Kenmare, a distance of about twenty miles, we traversed that petrean desert which I had seen from the top of Curannen, and which presents to those who travel through it, nearly the same wild and barren features which mark the country all the way from Dunmanway and Skibbereen. The only difference was, that our route to day lay through a wilderness possessing

[1] A chemical friend has kindly analysed this sand for me, and gives the following as its composition: In 100 parts—Carbonate of Lime, 50; Silicate of Alumina (clay), 45; organic matter, containing nitrogen, which, on distillation, yields ammoniacal compounds, 5; a trace of iron. No doubt this fine grit is calculated to act on the soil mechanically as well as chemically.

great boldness in its features, rising occasionally from the tame to the picturesque, and even to the grand: before we had finished our day's journey, it will be seen that the landscape rose up to the pitch of the magnificent, if not the sublime.

Shortly after leaving Glengariff, the road began to ascend the mountainous ridge that divides the bays of Bantry and Kenmare, sweeping round their base, and winding up their face until we had attained a great elevation. All this was very picturesque; and some of the valleys at our feet made charming pictures, with their projecting rocks, black bogs, and yellow patches of corn,—resembling, in this respect as in others, many of the straths in the Highlands of Scotland. When after passing over many cuttings of rock and rock-built terraces, the road had attained its highest point, it pierced the mountain-top by a tunnel through the solid rock, some 500 or 600 feet in length, and then opened from the darkness upon a splendid view of the valleys beyond. We were now in the county of Kerry, the tunnelled ridge being on the boundary between it and Cork. From this point to Kenmare the road passed through a much less wild and more cultivated country, presenting some spots of considerable beauty, but still preserving much of the same stony and moorland character it had shown beyond the hills.

The fine road across this difficult pass was made many years since by Nimmo, the celebrated Scotch

engineer, much of whose fine handiwork is seen in more than one county in Ireland. And I may take this opportunity of stating how excellent we found the roads throughout the whole of Ireland, well-planned and in capital condition, and (what is an additional charm to the traveller) without turnpike or toll, except in the neighbourhood of Belfast, and from thence southward along the eastern coast.

Nearly the whole tract of country we passed through from the tunnelled rock to Kenmare and beyond,—in all about fifteen miles,—as well as the town of Kenmare itself, belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne. This nobleman bears, among his tenantry in this country, an excellent character as a landlord, and also for his general liberality and generosity. Within these few years he has expended full 10,000*l.* in promoting emigration from his estates.

For some distance before we reach Kenmare, the road tracts the river Roughty through its valley, and, before entering the town, crosses the narrowed head of the great estuary of Kenmare, on a fine suspension bridge, 400 feet in length, erected about twelve years since at the joint expense of Lord Lansdowne and the Board of Public Works. It is named Lansdowne Bridge, after the Marquis.

In my way from Glengariff to Kenmare, I visited the small National School of ——, in the parish of ——. I found it in a greatly dilapidated

state, with shattered roof and broken windows, but learnt from the master that it had not been repaired because it was about to be rebuilt. There were in attendance at the time of my visit about 50 boys and girls, who all congregated in the same school. There was not one Protestant among them. According to the official reports, there were, in this school, in September 1850—boys 74, girls 49; and in September 1851—boys 67, girls 48. The master had been here sixteen years, and his present salary amounted to about 30*l.* per annum; viz., 15*l.* from the Board, 10*l.* from Lord Lansdowne, and about 5*l.* from the children's weekly pence. This last item is so small, because the inhabitants of the parish are generally poor, and many children fail in their contributions. The master, I found, added farming to his scholastic avocations, being a tenant of Lord Lansdowne to the amount of 15*l.* yearly rent, and keeping cows and growing oats and potatoes.

I suspect that these agricultural idols were too attractive for the peace of the good man's official conscience, as he had recently suffered a curtailment of his salary to the amount of 4*l.* annually, on account of deficiencies detected by the Inspector in his educational capacity. This he himself told me, in the most *naïf* manner, without the least sign of discontent, and without casting a shadow of blame on his superiors. On a subsequent occasion, at another country school in this county, I met with

a precisely similar instance of degradation of salary for a like cause, and which was spontaneously mentioned by the teacher (a schoolmistress) with the same candour and simplicity, and the same apparent absence of all soreness towards the higher authority. These little incidents, and many others of an analogous character—one of which I have already related of a goodwife on the banks of Glendalough—which I have met with in Ireland, have impressed me strongly as indicating the singular candour and honesty of the humbler classes of the Irish. I may be mistaken, but my experience leads me to believe that instances of such spontaneous, unselfish and, certainly, unnecessary exposition of personal character and personal failure, could hardly be found in either England or Scotland. If the parties similarly circumstanced in these countries would not, as I believe, have intentionally misstated the truth, I am inclined to think they would not have volunteered its expression.

On the same route I also had an interesting interview with a parish priest, whose name and residence I shall leave blank, as in the case of the schoolmaster. He was evidently an intelligent and well-educated man, and entertained more liberal views on several points than are usually ascribed to his brethren. For instance, he disapproved of the recent proceedings of Cardinal Wiseman and the bishops who had set themselves in opposition to the Queen's Colleges, believing that, by rousing

the prejudices of the Protestants, and curtailing the education of the people, they were injuring the cause of the Roman Catholic religion and of Ireland. He regarded the improved education of Catholics in the National Schools and colleges as calculated not to lessen their adherence to their own religion, but greatly to strengthen it; and, in like proportion, to confirm and augment their patriotism as Irishmen. He said it was a great mistake to believe that the priests had their chief hold and control of the people through their ignorance. On the contrary, the most obedient to the will of their pastors, and the most faithful to the doctrines of the church, were those whose minds were expanded and enlightened by education. The present ignorant race of common people could, with difficulty, understand the real nature of the Catholic religion, and could hardly comprehend the true position of Ireland in her ecclesiastical and political relations. When the National Schools and Colleges have had full time to develop their influence, then the lowest of the people will come to see, at once, the monstrous anomaly of the present relations of the two churches, and to feel, more profoundly, the superiority of their own. He and all his brother priests, and all the national schoolmasters I spoke with in Ireland, condemned the conduct of the Protestant clergy, in preventing the attendance of the children at the state schools, as most detrimental not merely to their own flocks but to the country at large.

By so doing they at once prevented a considerable portion of the community from being so well educated as they might otherwise be, and tended to keep up and strengthen the prejudice of sect against sect, which was most destructive of social happiness.

The Father was evidently a tenant-right man, but, apparently, to that degree only in which he will be followed by most men. He attributes the sad economical condition of the rural population of Ireland mainly to the want of leases; this want leading to such insecurity of tenure as destroys or paralyses all individual enterprise among the farmers. He believes that long leases would have the effect of bringing the land into good cultivation without any more capital than the farmers possess at present. Their own hands and arms, and those of their sons, he said, would soon make capital if they were freed from all doubt as to the future possession of the soil for a period sufficient to admit of a due amount of produce in return. At present, the small farmers do not, and will not, exert themselves, from the predominating feeling of uncertainty in their minds, as to whether they may be labouring for themselves or others. I, of course, submitted to his consideration the fact, that permanency of holding had always been virtually the condition of the farmers, from the mere custom of the country, though without actual leases; but he denied that the two cases, of holding at the

landlord's will and of holding by the tenure of a lease, were at all similar in their influence on the tenant's mind and actions. He referred me, in illustration of his position, to a small farm within view, which had been elaborated, by hard work, from a stony moorland and barren bog, through the mere consciousness of the security and permanency of the tenure.

The town of Kenmare is situated a short distance from the Roughty river, and commands very little view of its own fine estuary, though the lofty ranges of mountains that enclose it on both sides (Slievemisk and Caha on the south-east, and Dunkerrin on the north-west) form conspicuous and splendid features in its landscape views. It is a neat and clean-looking town, presenting in its angular walls and roofs, and in the scanty admixture of dilapidated cottages, evidence of its comparatively recent origin. The population, in 1841, was 1339, and in 1851, 1501; but, by its bustle and activity, the place conveyed to us the impression of being more populous. It contains all the usual institutions of a country town—a church and chapel, a dispensary, several schools, and a fine Union-workhouse in the outskirts.

I visited three of the schools, the National Boys' and Girls' School, and an industrial school for girls. In the boys' school there were 54 on the books, but only 27 present. The average attendance during the last three years was much more than this,

viz., 47. The present smallness of number was explained by the emigration, and by the demands of the present harvest season. There was not one Protestant now on the books, but at one time there had been four, and no inconvenience or difficulty was experienced in regard to them. They usually retired during the period of religious instruction, which is given, in this school, during two hours on Saturday, and also daily in summer for half an hour after four o'clock. According to the official returns, the numbers in September 1850 and 1851 were, respectively, 95 and 63.

I may here remark, that the times and amount of religious instruction in the National Schools vary considerably in different schools, according to the inclination of the masters or patrons. The only points rigidly adhered to are, that, except on Saturday, the religious lessons shall not interfere with the ordinary hours of school-work, and that at all times when they are going on, the "RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION" board shall be displayed in a conspicuous part of the room.

The school seemed in very good order, and the boys well advanced. The master was what is called a first-class teacher, and received a salary of 24*l.* per annum from the date of his first appointment. The next step would be 28*l.*, and the final limit would be 35*l.* annually. Lord Lansdowne contributes 10*l.* to the master's salary over and above the 24*l.*; and the master also makes about 5*l.* from the

children's pence, so that his allowances are comparatively good. The weekly penny is paid by most of the children who have the means to do so.

In the girls' school (then under the supervision of an ingenuous young lady, one of my Irish beauties, in the absence of the mistress, her sister,) I found there were 58 on the books, and 43 present; this greater proportional attendance than in the boys' school, being explained by the inferior demand on the girls for harvesting. The mistress of the school was also a first-class teacher, and had a salary of 22*l.* per annum, besides 8*l.* from Lord Lansdowne and the children's pence. According to the official returns, the numbers in the school in September 1850 and 1851 were 107 and 79.

The little girls were in the highest order as to neatness and cleanliness, and presented the usual amount of intelligence and good looks.

The Female Industrial School was in excellent order, and evidently thriving. It contained 30 girls, whom I found all at work at various kinds of needlework, some of rather a refined and elaborate kind. The girls were all neatly dressed, and very tidy. They remained no less than eight hours at school daily (from ten to six) two of which only were devoted to literary instruction. The children do not pay as in the other schools, and they receive the money-produce of their work. They read the Lord's Prayer and Creed every evening. There was one Protestant among the 30 girls. The mistress

has a salary of 20*l.* per annum. This is not a National School.

Kenmare was formerly remarkable for the number of its Temperance votaries, the Teetotallers mustering once as high as 700. This number has, as in other places, fallen off greatly; but there are still said to remain as many as 150 in the town. It is remarkable that our driver from Glengariff to Kenmare, and our driver from Kenmare to Killarney, were both Teetotallers, as was also the driver of the public car with which we kept company a part of the way. Our driver, a young man of twenty-five, had only taken the pledge in April last, and he had gone all the way to Cork (seventy-five miles) to receive it at Father Matthew's own hands. He carried his medal with him, and seemed highly gratified at the reform of life of which it was at once the emblem and the pledge. He says that, though so young, he had formerly drunk hard, and so spent most of the money that he earned. Since his reformation, all his earnings not required for his own personal wants go to the support of his mother and sister. He is now, he says, a happy man: we certainly found him a merry one.

CHAPTER V.

KILLARNEY.

The small amount of time we had to spare, prevented our visiting the little harbour of Kenmare, though it lies only a short way below the town. We were afraid of being belated in reaching Killarney, as we knew the road before us to be mountainous, and we could only obtain a one-horse car to carry us over the seventeen miles we had to travel.

Shortly after leaving Kenmare, we began gradually to ascend the slope forming the base of the range of mountains which separate the district from the still more mountainous region of Killarney. The road was excellent, and only in a few places very steep, the comparative easiness of ascent being obtained by great engineering skill in directing the tract round the brows and along the hollows and steep flanks of the mountain, often on artificial terraces quarried from the rock itself. Nothing could exceed the wild picturesqueness of the scenes through which we immediately passed, unless it was their desolate barrenness. The only intimation of civilization, or of the workers of civilization, presented to us, besides our magnificent road, was

the sight, now and then, of a wretched cottage, half-seen by its small patch of white corn-land, in the valley below. As features in the landscape, however, these far-down valleys were rich; and the ever-varying views of the lofty mountains beyond them, with their rugged summits blue in the distance, were most grand.

The splendour of the scene attained its consummation when, on reaching the summit of our ascent, the still loftier ridge of the Killarney range suddenly burst upon us, crowned by Carran Tual and the other forked Peaks—or Reeks as they are here called—of the majestic Macgillicuddy. Close bordering on them, and only separated from them by the romantic gulf of Dunloe, towered right in our front, the Purple Mountain; and, as we proceeded onwards, its worthy brother-giants of the group, came gradually and successively into view—the Eagle's Nest, Glenaa, the Tomies, the Torc, and Mangerton.

With this splendid background ever in our eye, we pursued our steep, winding tract along the mountain side, following all its outs and ins, over terraces and through quarried rocks, as on the other side. While still in mid-descent, we caught a partial glimpse of the Upper Lake smiling far below us in its leafy cradle curtained by mountains, soon to be seen with yet more charming effect through the screen of birch trees that rose to shadow our path as we approached nearer to its level.

This lower portion of our descent, and the level road that succeeded it, sweeping between the richly-wooded shore and the base of the overhanging cliffs, led us through scenes of surpassing beauty, combining in one view, our own terraced and shaded tract, the bright lake with its tree-clad islands immediately below us, and the grand mountain-ranges beyond, whose steep base closely bounded its further shore and whose blue summits filled up the far horizon. So exquisite did these views seem to me at the time, that I almost settled it in my own mind, that no views on or from the lake itself could be superior. At any rate, they realised to me all that I had ever heard or read of Killarney.

Proceeding onwards past the base of the beautiful Torc mountain, and turning away from the immediate shore of the lake, we halted at a small lodge by the wayside, in order that we might walk up through the woods to see the Torc waterfall. This descends from the gap that divides the Torc mountain from Mangerton, and, though not possessing a large supply of water, is very beautiful. The fall is about sixty feet in height, and the greater portion of it rather rushes along the rugged face of the rock, than falls from it. The narrow glen and cliffs on either side are richly wooded up to the summit of the cascade; and, indeed, the whole space below and around is so bright and gay with vegetable life, that the impression conveyed is much more that of

softness and beauty than of either the grand or picturesque.

A mile further brought us to our destination, the Muckross Hotel, situated near the ruins of Muckross Abbey, opposite the middle lake, and rather more than two miles from the town of Killarney. My companion and myself were the last guests who could be received at the hotel—every bed but two being already occupied.

The great defect of the Muckross Hotel is its position at some distance from the lake, all view of which is completely intercepted by the lofty woods of Muckross Park, the splendid seat of Mr. Herbert. It is so provoking to know one's self close upon the verge of a most beautiful lake and all its wealth of mountain scenery, and yet to be as entirely excluded from them as if you were a hundred miles off,—that no excellence of domestic accommodation can compensate for the sacrifice. I, therefore, advise all travellers who can obtain entrance into the Lake Hotel or the Victoria,—both of which command full views of the lake—not to be tempted to forego the feast on nature's beauties for any superiority of indoor feast that the Muckross, *alias* Roche's Hotel, can supply. It is true that we have only to ascend a small knoll in a field behind the village, or to walk across the Abbey grounds to the shore of the lake, to obtain all that we desire: but what I desiderate at Muckross is the daily, hourly, persistent, self-presenting views of the water and the moun-

tains, which the other hotels supply to every idle lounger at their windows. What we could obtain we took advantage of, by a walk through the Abbey grounds while daylight lasted and our dinner or supper was preparing.

Our driver from Kenmare to Killarney, the young Teetotaller already spoken of, was a true son of St. Patrick, light-hearted, merry, and good-humoured. As we were ascending the mountain, he amused us not a little with his off-hand chat, and afforded us a good deal of information respecting his own locality. He also volunteered to sing, and made the echoes ring again with his sonorous strains. One of his songs was really, in itself, a song of no ordinary beauty and pathos; and when it was considered under what circumstances it had been written and by whom it was written,—and that it now burst forth spontaneously, and, as it were, irresistibly, from the lips of this young Irishman, amid the very scenes where it was composed,—it could not fail being listened to with redoubled interest. Poor Michael Doheny, the author of it, was one of those enthusiastic young men (many of them men of education like himself) who, some years back, constituted that romantic Association called Young Ireland; and he was one of the few who did not hesitate to bring down their romance into actual life, when, in 1848, the silly and abortive attempt was made by Mr. Smith O'Brien to take up arms against the British Government. On the extinction

of this movement, Doheny, like most of his colleagues, was compelled to seek for safety in exile; and it was while concealing himself among these mountains and those of Glengariff, waiting for the opportunity of escaping beyond sea, that he composed this song. A reward of 300*l.* was offered for his apprehension, but none of his countrymen, however poor or wretched, were found mercenary enough to earn it, and he finally succeeded in making his escape from Cork in female attire.

It was evident that our minstrel, though a very indifferent singer, felt the pathos of his song, and it soon appeared that his sympathies were strongly on the same side as those of its author. On my asking him if he would have joined in this insurrection, if he had come in the way of it, he replied instantly, "To be sure I would: a man ought to fight for his country." So true it is, I believe, that there still dwell deep in the Irish mind the memory of the ancient independence and legendary glories of Ireland, and the vague notion of something being yet due in the shape of vengeance on the sons of the conquerors. It is to be hoped, however, that all such memories will gradually find less and less of substantial food, in the shape of political and religious grievances, to keep them alive; and that they will be allowed peaceably and insensibly to subside into such innocent yet inspiring dreams of the heroes and the heroic romance of old, as still delight to linger among the mountains and vallies of my own

happy Scotland. I give Mr. Doheny's song entire, deeming it most fitting to take its place among Memorandums made in Ireland in the year 1852.

IRELAND ASTHORE.

By Michael Doheny.

Air—"*The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.*"

1.

The long-long-wish'd-for hour has come,
Yet come, Asthore,[1] in vain,
And left Thee but the wailing hum
Of sorrow and of pain;
My Light of Life, my lonely Love,
Thy portion sure must be
Man's scorn below, God's wrath above—
A cushla gal machree.[2]

2.

'Twas spoke of Thee, the world around,
'Twas hoped from Thee by all,
That, with one gallant sunward bound,
Thou'dst burst long ages' thrall:
The bound was made, alas! and those
Who perilled all for Thee,
Are cursed and branded as thy foes—
A cushla gal machree.

3.

I've giv'n Thee manhood's early prime
And manhood's teeming years,
I've bless'd Thee in thy sunniest time
And shed with Thee my tears;
And, Mother, though Thou'st cast away
The child who'd die for Thee,—
My fondest wishes still shall pray
For cushla gal machree.

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[1] My dear—my love, (Ireland.)

[2] "A cushla gal machree," literally, "O, fair pulse of my heart."

4.

For Thee I've track'd the mountain-sides
And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
O'er Lua's[1] fairy lake,
The rich have spurn'd me from their door
Because I'd make Thee free,
Yet still I love Thee more and more—
A cushla gal machree.

5.

I've run the outlaw's wild career
And borne his load of ill,
His rocky couch, his dreamy fear,
With fix'd sustaining will;
And should his last dark chance befall,
Even that shall welcome be:
In death I'll love Thee most of all—
A cushla gal machree.

The fine weather which we had enjoyed ever since our arrival at Skibbereen still continuing, we took speedy advantage of it to see the Great Sights of Killarney, and started early in a car for the Gap of Dunloe, having previously sent on ponies to carry us across the mountain, and engaged a boat to meet us at the top of the upper lake. The route followed is first the main road (north) through the town of Killarney, and then the road which turns from this westward, at a right angle, in the direction of the Bay of Dingle and Valentia. It is remarkable that though thus tracking the outlines of the lower lake

[1] "Lua's fairy lake." A small lake between Glengariff and Bantry, seen from the coach road; also seen from one of the adjacent mountains where Doheny composed these verses.

on two of its sides, we had scarcely an opportunity of having a glimpse of it the whole way; owing to the flatness of its shores and the intervention of the woods covering them. After proceeding a considerable distance in this direction, we again turned off abruptly at another right angle, and kept this course, directly south, until we reached our boat at the extremity of the Upper Lake.

Our new line of road led towards the base of the ridge of mountains which had bounded our left-hand course on our way to Killarney the day before, and soon opened up to us the entrance to the ravine which cuts them across, and which, like a narrow rent in the lofty ridge, had been conspicuous to us from the moment we turned our face in this direction. This ravine is the Gap of Dunloe, an appellation which cannot fail to strike every one who approaches it from the north as singularly appropriate. It is indeed exactly such a gap as fancy might conceive to be left by the blow of some Titanic axe, in the days when the sons of earth were striving with Zeus. About a mile or less within the mouth of the Pass we dismissed our car, the road not permitting it to proceed further, and mounted the ponies which we found waiting for us.

The Gap of Dunloe is four miles across, and preserves very much the same character throughout as to the narrowness of its opening, the abrupt steepness of its lofty boundaries, and the comparative flatness of its base or floor. This last characteristic

is explained, of course, by the great depth of the cut into the mountain, and renders the passage through it very easy to both horsemen and pedestrians. To be sure, in the latter part of its course, the road rises very considerably until it attains its highest elevation near the southern extremity of the Gap. In this facility of ascent, I think it differs from almost all the Passes in the Alps, though it emulates many of these in some of their most attractive features. It particularly reminds one of an Alpine valley, by the vast accumulation of fragments of rock, fallen from the cliffs above, which are strewed along its base.

There are a few cottages and a few patches of corn-land at the northern entrance of the Gap, but it soon becomes too narrow for either, though, at several points beyond, it did not fail to present us with some indications of inhabitance, therein or thereabout, in the shape of dames and damsels, eager to bestow on the travellers, for a sufficient equivalent, a cup of goats' milk or whiskey, or of both united, as the taste of their customers might incline. In the course of the Gap there are several small lakes and a little lively brook, and, here and there, also, a dwarf tree or a small thicket of coppice, all of which add not a little to the charm of the scene by softening more into beauty its prevailing tone of stern grandeur and wildness. This Pass divides the Tomies and Purple mountains on the east from one of the bases of the Macgillicuddy on the west, whose

splendid Reeks, now near at hand, joining on to the range of mountains running more directly south, constitute a magnificent prospect to the traveller as he escapes from the fastnesses of the glen. In descending the long slope from the southern mouth of the Gap to the lake, we had a fine view on our right hand of the extremity of the Commeenduff Lough and the Black Glen in which it is buried; a very wild yet beautiful spot, and well deserving the homage of a closer visit than we paid to it. In pursuing our course downwards from it, we followed the tract—though at some distance from it—of the river which issues from this lough, the Gearhameen, all the way to its junction with the upper lake. It was, indeed, on the widened mouth of this river, rather than on the waters of the lake itself, that we embarked, the oars of the boatmen, for a short space, almost touching the banks on both sides.

Just before joining the boat, we passed through the grounds of an ornamental cottage belonging to Lord Brandon, and named after him Brandon Cottage. At the side of the gravel walk in the grounds we found a book and pen and ink, raised on a small shelf or tablet, with a written request that travellers would inscribe their names therein. The grounds are very confined and the cottage itself small; but it boasts of a raised turret, which forms a conspicuous and beautiful feature in the landscape as seen rising from its woody screen at a distance.

There were four or five other boats, besides ours,

waiting for parties crossing the Gap after us, and a small assemblage of hangers-on offering for sale walking sticks and other mementos of the lake and mountains.

We were soon swept into the middle of the lake by our four powerful oars, piloting our devious course, now this way now that way, amid the numerous islets with which it is studded. These islets and the as-numerous rocky and wooded promontories stretching into it in all directions from the main land, greatly diminish the extent of watery space seen at any one time, and give the impression of the lake being much smaller than it really is. So broken-up, however, greater variety of beauty is presented than if it had been all one continuous expanse, as almost every islet and promontory, whether rising from the water in steep, bare, rocky cliffs, or sloping gently down to it, is crowned with the most luxuriant canopy of trees, among which the arbutus, distinguished by its subdued and mellow green, is most conspicuous.

In passing through this lake, and along the narrow river-like strait that connects it with the middle and lower lakes, I could no longer doubt that the views now presented to us were at once grander, more picturesque, and more beautiful, than any we had seen or could see from its banks. Beside the charm—great in itself—of floating placidly over the calm surface of the mirrored water, the spectator from this central station can command, at

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VIEW NEAR DINIS ISLAND, KILLARNEY.

once, the clustering islands of every variety of form and hue, the tree-crowned shores of the lake, the encircling slopes green far up with impenetrable wood, and then towering to the sky abrupt and dark; while, at every turn of his head, he has still fresh aspects of the picture, and none alike, except in possessing the common charm of a beauty and a grandeur that touch the heart. It is impossible to convey in words the special features of the landscape, which, when combined, produced so exquisite a result; but I think few of those who have the good fortune to visit the Upper Lake and Long Range of Killarney, under as favorable circumstances as we did, will either deny the charm, or think that it may be equalled or excelled by many other scenes of a kindred sort. The reproduction of the picture, at this moment in my fancy, while I am thus feebly indicating in words some of its bare outlines, convinces me, by the pleasure it revives, that I can hardly be mistaken in my appreciation of its excellence. The Middle Lake, especially at the point nearest the fairy scene called the Meeting of the Waters, and the upper portion of the Lower Lake, called Glenaa-bay, still present much of the beauty of the Upper Lake, though with a much diminished share of its grandeur. And yet it seems harsh to give even this qualification to a scene which commands the Tore on the one hand, and the Eagle's nest and Glenaa on the other.

When leaving these, however, we came fairly into

the open expanse of the Lower Lake, beauty and grandeur seemed to us to have almost vanished, and left us little to admire but a fine expanse of water, such as we may see in any lowland lake. This was certainly the first impression made on my mind, as our boat carried us across it to Ross Island; its tame and flat shores, and the absence of all background of mountain, placing it in striking contrast with all that we had left behind us. This impression, however, was found to be considerably lessened, but by no means removed, when we afterwards traversed the lake in the opposite direction, and when we viewed it from the shores of Ross Island, and Lord Kenmare's desmesne, at the top of the bay, looking south. Then, indeed, when seen with its barrier and background of noble mountains, the Tomies, Glenaa, the Torc; and while the tameness of its northern, eastern, and western shores was kept out of sight; its great expanse of surface began to tell as a noble feature, and the whole prospect became harmonised into beauty, at least, if not into grandeur also. While thus admitting that my first unfavorable impressions of this lake were not only based on imperfect observation, but were deepened and coloured by previous prepossessions, I must ever believe that the Upper Lake, with its terminal straits, is, in every respect, except that of magnitude of expanse, vastly—I had almost said infinitely—superior to the Lower. After having seen and studied them both, it has been to me a matter of great surprise, to find, in

the books of travellers, not only doubts on the point, but the preference actually given to the Lower Lake.

Though the afternoon was little more than half spent, our boatmen expressed some reluctance in proceeding into the Lower Lake at all, it being, as we afterwards learned, the stereotyped formula of the hotel-keepers and guides, that one day must be devoted to Dunloe and the Upper Lake, and another to the Lower Lake and its islands. However, as we thought that though a visit to the various islands and shores of the lake might be very pleasant, it could hardly compensate for the expenditure of another day by men whose time was limited, we resolved to content ourselves with the views we could obtain in crossing the lake to Ross Island, and in examining this island itself; and we acted accordingly.

Ross Island is a very beautiful and richly-wooded spot. It contains the ruins of the ancient castle of the O'Donohues, and a small rustic cottage of Lady Kenmare's, surrounded by ornamental grounds, kept in fine order, and embosomed in beautiful woods. The southern views of the Lake from it, as already mentioned, are very fine. On leaving Ross Island we returned to our hotel, landing at a small creek at the east side of the lake, close to the park wall of the Muckross Abbey demesne. If we had visited Innisfallen Island, as we ought to have done after leaving Ross Island, I believe we should have left little unseen that was particularly worth being seen in the Lower Lake.

It would be unfair to the kind exertions of our boatmen who so readily ministered to our pleasure, as well as unfair to the wonderful powers of the sweet spot itself, to be silent on the subject of the Echo elicited at the base of the Eagle's Nest (midway between the Upper and Middle Lakes), a pyramidal cliff shooting up almost vertically from the water to the height of a thousand feet. This echo is really wonderful, and wonderfully sweet, repeating most distinctly, again and again, in the far distance, every word that is shouted by the boatmen, the still-decreasing sounds dying away so insensibly that you know not when they cease. It is a perfect Ariel-song floating along the air of the hollow glens like a fascination. Let no one pass the Eagle's Nest without waking the fairy from its repose!

The only other sights and scenes I visited at Killarney, beside the views of the lake from the hotels on its northern shore, are the desmesnes of Mr. Herbert and Lord Kenmare, the former occupying the promontory between the Middle and Lower Lakes, and containing the ruins of Muckross Abbey; the latter extending along the north-eastern shore of the Lower Lake, in the vicinity of the town of Killarney. Both are fine: that of Mr. Herbert, as will be at once understood from its position, is most beautiful; and this epithet applies no less to the park itself, than to the many varied views it commands. As a ruin, Muckross Abbey, embosomed in its lofty woods, and still retaining many frag-

ments of its ancient grandeur and rich architecture, is both picturesque and beautiful, and well merits a visit from the traveller.

Had we, indeed, had more time at our disposal, a visit to the various mountains that surround the lakes—Mangerton, the Torc, Purple Mountain, Glenaa, the Tomies, the Reeks, and Carran Tual the highest summit in Ireland—would have supplied ample materials for the labours of several days, and, no doubt, would have well repaid them. But such was not the case. We might, it is true, have easily ascended Mangerton and the Torc, so near to us; but I thought that there were some other things that had greater claims on our notice; so we left them unvisited. In doing so I am not sure that I was not also possessed by some of the feelings that prompted Wordsworth when he left Yarrow unvisited. My mind was so full of the charms of the Upper Lake, the successive scenes presented by it were so livelily delineated in my fancy, in all their individual and peculiar beauty, that I feared to alter in any way the now-familiar picture.

> "Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
> It must or we shall rue it:
> We have a vision of our own;
> Ah! why should we undo it?"

The town of Killarney is of considerable extent. Its population in 1841 was 7127. The last census, in 1851, shows that it has participated in the decrease that has affected almost all Ireland; its population then being only 5898. By including the inmates of

its Workhouse, Bridewell, and Hospital (4489), we might, indeed, almost double this number; but, as remarked on a former occasion, these last cannot be legitimately reckoned among the inhabitants of any town. Killarney is situated about a mile to the eastward of the Lower Lake, but is shut out from all view of this by its own depressed position, and by the walls and woods of Lord Kenmare's park. It contains no public buildings deserving notice, unless we include some recently erected in its immediate vicinity. Lord Kenmare's house is both antiquated and plain, and you have to walk some distance through its beautiful grounds before you can have a view of the Lake. The new Roman Catholic Cathedral is a splendid building, designed by Pugin in the chastest taste. It was begun about eight years since, and, though far from complete, all work has been stopped on it for three years, through want of funds. It is of great size, the nave of immense height, and the inchoate tower of corresponding magnitude. All the windows save one, are lancet-shaped, narrow, but of great height. There seems no immediate prospect of its completion. The new Lunatic Asylum is also a very fine building, and arranged on the best plan internally; but it is not yet occupied.

The Union Workhouse, like all the workhouses in Ireland, is a good substantial building of stone, and well arranged, both in its grounds and its interior. At the time of my visit it contained 957 inmates, of which number twelve only were Pro-

testants. The house was extremely clean, and all the inmates capable of labour were employed in various kinds of work for the use of the house. The bread (brown) and other food was good of its kind, and no doubt wholesome enough. The question of its sufficiency in kind, in amount, and in variety, remains for consideration. It is but justice, however, to state, that the people looked healthy enough, and the children rosy and good-looking, and that the medical attendant told me that the paupers improved wonderfully in health and strength, after being a short time in the house. The following are the allowances for adults, (it will be seen that there are only two meals in the twenty-four hours:) MEN—*Breakfast*, 1 lb. of brown bread and 1 pint of sour-milk or soup. *Dinner*, 8 oz. of Indian meal made into stirabout, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sour-milk. The WOMEN have precisely the same diet, except that they have only 14 oz. bread instead of 16 at breakfast, and 7 oz. of Indian meal instead of 8 for dinner. The soup consists of 8 oz. oatmeal to the gallon of water, seasoned with pepper and salt, and thickened with vegetables, viz., onions, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, and turnips, according to the season. The soup, though certainly *meager*, is far from unpalatable, and is preferred generally to sour or butter-milk. The general average cost per head for the week ending August 21st, was, for the healthy, only $9\frac{3}{4}d.$; and the general average, including the sick, $10\frac{3}{4}d.$ The children under fifteen are allowed 4 oz. of bread for supper.

There were no less than 374 children in the house, a pretty large, but still a small number compared with that of former years. Thus, according to the National School Reports, there were in September 1850, 1098, and in September 1851, 1388 boys and girls on the books. Out of the whole of the present 957 inmates, only twelve were Protestants. The number of persons that have sought admission during the present year is much less than during any preceding year. I was told that a few years since they had as many as 5000 in the house at once.

There are a good many schools in Killarney; but it being vacation-time with most of them at the period of my visit, I was obliged to be content with the particulars I could pick up from some of the masters. The National School is placed entirely under the direction of the Monks of the Presentation Order, whose special vocation is to teach. Four of them attend this school as masters. One of these, a very intelligent gentleman, took me to the school, showed me the boys' work, and told me their plans, which seemed excellent. There were in attendance when the school broke up 300 boys, the total number on the rolls being 475. They are all Catholics. Protestants are, however, admitted, as in the ordinary National Schools: a short time since there were two at this school. These gentlemen though Monks are not Priests; and they only give religious instruction to the boys in the usual catechismal forms and at the usual times. According to

the Reports of the Commissioners, there were 459 boys on the books in September 1850, and 541 in September 1851. The boys contribute one penny per week, and this is regularly exacted and paid.

There is also a Female Presentation School, containing from six to seven hundred girls, with from eight to ten mistresses, all Nuns of the same order of Presentation.

The present National School-house was built and endowed by a former Lord Kenmare, to which family the whole town nominally belongs. The endowment allows 30*l.* a year for each of two masters, and also grants 7*l.* to three of the boys to put them out to trades; it also supplies clothing to from twenty to thirty of the children.

There are two Protestant schools, a male and female, in Killarney, in connection with the Church Education Society. According to the Society's Report for 1851, they had on the books 31 children, with an average attendance of 23. At the time of my visit the number on the books was 27, and the average attendance 18. The Local contributions towards the support of these schools amounted in 1851 to 36*l.*

Among the scholastic establishments of the town of Killarney may be named the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, which I also visited. It is a small house, with inferior accommodations; but it contains a great deal of zealous and active piety and much genuine philanthropy. I found the sisters variously

employed; one at the piano instructing in music a band of orphan girls maintained by them; another superintending an industrial school for female servants out of place, to whom they afford a home as well as instruction. The children in these schools are 106; the number of servants in their house of refuge, 20. These and such-like are the indoor works of the sisters; but the great task they set themselves, is to visit and nurse the sick in the town; an office, I was told by a medical gentleman of the place, which they fulfil with the utmost devotion in all its painful and disagreeable details. There was a singular air of calm and solemnity in this house, and the sisters, though looking cheerful, as busy people generally are, had something in their bearing which inspired at once reverence and awe.

There is a small Protestant school at the village of Muckross, built and entirely supported by Mr. Herbert, except in the matter of books, which, as well as inspection, are furnished by the Dublin Church Education Society. The number of boys and girls do not exceed twenty, and all belong to the four or five Protestant families who reside in the village. The master acts as village postmaster, and for this and his scholastic office he receives 20*l.* a year, and a free house.

Besides this school and post-office, the village of Muckross owes many other still greater obligations to its excellent lord and patron, Mr. Herbert. He has built some twenty cottages in the English style,

and has given most of these rent-free to his tradesmen and labourers.

The first thing that strikes you, on entering the village, are these cottages, so neat and elegant, and in every way so different from those native to the land; you see at once, in them and their trim gardens, a bit of beautiful and comfortable England. Mr. Herbert is said to have built, or helped to build, between thirty and forty farmhouses yearly, during the last five years. We saw a great number of men passing out of his park-gates in the evening, and were told that they were all employed daily in preparing the wood for roofing and flooring these houses of his tenants. We were also told that he paid the poor-rates of his tenants to the amount of 800*l.* per annum. If all this be true, Mr. Herbert, of all men, may be excused—if any excuse be necessary—for removing the cottagers from his small holdings, with the view of converting them into larger farms, a process which we saw going on in our way to Tralee on the following day. Mr. Herbert is represented to be as anxious for the improvement of the domestic habits of his tenantry, as of the agriculture on his estate. Some quaint illustrations of his proceedings in this respect were given to us; such as his taking the broom in his own hands, to admonish the good dames that their floors were susceptible of greater cleanliness,—and so on. Everything, indeed, that we heard of Mr. Herbert in this district, showed him to be a man of great

energy and public spirit, and a decided and zealous promoter of every work that appeared to him calculated to benefit the country and the people. He gives annual prizes to his tenants for good crops on the improved system of farming; 10*l.* for the best, and 5*l.* for the second best field of green crops. He also gives an annual dinner to his tenants at Muckross House.

My inquiries respecting the state of temperance in Killarney were, on the whole, satisfactory, though here, as elsewhere, its palmy days are past. At one time the number of Teetotallers had been well on to a thousand. In the years of distress, 1846-7-8-9, the number fell down as low as 150. During the last two years, however, the numbers have much increased, and are daily increasing; they now amount to 250 at least. The Teetotallers here seem to be all connected with the local institutions called Temperance Halls, of which there are three in the town. In these the members assemble every evening to read the newspapers and books. One hall has a library of nearly 400 volumes. The priests have of late taken an active part in the cause of Temperance. Three are professed Teetotallers, and all of them may administer the pledge to new members. The president of the principal hall is a priest; and it is a noticeable fact that among the members there are no less than six publicans. This hall, which has at present 120 members, has an evening school attached to it, partly for adult members, but chiefly

for the children of members, and also other children. It has recently been received into connection with the National Board, and has no fewer than 128 names on its books; the average daily attendance being 51. The payments are, for mere reading and writing, 2*s.* 2*d.* per quarter, and double this sum for attendance on the more advanced classes. The children of members pay only one half of these sums.

The whole business is regulated by a committee of twelve and the president. Every proved breach of strict abstinence entails immediate forfeiture of membership; but this is restored, after a time, on the reform of the delinquent: and often more than once, as it is frequently found that a permanent reform is thus at last achieved. The candidates pay 1 3*d.* for their card and medal on taking the pledge, which sum is added to the fund as entrance money, and the members pay 1*d.* weekly for the general support of the society. Besides the ordinary meetings, the members have six public meetings (*soirées*) in the course of the year, to which they have the privilege of inviting their friends. At these tea and coffee are provided out of the funds, as well as music and other requisites for dancing.

From all that I have learned since my arrival in Ireland respecting the benefit derived from these Temperance Societies, or rather from the system of Total Abstinence generally, my opinion has been more and more confirmed and fortified—of the incal-

culable good thence derived, and of the still greater good which may be certainly expected from the wider diffusion of the practice. It is only one of the benefits produced by the system, that a man thereby improves his personal health and saves his money for the good of his family: it also produces a general sobriety of character and a thoughtfulness which lead to many admirable results never contemplated, in the first instance, by its votaries. It is a fact now established on the most extensive and most undoubted evidence, that the body of men called Teetotallers are not only better men in all the relations of social life, better members of society, and better citizens, than they were before they became Teetotallers; but that they are, *cæteris paribus*, superior in all these respects to any other body of men of the same numerical extent, and in the same class of society. It is on this account that I am so particular in my inquiries respecting the present state of Temperance in Ireland, as I regard its degree of prevalence as an important test of the moral and social condition of the lower classes. Where it prevails to a large extent and is firmly established, we may safely conclude that *there* the people are not only now improved, but that they are in the sure path to much greater improvements in the future.

CHAPTER VI.

TRALEE—TARBERT—THE SHANNON.

We left Killarney early in the afternoon, taking the new road to Tralee, at which town, or at Tarbert, on the Shannon, we purposed to sleep. The road leads along a comparatively level country, intersected here and there with strips of boggy valleys running in different directions, and more or less in a state of cultivation. There is also much of it still rocky and unproductive. Every spot now subdued to the use of man has been evidently wrested by main force from a reluctant and barren soil; and having no bold scenery to relieve it, the whole district must be regarded in every point of view as an ugly one. It contains scarcely any trees, and no living quickset fences. Nevertheless, there were here and there continuous tracts of considerable extent in a state of cultivation, especially where Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert have put in operation their system of converting the cottage-holdings into farms.

This process, if a necessary one, is certainly a terrible one to contemplate. In one parish through which we passed, we were told that no fewer than sixty families out of seventy-two had been removed

in this operation of farm-making; and a single farm was pointed out to us on which twenty tenements had been pulled down. A large proportion of the people occupying these had emigrated—others had gone into the towns—and not a few into the workhouse. It was stated to be a regulation in regard to these new farms, that each farmer might keep as many men as he pleased in his own house, but that only one cottage was allowed to be retained on any one farm. The chief object aimed at in this arrangement was evidently to prevent the disproportionate accumulation of people on the property, but it will also, if carried out, lead to another very important result, viz., the prevention of too-early marriages. Nothing has tended more to the inordinate growth of families among the agricultural population, both in England and Ireland, than the abandonment of the old custom of boarding and lodging the men-servants in the farmhouse. A young man thus thrown on the world, homeless and undomesticated, is almost forced to marry, in order to have the indispensable necessaries of human life: shelter from the weather and the preparation of his food.

The large and handsome farm buildings erected on these new farms, constitute quite a novel feature in the Irish agricultural landscape. They are evidently constructed on the English model. We were told that none of these large farms which we passed had yet been let by the proprietors; and therefore we did not visit them.

We found, however in the immediate vicinity of one of these, a farm, a farmhouse, and a farmer, all of the old stamp. The farm consisted of fifteen acres: it was placed on the border of a bog, and looked very rugged and wild. The rent had formerly been 25*l.*, but was now reduced to 15*l.* We found the farmer at home and a stalwart son sitting by the turf-fire beside him. It is but fair to say that they might be waiting for dinner, although we did not see it in preparation. There were also three women in the cottage, an old woman the farmer's wife, a handsome and neatly dressed young woman (I did not ask whether she was the daughter of the house or the daughter-in-law) sewing, and a little servant-girl scraping potatoes on a grater, to make potato-bread. The old man looked bare and careworn; and the son was loud in his complaints of the badness of the times. They all spoke of emigrating, even the father and mother, though they were upwards of 50 years of age. The father had, he said, five daughters and one son already in America; the first goers having aided the others to follow them. His crop of potatoes had greatly failed this year, and he looked forward to the winter with fear. He had two or three cows and one horse, but no plough. He and his neighbours mutually lent and borrowed horses and ploughs as they were required. This poor man's cottage was very dirty and very scantily furnished, and the whole premises dilapidated and ruinous.

It was evident in this household, as in many of the little farms visited by us, in this district and in others, that enterprise and industry, probably feeble at best, were not a little paralysed by the contemplation and expectation of impending emigration. It could hardly be expected that a man should engage zealously in labour of only a prospective benefit, when he was looking for the immediate means to carry him to another hemisphere.

Our honest friend the Killarney driver, a sensible man and a stanch Teetotaller to boot, would, however, not allow the bad farming to be exculpated on this or on any other grounds. He maintained that almost all the evils of Ireland originated in this cause, and this cause originated quite as much in the want of enterprise as in the want of capital; and not a little also (he added) in the laziness of the farmers themselves. They will not lay out on the land a single shilling they can keep, never thinking how a shilling will double itself when laid out, while it will breed nothing in the purse: they will not even pluck the weeds from their fields, but leave them to shed their seed rather than use their own labour or pay for that of others. I fear there is much truth in honest Paddy's thesis.

The failure of the potato crop was general throughout the district, though varying considerably as to extent in different places. The difference seemed, also, sometimes, singularly capricious,—or, rather, the difference of result was quite inexplicable on any

of the popular hypotheses. Thus, we met with one instance where there was a beautiful crop of sound roots, close to other fields—similarly cultivated and similarly planted with the same or similar seed—in which the crop was destroyed to the extent of one half.

I visited a small national school, on the roadside, at Knockaderragh, in the parish of Aglish. The boys had not yet met after the vacation, but I found the mistress with her incomplete flock about her. The average number of boys was from 50 to 60. Of girls there were 62 on the books last quarter, with an average attendance of 35. There was not now one Protestant in the whole number; although the mistress had once had five Protestant girls in her school. The Protestant families which had supplied them had emigrated. According to the official Returns of the National Board, the number on the books in September, 1850, were 96 boys and 43 girls; and in September, 1851, boys 89, girls 68.

In this little school, situated in a poor district and remote from any town or even village, I could not help being struck with the neatness of dress and general tidiness and cleanliness of the children: I recognised also the great beauty of some of them—but this, unlike dress, was a condition fully as much to be expected in such a situation as in one more civilised. The mistress was a sensible and kind-hearted woman, and her pupils seemed reasonably well advanced in their humble studies. I have

already adverted to this good woman as supplying an illustration of the candour of the people in not attempting to conceal what might be placed to their discredit. Her salary is now only 13*l.*, with about a pound more from the children's pence. Surely this is a very inadequate salary when she is obliged to pay 2*l.* out of it for the rent of her house. Her receipts from the weekly payments have greatly fallen off since the famine: previously they averaged 2*l.* 10*s.* or 3*l.* per annum.

Out of her own little flock, and within her own personal knowledge, no less than fifty had emigrated during the last few years. She had been written to by several of these, and she evidently was proud of their success in their new countries. Some had got married—and a good many of them had sent home money to their parents out of their earnings as domestic servants, the sums varying from 3*l.* to 8*l.*, and in one amounting even to 10*l.*

Tralee, the capital of Kerry, is a neat town, with good open streets, and with many good houses. Its population in 1841 was 11,363; but this has been since lowered by more than 2000; the inhabitants, according to the census of 1851, amounting only to 8930. If, indeed, we were to enumerate the inmates of the workhouse, infirmary, and jails, we could raise the number beyond that of 1841; but to do this would be to give a false estimate of the population of this or any other town.

Tralee is prettily situated on the banks of the

small river Lee, from which it derives its name, and commands beautiful views of its own fine sea-bay, and of the mountains which surround it on all sides. It is connected with the head of the bay, or harbour, as it is called, by a handsome canal, which brings up vessels of 300 tons burthen into a small basin adjoining the town. The southern bank of this canal affords a very pleasant promenade, a mile or more in length, down to the harbour, which opens out in great beauty as we approach it. The screen of mountains that bound it on the south, rises in some points, as in the summit called Bantregaun, to the height of nearly 3000 feet, and the range that closes up to the eye its seaward opening is also bold and lofty.

There is a considerable trade at this port. At the time of our visit, there were only two small vessels in the basin, but several were seen at anchor in the bay. One of those was waiting for emigrants for Canada. Among the intended passengers our attention was attracted, among others, to a young woman and her sister, who, with their mother and some more sisters, occupied one of the small cabins in the little village at the commencement of the canal. We met the damsel returning from the town, and could not help admiring her neat dress and charming manner—to say nothing of her good looks. She wore one of the red tartan shawls formerly spoken of; her hair was neatly braided, and she had, of course, neither shoes nor stockings. The young woman was evidently a

favorite with the neighbours, many of whom were lounging about the canal bridge. "She was a good girl," they said, "and always nate and clane."

We had the little story of the young woman's house from herself and some of her friends. Her father, a blacksmith, had emigrated to Canada about two years before, and had taken his son, a little boy, with him. He resided in the town of Hamilton, and was now foreman in a large smithy, with no less than 3*l.* 10*s.* of weekly wages. He had already sent home 30*l.* to bring his daughters out to him. The other sisters and their mother would follow, as soon as the requisite means arrived; and it was even thought that the blacksmith's own mother would go out also, although she was upwards of seventy years of age.

It is curious to observe how the tide of emigration flows in different directions from different parts. Canada seems the favorite resort of the people of the Tralee district. It appears, by the emigration returns, that in 1850, all the emigrants that sailed from this port (354), were bound for Canada. From some other ports all the emigrants are for Australia, and from others, and the great majority, for the United States. Accident, at first, generally determines the destination; and the news of success, which is almost sure to follow, whatever be the place of exile, confirms the selection.

Immediately adjoining the town there is a park of some extent, belonging to the principal proprietor of

the town, Sir Edward Denny, which is thrown open partially to the townspeople, and altogether to strangers. It affords a pleasant lounge and agreeable walks; but it has no pretensions to extraordinary beauty.

Owing to a little incident which occupied my time during the evening, I was prevented seeing as much of Tralee as I could have wished; and my usual inquiries into some of the conditions of the inhabitants were circumscribed by the same circumstance. However I was able to visit one or two of the schools, though in an imperfect manner, and to obtain some information respecting the Temperance movement.

The Protestant girls' schools, under the supervision of the parochial authorities, and in connection with the Church Education Society, contained about 30 girls and between 60 and 70 infants. By the official Report of the Church Education Society for 1851, the number of girls on the books was 42, with an average attendance of 20; and of infants 84, with an average attendance of 50.

I paid a short visit to one of Erasmus Smith's Protestant schools: it contained about 50 boys, among whom there were two Catholics. The Scriptures in this school are read daily; and no objections appear to be made by the Catholic boys to join in their perusal.

As I met with several of these schools of Erasmus Smith in other parts of the country, and as they conjoinedly constitute an institution of great importance in the educational system of Ireland, it seems proper to put down the information I received respect-

ing them, imperfect as it is. In the first place, notwithstanding the great reasons Erasmus Smith has left for being remembered by Ireland, scarcely anything precise seems to be known about him there. My first informant, I believe the master of the Tralee school, said he was Oliver Cromwell's tailor. It is very possible he might have been so, although his operations relative to the schools named after him, did not commence during Cromwell's lifetime, the Charter of Incorporation being dated in 1668, ten years after the Protector's death.

There are other traditions handed down respecting him, and still lingering on the Irish estates left by him. Among these, the most prevalent and trustworthy is, that he was a London tradesman—some say a clothier; and almost all the accounts agree in making him an Army-contractor. The tradition further avers, that the educational bequests were by no means prompted by any public spirit or benevolence. There are two versions as to how the matter came about. First, it is said that Erasmus Smith had gained more by his government-dealings than he ought to have done, and that in order to save the greater portion of his estates, he consented to allocate the lands, whence his schools are supported, to certain educational purposes. The second account is, that Charles the Second and the Duke of York wanted money, and the device hit upon was to raise it (in some unexplained and apparently incomprehensible way,) by setting on foot a project for

founding a great educational system in Ireland. It is further said, that Erasmus Smith, to whom the conduct of the project was intrusted, went to work seriously, instead of treating the matter merely as a juggle; whereupon the King and Duke left the matter as it stood, and got out of the thing immediately.

Neither account seems to bear the sign of probability. It may, however, be well to add, that Erasmus Smith certainly left very large Irish estates behind him, other than those allotted to found the schools.

The Charter of Incorporation of the schools is dated in the year 1668. The original objects of this were to found four provincial grammar schools, and certain professorships in Trinity College, Dublin. The four grammar schools are at Drogheda, Galway, Tipperary, and Ennis, respectively. In process of time the funds increased, and then the governors founded a number of eleemosynary schools, on the footing of ordinary parochial schools.

The following are all the statistics I can obtain of these schools.

1. According to the parliamentary returns of September, 1826, they are thus noted: —

1. Schools exclusively belonging to the Erasmus Smith Foundation:

	Schools.	Scholars.
According to Catholic returns . . .	100	7619
According to Protestant „ . . .	100	7824

2. Schools partially supported by Erasmus Smith's Foundation:

	Schools.	Scholars.
According to Catholic returns . . .	13	1187
According to Protestant „ . . .	13	1263
Total according to Protestant returns .	113	8882
„ Catholic „ . . .	113	9011

11. The following particulars, respecting the present state of these schools, I gathered from a gentleman in Ireland; but not being derived from official sources, they must be regarded only as approximations.

The schools, at present, are about 108 in number, that is, counting as two schools, each of those in which there is a boy's and girl's school, or about 84 in number, if we reckon each of such double schools only as one. The number of children educated in these schools I could not ascertain, but it was believed that they hardly averaged 50 each. They are what are termed in Ireland "Scriptural Schools."

The grammar schools are not eleemosynary; but the tenants of the Tipperary estate claim some privileges for their children, which, so far as I could learn, seem to be practically conceded, though the point remains in an unsettled state.

The "Blue Coat Hospital," in Dublin, is an institution founded, under royal charter, by Erasmus Smith. It feeds, clothes, lodges, and educates a certain number of sons of reduced citizens in Dublin.

The history of the Temperance movement in Tralee is nearly the same as we have found it elsewhere. Once 600 or 700 strong, its votaries have now sunk down to about a tenth of that number. There were once two Temperance Halls, and there is still one, though it now has only 40 members remaining out of 200. There is a Benefit Society

connected with the Hall, but it is not imperative on the ordinary members to belong to it. These latter pay *2d.* weekly, and the Benefit Society's members an additional penny. Some of the priests are members, and administer the pledge. Five newspapers are taken in, and they have some books.

Tralee, like all the county and other considerable towns in Ireland, has a large proportion of newspapers published in it, namely, four. Each political party has usually its own paper, and sometimes more. This would seem to be the case at Tralee.

The little incident above referred to as interfering with inquiry, was the loss of a book seven or eight miles from Tralee. It is here mentioned on account of the singular kindness and zeal shown by all acquainted with the fact, to recover the missing article. Among other expedients proposed was, "publication from the altar," by the priests on Sunday, a measure which seems commonly practised on like occasions. The people in the village near which it was lost proposed this mode of advertisement, and most kindly volunteered to make the loss known to the priests of more than one of the neighbouring parishes. One of the priests of the chapel in Tralee was spoken to by the loser, and he at once acceded to the request to "publish" the loss in his chapel.[1]

There is a very handsome English church in Tralee, and two Catholic chapels of large size, besides Meeting-houses belonging to several other

[1] The book was ultimately found, and safely transmitted to London.

Protestant sects. The New Court-house, like all the modern buildings of the kind I have seen in Ireland, is a handsome Grecian structure of hewn stone.

The proportion of Protestants to Catholics in Tralee is considerable, and there seemed to me somewhat more of hostile warmth than common between the different sects. I met with a very bitter little Puritan shopkeeper of the Independent class, who fiercely denounced all sects but his own, and hardly spared it. He repudiated the notion of any form of public payment for the clergy of all denominations, and reflected severely on his half-brothers the Presbyterians for consenting to accept the *Regium Donum*. Tried as his country had lately been by pestilence and famine, he was not satisfied, but was looking forward, with a sort of satisfaction as it seemed, to some new chastisement from Heaven of a still more terrible character, and more proportioned to the nation's wickedness. It was frightful to hear the skinny old man pouring out his denunciations in his quiet, cool, but earnest manner. He was by no means mad; but he was worse; he seemed to have drawn gall instead of milk from the religion of Love.

As I have not noticed it before, I may here remark, that the term *Protestant* is, in Ireland, universally applied to the members of the English Established Church only, the other sects being always denominated by their particular names. The

population of any place is never said to consist of so many Catholics and so many Protestants, but of Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, &c.

We left Tralee at 10 o'clock by the coach for Tarbert on the Shannon, which we reached at half-past two. The country through which we passed is very similar to the district we travelled the day before, and possesses no feature of interest. We stopped a quarter of an hour at Listowell, not to change horses, for none could be found, but to rest them. Rest, one of them at least had surely need of, as we learnt from the coachman that the poor beast had yesterday gone from Tralee to Killarney and back, a distance of forty-two Irish miles, and now he was on his way from Tralee to Tarbert (and which he reached not only alive but in a gallop), an additional distance of thirty-six, or rather of thirty-eight, to the place of embarkation! This was only one of many instances during our journey where we found the horses most unmercifully worked. The excuse always given for this was—the great increase of travellers this year.

Listowell is a neat little town on the banks of the river Feale, and is entered from the north by a very handsome bridge across its river. The population in 1841 was 2598, and by the census of 1851, 2115. The ruins of the old castle of Listowell present a very fine appearance as you enter the town, and there is a smart new English church in the small central square. This church, we were told, had a

very small congregation, as might be expected from the small relative proportion of Protestants in the town. According to the enumeration of 1834, the whole parish contained only 153 Protestants, while there were in it 5125 Catholics. There is a Protestant school in it, however, in connection with the Church Education Society, which in 1851 had 30 children on its books.

Tarbert is a small place, having a population of 1024 in 1841, and of 996 in 1851. It is prettily situated at the inner extremity of a small bay of the Shannon, called Tarbert Bay; and as this exactly fronts the large bay of Clonderalaw, which runs a long way into the country on the other side, the town thus commands a wide expanse of this magnificent river. It is a neat-enough looking place, with its church, chapel, bridewell, police-station, and schools. The hotel is small, but will accommodate the passing traveller tolerably well. In September, 1850, the National Schools contained 195 boys and 123 girls.

The pier at which the steamers touch, in their passage to and from Limerick and Kilrush, is a long mile from the town, the road to it winding round the western borders of the little bay. In the vicinity of the pier there is a small neat battery and also a Coast-guard station. We had to wait some time for the arrival of the steamer from Kilrush, and did not leave the pier until about four o'clock.

The steamer was of good size, and with the addi-

tional supply received from Tarbert, the number of passengers was very considerable. Our speed was not great, owing, no doubt, in great part to the nature of the fuel, which consisted exclusively of turf; but we reached Limerick in about four hours.

As the weather was very fine, our voyage up the Shannon was extremely pleasant; but we were rather disappointed in regard to the beauties of the scenery through which we passed. The banks of the river throughout are comparatively flat, or at least low, consisting mostly of cultivated land, sloping gently upwards from the shore, but scarcely ever rising to an elevation that could be named hilly. Here and there are seen gentlemen's houses with their wooded demesnes around them, and occasionally an old ruin; but the shores could hardly ever be said to exceed the limits of simple beauty, and preferred no claims to either the grand or picturesque. The case, however, is a good deal altered when the eye combines the littoral landscape with the river. No one could contemplate this grand mass of water, sweeping calmly and silently onwards—its broad expanse widening out, at intervals, into rounded bays —its glittering bosom here and there darkened by a rocky islet or brightened by a passing sail,—and all set, as it were, in the gentle slopes of its cultivated banks,—without feeling that he looked on something more than mere beauty, or, at least, on beauty heightened and sublimed by the associated ideas of majesty and power.

The river Shannon is, indeed, remarkable in many ways. Its length and its size are, I believe, unexampled in any island in Europe of only similar extent. From its source in Lough Allen to the sea it measures 239 miles in length, and passes through no less than ten counties, and is navigable to within five miles of its origin. For such a great length the amount of its fall is exceedingly small, being less than 150 feet; consequently its current is very slow and often imperceptible. In passing up to Limerick we saw but few ships; but we passed a good many large boats, laden chiefly with turf, and we found a good number of ships in Limerick harbour.

CHAPTER VII.

LIMERICK.

On arriving at Limerick we put up at Cruize's Royal Hotel, a very large and complete establishment, certainly one of the best in Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Cruize are Protestants, and the only Protestants in the house—a pretty good indication of the proportion of the two religions in Limerick. We found the house very full, but we were, nevertheless, well accommodated in every way.

Limerick is a large city, situated principally on an island, formed by the Shannon. Its population, at the last census, in 1851, exclusive of the inmates of its workhouses, hospitals, gaols, &c. (amounting in all to 4487) was 48,961, being an increase of only 570 since the census of 1841. The town is usually divided into the old and new town, and the former is subdivided into English and Irish Town. There is a remarkable difference between the old and the new portion of Limerick, the former containing, if not mainly consisting of, poor streets and low village-like houses, some of them of the meanest sort; the latter presenting many very handsome streets of elegant houses, and squares and public buildings,

placing it on a par with any town of its size in Ireland.

In the old town, particularly the portion of it called Irish Town, the population consists chiefly of people of the labouring class, who exhibit in their persons, and still more in their houses, marks of great poverty. Some of the cottages into which I looked were scarcely better, as to furniture and cleanliness, than some of those I have already noticed in the smaller towns and villages; but I had not the opportunity of examining, with any degree of minuteness, into the actual economical position and social relations of their inmates. As it was Sunday, I probably saw them at their best; but I am unable to give even a solitary illustration of their condition by recording the humble history of a household.

Limerick contains one whole parish, and portions of seven other parishes within its bounds; it consequently exhibits a large share of churches and chapels.

The Cathedral is an ancient structure of considerable size, and possessing, I believe, some features of interest to the antiquary. To the common observer, however, it is, in its exterior, clumsy and heavy, and in its interior, sadly disfigured by being transformed into a modern Protestant church, with its dense array of pews and partitions to ensure comfort to the congregation.

Being now in a large city in one of the most Catholic districts of Ireland, I was anxious to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by Sunday, to

observe the general mode of proceeding at some of the places of public worship. I was curious to see in what respects the practices agreed with and in what respects differed from those witnessed in the Catholic countries on the Continent. My experience in Ireland, hitherto, had certainly been almost entirely that of a man travelling in a Catholic country; so small a portion of the whole field of observation did the Protestant element seem to occupy: and I think it will be admitted that the particulars about to be stated sufficiently attest that this decided Catholic character assumes even a still more striking aspect when presented in its Sunday dress.

In transcribing the following memorandums I shall, as usual, preserve the character of a mere observer and narrator, or, at most, shall deviate only from this character so far as to remark on matters that may seem to have an immediate or important bearing on the social relations of the people. I profess, in these pages, to have nothing whatever to do with points of religious doctrine or religious practice, simply as such.

I visited two of the Catholic chapels, St. Michael's and St. John's, both in the morning and afternoon, during the time of service. Though they were large, I found them not merely crowded, but literally crammed with people in their interior, and every passage and doorway so completely filled, as to connect the living mass within, with a similar though smaller mass without; indeed, the chapel-yard, in

both places, was half-filled with people. In the interior, not merely the benches around the walls (of which there seemed only a single row) but the whole floor was packed as close as it was possible for persons kneeling to be packed.

It was a striking sight, and not a little touching, to see those children of poverty at their devotions; kneeling, crouching, many stretched at full length upon the ground, as if dead; others striking their breasts, or holding up their hands fixedly in the air, or counting their beads; and all uttering their responses in the most earnest tones,—all apparently in that profound absorption of the faculties, which indicates utter oblivion of everything external. Many children were present, and exhibited as much fervour of devotion as their seniors. A few of the women had books, more had rosaries, but the majority had neither.

No one, I think, could have looked along the mass of bowed-down heads and prostrate bodies, that filled the floor and court-yard of that humble chapel, all bearing in their dress and general appearance the sign and superscription of the life whose lot is poverty and privation, without deeply sympathising with the scene before him, and without acknowledging that, in the form of Christianity here professed, as in any and all its other forms, the weary and the heavy-laden among its votaries can find the rest and the relief which the same grand scheme proffers alike to all.

On entering the chapel-yards of St. Michael and St. John, I was struck at the sight of a huge wooden cross, full twenty feet high, raised in the open air, at some distance from the chapel, on a small platform of stone a few steps in height. The cross was perfectly plain, being formed of solid square pieces of pine-wood, simply planed. That in the church-yard of St. Michael's contained the following inscription, engraved on a metal plate:—

INDULGENCES ANNEXED.

1st. An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, by reciting, with a contrite heart, seven Aves in honour of the seven Dolours of the blessed Virgin Mary (may be gained every day).

2d. A plenary indulgence to be gained in any of the last three days of the Mission.

3d. An indulgence of three hundred days as often as we recite five Glorias in memory of the five wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ.

4th. A plenary indulgence—first, on the day of the erection of the passion cross, or on the anniversary thereof; second, on the 3d day of May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross; third, on the 14th day of September, the Feast of the Elevation of the Holy Cross, or on the Sunday next after these two days, by receiving the Sacraments of Penance, the Holy Eucharist, and praying in some church for the intention of the Holy Father the Pope.

(Signed) J. Prost, *Superior.*

To the Rev. ——.

Around this cross, and also around that at St. John's, I found the people congregated in large numbers, all on their knees saying their prayers and looking devoutly towards it. A great many, also, in going into church and out of it, stopped for a brief space before the cross, for a like purpose. All,

when their prayers were finished, walked up to the cross and kissed it on their knees most fervently.

Without at all referring to the general question of the authority on which Indulgences are granted; or to the still more important consideration, of their probable or actual influence on the social and moral conduct of those who take advantage of their provisions (though the latter point would not be altogether foreign to one of the objects of these pages;) I was naturally desirous of testing the knowledge of these poor people respecting the meaning and object of those here offered. Accordingly I questioned several of the visitors to the chapel on the subject. I received answers somewhat different; but all markedly and strongly against the vulgar notions that they are indulgences or covers for the future commission of sin, or unrestricted pardons for sins already committed. One of the lay officials at the chapel said the prayers and indulgences are modern commutations of the ancient penance inflicted as temporal punishments for sins, such as scourging, fasting, &c. Another explained them, according to the more common notion, as representing the remission of so many days of purgatorial infliction in the other world, for sins committed in this. These explanations, I am given to understand from high Catholic authority, are both right: they seem, at least, to be in accordance with those given by some of the Irish Catholic Bishops when examined in 1825 before the Parliamentary Commission. On that occasion, Dr. Doyle

said :—"A person who may have offended against God or his neighbour, having done everything in his power to satisfy for his fault,—by gaining an Indulgence is thereby assisted and relieved from such temporal punishment as God, in his justice, might inflict upon him, either in this life, or hereafter in purgatory previous to his admission into heaven."

It was satisfactory, so far, to learn that the class of persons most likely to be misled by such obscure and perilous doctrines, seemed not to go further in their notions, than they were authorised by the teaching of their superiors.

On inquiry I found that these crosses had been erected in commemoration of a mission of priests, belonging to the order of Redemptorist Fathers, who have an establishment at Clapham (London), and where they have made themselves so notorious by the incessant ringing of bells in their church of "The Immaculate Lady of Victories," to the no small annoyance of their less musical neighbours. It would appear that one of the special offices attaching to this order, is that of visiting Catholic parishes or districts, to revive, by their preachings and ministrations, the languid faith of the people. The erection of crosses (Mission Crosses they are called) and the granting of Indulgences, are part of the means adopted by them to effect their object. It was in June of the present year (1852) that the Mission visited Limerick, and I was told by one of the priests that the result was almost marvellous on the minds

and conduct of the people. Since then, they said, the zeal and devotion of their flocks had been singularly strengthened, and the attendances at mass and at confession greatly increased.

I also questioned some of the people as to the act of apparent devotion they paid to these crosses; but they all denied regarding them in any other light than as mere symbols,—never considering them as, in any degree, the objects of worship. The priests said that the object of erecting them was to commemorate the visit of the missionaries, and that they might serve as additional visible memorials of the Saviour, prompting to devotion.

To complete my theological references, I may as well here add that, among my inquiries as to the religious doctrines and belief of Catholics of the humbler classes, here and elsewhere, I did not forget the subject of the Virgin Mary; and I am bound in honesty to state, that I never met with one, even the humblest and most ignorant, who did not deny that they worshipped her as they worship God in the Trinity. They said they venerated her as higher and holier even than saints and angels, but prayed to her only to pray for them or intercede for them with her Son.

At the different doors of the Roman Catholic Chapels there were men stationed, with small boxes attached to long handles, for receiving the voluntary offerings of the people as they went in and out. I remarked that only a small minority of the congre-

gation put anything into the boxes, and this was only halfpence or pence. I saw no silver. I was told by the principal collector, and also by one of the priests, that the whole sum collected at all the services during the day (five or six I think) in one of the chapels, did not amount to more than thirty or forty shillings. Such collections at the doors of chapels are, I believe, commonly made for the repairs of the chapel itself, or for the relief of some very distressed person; at least, this I understood to be the case in country parishes. I believe, however, that in the present case, the collection went to the support of the officiating priests, and a wretched support it was, being not more than fifteen shillings weekly for each.

At one of these chapels there was a large open cask placed outside in the middle of the court, and another in one of the corners of the chapel itself, filled with holy water, out of which a great many persons (chiefly women and children) before leaving, filled small jugs and bottles to take home with them. The fountain in the interior was presided over by a gaunt-looking genius, a very ragged cripple on crutches, whose voluntary office seemed to be, like that of the priests of old, to give an additional sprinkle and blessing to all that approached it:

> "Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda,
> Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivæ;
> Lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba."

He was so profuse of his lustration in my own case,

that he almost blinded me, probably wishing thus to repay the small bounty I had bestowed upon him.

I asked some of the women who were carrying off the bottles of water, what was their object in doing so, and was told that the precious drops were to be sprinkled over their houses and furniture, and such members of their household as had not attended chapel themselves. I presume these reservoirs had been sanctified by the Redemptorists at their recent visit, as I do not think it is customary to provide such a wholesale stock of the material on ordinary occasions. In the country chapels, casks or tubs of holy water are provided at the festivals of Easter and Christmas, and the contents are carried off by the congregation as in the present instance. The following are the more common uses to which the water is applied in private houses:—1, during prayer, in the ordinary ceremony of making the sign of the Cross; 2, sprinkling it over the members of the family, by the head of the house, before going to bed; 3, sprinkling the beds before lying down; 4, it is also occasionally employed in sprinkling cows and pigs when sick, and (it is said) in sprinkling potato-gardens with the hope of averting the rot. On questioning some of the poor people making use of such lustrations on sick animals, as to the design and purpose of the practice, I could get no more definite reply than "that it was supposed to be very good in such cases." It never came to my own knowledge

that the sprinkling was extended to the potatoes, but I see it publicly so stated as a well-known fact

In a preceding page I have said that, in this work, I profess myself to be a mere observer in things religious, unless the things observed should appear to have some influence on the social position of those concerned with them. Now, I think some of the proceedings above mentioned come into this exceptional category, and are therefore fair subjects for remark.

No one, I suppose, need object to the simple ceremony of sprinkling the face or breast while making the sign of the Cross, any more than to numerous small forms and ceremonies used in Protestant churches, which are purely symbolical, and involve no irreverent or degrading convictions. But the case seems different when the water is employed to lustrate extraneous things, inanimate or animate; more especially as the act would seem to be accompanied by the belief that there is in the water itself, or in the act of sprinkling, some conservative or restorative virtue against the common accidents or incidents to which such objects are liable in the ordinary course of nature or time. At least, in talking with several of the poor people, I could not elicit a distinct statement that this was not their belief.

No intelligent Catholic I know, whether priest or layman, does believe that such sprinkling can, by itself, effect the desired conservation; it would be an insult to their reason to suppose them capable of

doing so: but this is not enough: reason and common sense seem to require that a like belief shall be generally entertained by those having recourse to the practices. If the ceremony is symbolical and so innocent, let there, at least, be fixed in the minds of those adopting it, a strict and indissoluble association between the material thing and its actual significance.

One of the priests of St. John's told me, after service, that there might be perhaps 3000 persons in the chapel and its court, the parish itself (St. John's) containing probably from 12,000 to 15,000 Catholics.[1]

As I left the chapel, I looked into the beautiful Protestant church of St. John's, built close by the chapel gate. It was impossible not to be struck with the great contrast between the two establishments. In the church, every thing was new, neat, clean, and in the highest order, and the congregation (tolerably numerous) comfortably arranged in pews and on benches, all neatly, and many of them genteely dressed. One could hardly believe that the two congregations could belong either to the same Irish people or the same Christian religion.

It was impossible, also, not to imagine that the perpetual presence of this brilliant church, with its proud tower overlooking all around, planted, as it is, at the very threshold of this humble and dingy

[1] I see by the census returns that the population of St. John's was 12,775 in 1841, and 12,815 in 1851.

chapel, must have somewhat troubled the human heart of the poor priest as he passed its doors, day by day, in going to and returning from his ministrations to his ragged flock. If such were the case, the grosser feelings of earth still remaining in his heart would not be much soothed by the consideration which mere suggestion or association would force into his mind—that the Incumbent of that church, perhaps an alien to the soil, was in the enjoyment of the whole revenues of the parish, whatever they might be,[1] while he, the legitimate follower of those who, out of veneration for the religion he professed, had created these revenues, was almost an outcast in his own land, was, at the very least, a lowly man struggling with poverty, and dependent for his daily bread on the wretched bounty of those still poorer than himself. If thoughts and degrading comparisons like these, and feelings yet fiercer and bitterer, did *not* come into the good man's mind, I can only say that he must be a singularly perfect disciple of that religion of Suffering and Love, which he and his brother of the Church alike profess to teach. And I will add, that while the same contrasts suggesting the same feelings, continue to exist glaringly in every parish, nothing short of the actual practical prevalence of

[1] It so happens that St. John's, being a vicarage without tythes, is a very poor living; but out of the thousand parishes of Ireland, many hundreds will be found which supply, in full measure, the contrast of wealth and poverty of the professors of the two religions, which is here assumed.

such Christianity as was taught and practised by Jesus Christ himself (with abnegation of self and abolition of many of the natural feelings) can ever bring poor weak humanity—whether in priest or layman—to look on the past of Ireland with patience, or on the present with resignation and content. Political economists and politicians may argue and theorise; religionists may preach and plan, and build castles of idle hope in the air; but while human nature continues to be the human nature that has existed from the beginning of history, and such as we know it now, never can there be tranquillity and peace in Ireland, or that brotherly love which should unite children of the same soil, while the conditions which now characterise the two churches, continue to exist.

Before this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, can arise, one of two things must happen: either there must be one sole predominating religion, or the rival religions must be put on precisely the same footing. Of these two alternatives, the one cannot be forced, and is not likely to ensue naturally or spontaneously for centuries; the other may be effected at once, by an Act of Parliament. It is for the friends of England as well as of Ireland, it is for a legislature which has regard to human nature as well as to political and ecclesiastical dogmas, to decide—*which* of these courses shall be adopted.

One of the priests of St. John's was kind enough to take me to the House of the Institute of the Christian Brothers, who may be said to take into

their hands almost all the education of the Catholic boys in Limerick. There are twenty of these Brothers in Limerick. They are not priests, but a sort of lay monks, vowed to celibacy, to poverty, to obedience, and to teaching. They seem most devoted to their vocation, directing all their energies and most of their life to instruction. It is their rule to rise at five in the morning and to go to bed at ten, and to devote eight hours daily, (from nine to five,) to the schools.

These Christian schools, as they are called, are not in connection with the National schools, but they take their place in Limerick. They are also occasionally inspected, and the children examined, by the Inspectors of the National schools, but not officially; and the intelligent Director is very desirous of having the schools visited by as many strangers as please to do so. Beside three schools attached to their own house, the Brothers have five other schools in Limerick, containing, in all, about 2000 pupils.

These schools are supported by some funds belonging to the Brotherhood, (derived chiefly from legacies,) by two annual sermons preached on their behalf, and by donations solicited by the brothers from house to house. In this last part of their labours, I was much pleased to hear them cheerfully acknowledge that they were supported as well by Protestants as by Catholics. They have a few Protestants scholars in their schools; and they exact a halfpenny a week from the whole; but a great

many cannot pay this, and a considerable number even receive a gratuitous meal at the schools. The Brotherhood have their own special educational books, some of which are of a very superior kind.

The principal establishment of the Christian Brothers in Limerick—that which I visited—seems to be the model school of the district, and evidently possesses every requisite for a complete education in all ordinary points of knowledge. It is under the direction of Mr. J. P. Welsh, a gentleman and a scholar. The teachers are all men of learning as well as piety; and by their singular zeal, and their devotion to the cause in which they are embarked, succeed wonderfully in carrying out all the objects of the Institution. In the model school they have excellent accommodations, and possess a good collection of maps, plans, models, and mechanical apparatus.

The following statement shows the different branches of education taught at these schools, and gives, in round numbers, the proportion of scholars engaged in each kind of study at the time of my visit. Among the 2000 boys, 200 are learning geometry; 300 architectural and perspective drawing; 150 mensuration; 20 surveying; 50 algebra; 100 globes; 150 mechanics; 1500 arithmetic; 800 English grammar; 900 geography; 150 book-keeping; all—reading, spelling, and writing.

This admirable Institution of the "Christian Brothers," or "Brothers of the Christian Schools," as they are properly called, and which is spreading

so widely over Ireland, deserves some further notice here. These schools were first projected and instituted in France by a man of singular worth and piety, a priest, by name Jean Baptiste de la Salle, who was born in the year 1651, and died in the year 1719. The Institute of the Christian Brothers was raised by the Pope to the dignity of a religious order in 1725; and from this time the Brothers continued to spread their schools, with unabating zeal and singular success, not only throughout France, but throughout many other countries. Their Institute was completely overthrown during the great French Revolution, and the remaining brothers had to commence their labours anew after its storms had subsided. In about forty years thereafter, viz. in 1842, their labours, in France alone, showed the following results:—Number of Establishments, 326; of Brothers, 2573; of Novices, 451; of Schools, 550; of Scholars, 148,746.

An Institution on the same general plan, but unconnected with that in France, was set on foot, early in the present century, at Waterford, by a gentleman of the name of Rice. The schools were opened in 1804; and between that time and the year 1817, they had extended to several towns in Ireland. In the year named, the Irish Institution adopted the constitution and the name of the French Society, but without any other connection with it; itself being established as an independent Institution by a brief of the Pope, of date 1820.

The Institute, as existing in these countries, is

governed by a chapter, consisting of a Superior General, the Directors or Superiors of the Houses, and the Visitors for the time being. Mr. Riordan is the present Superior, and resides, with his two assistants, at the Model Schools in Waterford. The Visitors are Brothers nominated to visit the schools as Inspectors. Some of the Brothers are termed Servitor Brothers; their special duty being to superintend the domestic affairs of the establishment. The Institute has at present in Ireland 92 different establishments, with 82 schools, containing upwards of 10,000 scholars. The Society has also five establishments in England, embracing twenty-five schools.

The following extracts from a little work, published in 1843, gives, I believe, a faithful report of the devoted labours of the Brothers themselves, and an exact outline of the kind and quality of the instruction communicated at their schools.[1]

"A brother of the Christian Schools voluntarily makes sacrifices; he consecrates himself to God in a profession wherein he renounces all the goods of the earth, the most legitimate enjoyments, his own will, and himself. He makes these sacrifices not to procure himself any temporal advantage; the most pure and perfect disinterestedness guides his conduct. He devotes himself, not for a moment, but for life, to laborious, humbling, and uninviting duties. His great object is to be useful to the poor children of whom he has the care; to form them to Christian and social virtues, to render them happy by his instruction, advice, and good example, without disgust at their rudeness, indocility, inaptitude, or the faults inseparable from their age! He suggests to them the means of preserving themselves from the corruptions of the world; of lessening the evils of life by the solid consolations found in religion; and he does all this every day of his life with the most affectionate charity.

[1] Life of the Ven. J. B. de la Salle, &c. 8vo, Dublin, 1843.

"The knowledge communicated in the schools embraces not only reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, book-keeping, but also an acquaintance with such branches of mathematical science as are suited to the taste and talents of the pupils, and to the stations of life which they are destined to occupy. Geometry, mensuration, drawing, and mechanics, become special objects of attention.

"The ordinary reading lessons are made the means of communicating much useful information on every subject within the sphere of youthful intellect, as the interrogatory system is brought into full practical operation. Grammar, geography, and lessons on objects, are to a certain extent given simultaneously. Regular lectures are given each day to the children, on the various subjects they are learning; and some of the more advanced scholars are trained to the delivery of such lectures. Thus the three methods of instruction, simultaneous, mutual, and individual, are daily brought into operation in the Christian Schools.

"But it is to the communication of religious knowledge that this Institute is chiefly devoted. To this great object, the members direct their best energies. They look upon it as their principal concern: the one for which chiefly, under God, they have been called into existence; and though they are careful to impart a knowledge of everything that can tend to their pupils' temporal advancement, yet the knowledge of religion, and of the duties it inculcates, are the objects to which their minds and hearts are most particularly directed. For this purpose, prayer is said at the opening and close of the schools; the presence of God is recalled at the end of every hour; the catechism is repeated, and regular catechetical instruction given every day."

Besides the schools of the Brothers, there are, in Limerick, several other Catholic schools, attached to nunneries, some of which are in connection with the National Board. I regret that my time did not allow me to visit these schools; but the following table, extracted from the last Report of the National Board (18th Report for 1851), shows the great extent of the educational system in Limerick, even exclusively of the numerous Protestant schools in connection with the Church Education Society, the Sunday School Society, &c.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS *in* LIMERICK, *with the number of Children, on the 29th of September*, 1851.

Schools.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Villiers	70	69	139
Percy Square	—	451	451
Sexton Street	—	452	452
Ditto Infant	—	452	452
Ditto Preparatory . . .	—	363	363
St. John's	—	427	427
Ditto Infant	—	417	417
Ditto Industrial	—	100	100
St. Mary's Industrial	—	120	120
Adult Evening	48	—	48
Saints Mary and Munchen . . .	—	344	344
Ditto Infant . .	—	312	312
Saints Peter and Paul	110	80	190
	228	3587	3815

There is an anomaly here which will strike every reader, namely, the marked disproportion in numbers between the girls and boys in the schools; there being only 228 boys to 3587 girls. But the fact is, that nearly all the school-going boys in Limerick are with the Christian Brothers, and consequently are not accounted for in these Reports; the Brothers' schools, as already stated, not being in connection with that establishment.

The union workhouse in Limerick, like all the others we have yet seen in the country, is a very handsome, large, and well-arranged building. It is built on an open, airy space, some distance out of

town. We found it throughout remarkably clean, and the people, particularly the children, healthy looking, and all decently dressed in the neat workhouse uniform. This is a large union, and there were in the house at the time of our visit, 3856 inmates, among whom there were only twenty-five Protestants. The following table shows the total number and qualities of the inmates, on the same day of the month (August 23d), during the last three years:

Year.	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
1850	794	2000	1062	1332	5188
1851	687	1655	913	1245	4500
1852	549	1309	895	1103	3856

This statement, supplied to me by the very intelligent master of the house, together with the following taken from the Commissioners' Report, shows the progressive decrease of pauperism in the district. I think, however, the decrease is still less conspicuous here than I found it elsewhere:—

	Numbers Relieved.	
Years.	In-door.	Out-door.
1849	21,455	25,537
1850	19,831	9,094
1851	17,855	502

No out-door relief is now afforded.

I found the diet sound and palatable, of the usual farinaceous kind (without potatoes), and in the ordinary scanty proportion. The following is the

dietary for healthy men :—*Breakfast*, eight ounces of Indian meal, made into stirabout, with half a pint of new milk. *Dinner*, sixteen ounces of bread, made of Egyptian flour, and a quart of vegetable soup.

The number of emigrants sent out by the Union during the three years above named, was only 107, and they all went to Quebec, except three.

I neglected taking a note of the statistics of the schools in this workouse ; but the following authentic statements from the last two Reports of the Board of National Education, with which they are in connection, will supply what is wanting :

Year.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
1850 (30th September)	802	422	1224
1851 (29th September)	830	830	1660

The cause of Temperance is still well supported in Limerick, although the organised system of Father Mathew has fallen off greatly—even here, the scene of the Father's earliest labours. There are, however, four Temperance Halls still in existence, but I could only ascertain the numbers belonging to one of them. This Hall I visited. It is a very large room, like an assembly-room in an English country town,—lighted with gas, and adorned with paintings and prints appropriate to its destination. Among others, it contained a large oil-painting of Father Mathew administering the pledge, as well as por-

traits of himself and the presidents of the society. This particular Hall or society once numbered 1100 members, but its present number does not exceed 300. The members have a library, and take in newspapers, but do not admit any discussion or disputes on politics. There is a benefit society connected with the Hall, to the support of which one half of the weekly contribution of twopence is devoted. In the winter the members give *soirées* occasionally to their male and female friends. All the members must take the pledge, which is administered by the priests. Dismissal always follows a breach of the pledge; but the rules admit the return of backsliders on proof of reform.

I was taken to this Hall by the master of a small spirit-shop who lived next door. He was himself a strict Teetotaller; but he could not be accepted as a member of the Hall on account of his vocation, which prevented him taking the pledge: this not only binds a man not to drink himself but to *discourage* drinking in others; a prohibition rather stringent to be submitted to by a vendor of intoxicating drinks. It is, however, a curious fact that, in my inquiries, I always found a large proportion of Teetotallers among the classes most exposed to the temptations of strong drink, as innkeepers, spirit-dealers, hostlers, and car-drivers. I accounted for this fact on the principle that these persons having personally proved the evils of intemperance, abandoned the practice from conviction of its sad

consequences to themselves; and found it requisite to have some extraneous aid, such as the pledge, to keep them in the right path. I found that there was no restriction of members on the score of religion in these clubs; but I did not learn the proportion of Protestants in any one.

All Sunday evening, and as late as nine or ten o'clock, the main street of the city (George Street) was crowded with people promenading from one end of it to the other, just as we see in foreign countries. The evening was calm, soft, and beautiful; everybody was well-dressed; many of the women were good-looking,—some very handsome: and the scene altogether made one think of that fair southern land whence, in old times, these western shores of Ireland are said to have derived, at once, commercial wealth and civilisation, and the hereditary treasure of personal beauty. At any rate, it was felt by the visitors from the sister isle (and there were many who mixed in this agreeable promenade), that they were no longer in a country where either Puritanism or an over-strained regard for Sabbath observance (as it is called), interfered with that rational and innocent relaxation which the *Sabbath* was surely intended to bring to week-day labourers of all degrees. In this and some other cases also, the spirit, or rather perhaps the traditions and traditional practice of the Catholic Church, are more favorable to wholesome liberty and health than is even the Reformed Church. It is agreeable to be able to pay this compliment to a

Church which certainly has to answer to human reason for more than one institution of unnatural severity.

In the more rural districts of Ireland, the relaxations of Sunday among the common people, often go much beyond this mere taking-the-air in a promenade; but they are still only additions to—not substitutes for—a very rigid observance of the religious duties of the Sabbath in the earlier parts of the day. Every one in the village is expected to attend chapel, at least once, every Sunday, and this is a duty rarely neglected. For the enforcing this duty, as of so many others, the confessional supplies both knowledge and means. Absenteeism from mass being a sin, must be confessed; being confessed, it is reproved or punished, and so amended. But the devotion of the entire day to religious purposes is not enforced. The afternoon may be given up, and is usually given up, to innocent amusement of any kind. When the amusement degenerates into impropriety or vice, it is reproved and checked by the priest. Thus, dancing to the sound of the fiddle or bagpipe, is common on Sunday afternoon, in any roomy apartment that may be obtainable; but if any whisper of wrong-doing there, come to the ear of the priest, he denounces the whole thing, or, at least, the guilty individuals; and the indulgence is either withdrawn for a time, or the offending party bears the punishment for the whole.

Without claiming for the labouring-classes in

England indulgences of this kind on the Sunday—which are, indeed, foreign to their habits and inclinations—surely we may claim for those of them, at least, who reside in large towns, the privilege of seeking for relaxation in the open air of the country, whether carried thither by land or by water, by omnibus, boat, or rail. It is truly at once humiliating and melancholy to observe—in these later years, when we might reasonably expect a more philosophical consideration of such subjects—that there is a growing disposition among the clergy and the upper classes generally in England, and still more, in Scotland, to curtail such simple and natural enjoyments of the poor on their only holiday, Sunday. To say nothing of the necessity of such relaxation on the score of mere bodily health, the advocates of this system seem entirely to overlook that principle of man's nature, which renders the occasional remission of activity necessary for the perfect exercise of all voluntary functions, and, most of all, the functions of the brain.

Everybody who has had anything to do with the instruction of others, or who has ever attempted the acquisition of knowledge in his own person, is fully aware of the great benefit derived from occasional interruptions in the course of study, and knows that progress is positively retarded by over-long persistence in mental exertion. Religious exercises and study form no exception to this general rule; overdone they are ill-done. The brain is just as apt to

be exhausted, and the thoughts to become weakened and confused, in religious pursuits, as in any other mode of mental occupation; and the results will be just as inadequate and unsatisfactory in the special category referred to, as in any form of secular study. A jaded and muddled mind can no more do justice to religion than it can to any profane subject.

The same parties also persist in ignoring the fact known to all others—that the great majority of the working classes of large towns will *not* attend church more than once, if so much, even if constrained to remain, during the whole Sunday, within the circle of their weekly labours; so that the cause of religion would be no gainer under the restrictive law contended for; while the subjects for whom it is proposed to enact it, would be deprived of the most precious opportunities of improving their bodily and mental health, and so adding to their happiness, through the indispensable medium of air, exercise, and relaxation. On the contrary, both religion and morals, and, consequently, society at large, would be positively great losers thereby, inasmuch as both reason and experience assure us, that the temptations to sottish indulgence of every kind, leading to vice in all its forms, would be infinitely greater in the state of constrained idleness and listlessness into which the poor must necessarily be thrown, in the case supposed, than they can be amid the inspiring, active, and healthy excitements which, to a smoke-

dried citizen, are the spontaneous and necessary results of a rural excursion.

Few schemes, I venture to affirm, have ever been broached more false in principle or calculated to be more injurious in practice—nay, I should think, less in harmony with the profoundly tender and merciful views of human nature, promulgated by the great author of Christianity himself—than that which would forge additional chains, over and above those necessarily incidental to their lot, to keep in perpetuity the children of labour within the walls of their great civic prisons. It is to be hoped that no British legistature will ever be found so indifferent to the claims of humanity, as to sanction any measure that could lead to so disastrous a result.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHANNON—ATHLONE—GALWAY.

Having decided on reaching Galway through the round-about tract by Athlone, rather than by the more direct course through Ennis, chiefly on account of the attractions of the Shannon navigation which the former course yielded, we left Limerick early in the morning to join the steamer at Killaloe, about twelve miles distant. The intermediate portion of the Shannon is not navigable on account of the shallows and rapids with which its bed is here beset, the fall of the river within these twelve miles comprising more than one half of the whole fall from its source to its termination.[1]

The first portion of the country between these two towns is well cultivated and very beautiful, containing besides many gentlemen's houses and well-wooded desmesnes, (as Lord Clare's, Lord Massey's, &c.) some fine glimpses of the river. At the small town of Castle Connel, about midway between Limerick and Killaloe, or rather, I believe, at that outlying portion of it called the village of Montpelier,

[1] The total fall of the river is 174 feet, and the fall between Limerick and Killaloe is 97.

our car halted for a short time to give us an opportunity of looking at the Shannon, which is seen here in all its majestic beauty rushing along its rocky bed with great force and rapidity. The situation of this village is extremely fine; and what we saw of its river, and what we did *not* see of it, made us regret that we had not made other arrangements to enable us to examine scenes so charming, more at leisure. The place derives its name from the old Castle of the Kings of Munster, the huge ruins of which are still conspicuous on the top of a lofty isolated rock adjoining the village.

There is a fine chalybeate spring in this village, which all travellers are expected to taste.

During the short stay we made, I was enabled to glean from an intelligent shopkeeper and her daughter, a monitress at the National School, that the two National Schools in Castle Connel contained about 70 children each, and a Protestant school about 30. At the National Schools there were few or no Protestants. I see by the Commissioners' Reports that in September, 1850, there were 116 boys and 78 girls, and in September, 1851, 130 boys and 75 girls, on the books of these schools.

A short way beyond Castle Connel we found our fine cultivated country exchanged, once more, for heath and bog, amid which we crossed the wide expanse of the Shannon by a very ancient-looking bridge, termed O'Brien's Bridge. On reaching Killaloe, a short distance further on, we regretted,

as we had done at Castle Connel, that the mode of conveyance we had adopted on this occasion, prevented us from seeing anything of this very ancient town, except what met the eye in passing rapidly through it. It is now but a small insignificant place. Its population in 1841 was 2009, and by the census of 1851, is nearly the same, viz. 2230. The river here exhibits another series of rapids, making a fall, it is said, of twenty-one feet in the course of a mile. There is a curious old bridge of a great many arches (nineteen, I think,) crossing the river at the town, and which forms a beautiful object in the landscape as we look down the river from the pier where the steamer stops, which is about a mile above it. Indeed, views in all directions from this spot,—of the town, the river, and the surrounding hills, are very fine, though the want of wood gives rather a character of coldness and sternness to the whole.

We found the steamer waiting for us, and the little pier thickly crowded with people waiting to go on board or to see their friends on board. The deck was, indeed, so crowded, that it was not an easy matter to get from one part of it to another: and the crowding and confusion were still further increased by the whole of the fore part of the vessel being occupied by cattle.

It was soon seen that a party of emigrants had come or were coming on board, and were now taking leave of their friends with every token of the most passionate distress. With that utter unconsciousness

and disregard of being the observed of all observers, which characterises authentic sorrow, these warm-hearted and simple-minded people demeaned themselves entirely as if they had been shrouded in all the privacy of home, clinging to and kissing and embracing each other with the utmost ardour, calling out aloud, in broken tones, the endeared names of brother, sister, mother, sobbing and crying as if the very heart would burst, while the unheeded tears ran down from the red and swollen eyes literally in streams. It was a sight that no human being could see unmoved; and when the final orders were given to clear the ship and withdraw the gangway, the howl of agony that rose at once from the parting deck and the abandoned pier, was perfectly overpowering. "O Mary! O Kitty! O mother dear! O brother! O sister! God bless you! God preserve you! The Lord in Heaven protect you!" and a thousand other wild and pious ejaculations, broken and intermixed by agonising cries and choking sobs, literally filled the air, and almost drowned the roar of the engine and the wheels that tore the loving hearts that uttered them asunder.

Amid the crowds of people on the pier, swaying to and fro as they shouted aloud and waved their hats and handkerchiefs, several women were seen kneeling on the stones, kneeling and weeping, with their hands raised fixedly above them, and so continuing as long as they could be distinguished from the receding vessel.

The scene was altogether a most painful one to witness, and not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. If it told, in language not to be misunderstood, of the warm and strong affections of a most cordial people, it brought home the truth to the fancies of all, and to the memories and hearts of many—that there is no greater pang in the store of life's ills than Separation. And, indeed, such a separation as this, is often a greater pang, to one of the sufferers at least, than death itself is; for here, on both sides, nature still retains her full consciousness of loss and her full strength to suffer; while Providence has most kindly so ordered it, in the great separation of all, that the woe, on one side at least, is more than half lost in the weakness.

There were about twenty of these emigrants, all destined, in the first place, to Liverpool by way of Dublin. The majority of them were going to the United States, but several, particularly the young women, were bound for Australia. Every one was going out on funds supplied by their friends who had preceded them to the land of their exile.

One woman, with two children, was going to Philadelphia to join her husband, having already received 15*l.* from him, although he had left Ireland less than a year. He had borrowed a good part of the money, the wife said, from his brother, who had been longer settled than himself.

Several young unmarried women were going to Australia, expecting to be taken as domestic servants

immediately on their arrival. They too had been invited, on the same irresistible terms, by their absent friends and relations, to share their exile. There were one or two complete families, father and mother and children; but most of them were but links of a broken chain which had its ends in the opposite quarters of the earth.

Among the most deeply affected of these poor exiles were two young girls, who, at the invitation of some friends in Australia, were leaving nearly all the links of their chain of affection behind them. I believe one of the kneelers on the pier was their mother, as when dragged forcibly from them, she had sunk on her knees as she had reached the shore. They had a brother also, a strong, rough, long-coated young fellow, who, notwithstanding all remonstrances and entreaties that he would leave his sisters and go on shore, had so many last words and fresh leave-takings, that when he at last broke loose from them, he found the gangway hauled up, and the ship's side some distance from the pier. I don't think he intended this, but his stay was an evident respite both to himself and his sisters. In his various subsequent attempts to cheer his sisters, he at length adopted one expedient, which I presume must be regarded as completely national: he set-to, with right good will and with all his might, to dance jigs before them! Poor fellow, it was at once laughable and melancholy to see the mingled grotesque and sorrowful expression of his countenance, more

especially when, amid his formal mirth, he now and then caught a glance of his sisters rubbing their swollen eyes. He, however, held up wonderfully well until our arrival at the next stopping-place (Williamstown), when the final leave-taking was made, and he took his departure from the ship, setting up, as soon as he descended into the boat, such another portentous howl, as had signalised the parting at Killaloe.

Almost immediately after leaving Killaloe pier, the steamer enters on Lough Dearg, the largest in the whole tract of the Shannon, and one of the finest in Ireland. It is twenty-three English miles long, and from two to six in breadth. It contains many islands; but it presents also in many places a magnificent and unbroken sea-like expanse. At its lower extremity, and indeed during a large part of its course, it is bordered by magnificent mountains; and those in the vicinity of Killaloe, before the lake opens out into its greater width, constitute, with the waters they shelter and enclose, one of the grandest and most beautiful views in Ireland. There is nothing in the Lower Shannon in any way comparable to this scene, which of itself will well repay the traveller for any circuitousness in the journey he may make to see it, and compensate for any tameness which may greet him in his subsequent course.

Among the islands in Lough Dearg we passed one with a ruin on it, called Dearg Castle, and one was pointed out to us at a distance called Inis Cealtra,

or the Holy Island, on which there are the ruins of several churches, and also a round tower. We likewise passed on the shores of the lake several remains of castles, which served at once to give variety and dignity to the landscape, by recalling the old legendary days of Ireland, when those fortresses were the abode of kings and king-like chieftains.

At Portumna the lake terminates, and so do the mountains; and henceforward, all the way to Athlone, the Shannon retains the characteristics of a low-land river, flowing, with singular placidity, through a country that is sometimes tame, sometimes ugly, not seldom beautiful, but never either grand or picturesque. The river itself, however, may be said to be always grand in its display of tranquil power.

We passed through the swing arch of several splendid new bridges, one at Banagher, one at Shannon Bridge, and also through one or two short canals, constructed alongside the river to eschew a too rapid fall. About two miles above Shannon Bridge and fourteen below Athlone, we passed the celebrated ruins of Clonmacnoise, with its two round-towers distinctly visible at a short distance from the shore, and which ought to claim the notice of every traveller who has time to visit them.

We arrived at Athlone about four o'clock, having been steaming up this magnificent river for seven hours. Our speed was certainly not great, and probably less, as was noticed on our voyage in the Lower Shannon, on account of our fuel being only

turf. An immense quantity of this must have been consumed, as, when we started, not only was the hold filled with it, but the deck was cumbered with it up to the top of the paddle-boxes; and when we reached Athlone it was nearly all gone.

Beside the emigrants and a few people of the country, going from one town to another, our list of passengers in the steamer consisted mainly of tourists, or visitors from England and Scotland. We had some from most parts of the island—from Plymouth, from London, from the midland counties, from the south of Scotland, and from Edinburgh. We had bankers, merchants, doctors, country squires, farmers, fishers with their rods, sketchers with their tablets, and professors with their pupils. All, while bent on sight-seeing and the pleasures of travel, seemed to have their minds full of the actual condition of Ireland, and all puzzling themselves, more or less, with the knotty problems of how she got into her present straits, and how she is to be got out of them. All seemed to have a tender sympathy for her—at least all those who were strangers in the land.

And here, as in England, I have often had occasion to remark, that the bitterest denouncers of Ireland and the Irish, are her own degenerate sons in the middle or genteel classes of society. Never, in England or in Ireland, did I hear from one of the humbler orders a reproach cast upon their country; or, if blame were laid, it was with the tenderness of a filial tongue, and much more

in sorrow than in anger. But among Irishmen of another class, among orangemen of what is called the English party, among zealous Protestants seeking or holding place, among some even of the ministers of the Established Church, — who but has been shocked with the wholesale denunciations and charges made against a whole people, and that people their own people—their own flesh and blood? On the present journey, for example, I heard a gentleman of one of these classes openly declare—striving, the while, by an artificial and pompous mode of speaking to hide the brogue which betrayed him—that it was absurd to think of treating the Irish like a civilised people; that savages must be tamed and taught before they are made the subject of legislation; that the only law-giver suited for them was another Cromwell; that, in a word, they were only fit to be treated like wild-beasts or slaves.

If such words could rouse the blood of a stranger to hear—God knows what might be their probable effect if uttered in another presence. Suppose such a man to be set down as a country squire or a landlord of an extensive but humble tenantry—suppose him to act up to his sentiments or to attempt to act up to them, amid a warm-hearted but hot-headed and impulsive people proud of their country and their race; however much it might distress—would it much surprise the candid judge of frail human nature, if the end of that man were evil? Well does Bacon call Revenge "a sort of wild

justice:" and easy, no doubt, it would be for the hearts even of Christian men, stung into madness by intolerable wrong, to colour over to their consciences, under this sacred name, any horror or savagery they might perpetrate under such circumstances.

I speak, of course, hypothetically; I repudiate all imputation of offering, or attempting to offer, even the faintest possible excuse for the murderous deeds here alluded to; but I do gravely denounce as impious in themselves and as a probable and potent cause of misery and wrong in others, such sentiments as I have recorded, spoken aloud as they were, in the open air of Ireland, aye, paraded about and boasted of!

It is, indeed, one of the saddest and truest and most portentous signs of the inveterate evils of Ireland, that she should nourish on her breast children who can so speak of a mother. Such deformity could not spring from a healthy source. One of the most powerful instincts of nature could never be so perverted except on a soil choked with the weeds of long neglect and mismanagement, and in an atmosphere rank with their pestiferous emanations. If the oppression of ages has been able to transform the men of old Athens, Sparta, and Thebes, into the despicable race that now crouches on the soil of Greece, need we wonder that the wrongs (comparatively small as they are) which have so long pressed on Ireland, should be

manifested in such occasional degeneracy as we are now contemplating?

In the list of our travelling companions on board the steamer, I may mention a very intelligent farmer from Dumfriesshire, who had come over to explore the country with a view to an ultimate settlement in it, either through the medium of purchase or tenancy. He told me that many of his countrymen, farmers like himself, had come to Ireland on the same errand, but he seemed doubtful if they would form a settlement. His professional eye was shocked, beyond measure, by the wretched state of the cultivation everywhere prevalent.

Intending to proceed to Galway, the same night, by a late train, we had only the few hours of daylight still remaining, to see Athlone. Fortunately, it presented but few objects claiming attention. When we had seen its old castle, its two new and splendid bridges, its railway station, and its barracks, we had seen all. The town itself has no beauty nor any noticeable charm, except its fine site on both sides of its splendid river, and the view of the Shannon, which about a mile and half above the town spreads out into another lake, Lough Ree. In 1841 the population of Athlone was 6393: in 1851 it was very nearly the same, viz. 6214, exclusive of the workhouse, which gave an addition of 1766.

The only one of my usual inquiries I could follow up in Athlone was the state of the Temperance system. In this I was aided by an honest old tin-

man, who had been ten years a Teetotaller, and still remained one of the faithful few who followed the standard of Father Mathew. Athlone seems never to have been very strong in this way, but once counted as belonging to its Temperance Hall 337 members. This band was dissipated and broken in the year of famine, and now can only boast of 14 members. They still, however, retain their hall and their small library, and also take in three weekly newspapers; but the society is in debt.

My informant was himself a good illustration of the value of the system. He confessed that if he had been a Teetotaller ten years sooner, he would have now been a rich man and worth 200*l.*! Previously to his taking the pledge, he had spent not only all his earnings on drink, but had, according to the testimony of his wife, admitted by himself, wasted all his humble substance, his furniture, and his clothes, on the same miserable object. He seemed now cheerful and happy, his little shop and room comfortably furnished, his wife and daughter neatly dressed, and more money made than was spent. He admitted that he had put by and preserved 75*l.* since he had exorcised the evil spirit of his house.

And here I cannot help remarking, that among all my light-hearted friends of the humbler classes in Ireland, none ever seemed happier or merrier—if so happy or so merry—as my Teetotal brethren. Admitting that this really was a matter of fact as far

as my observation went, no doubt, it might still be the result of mere accident; we can have no comparative statistics to establish such a point. And yet, on reflecting on the matter, I think it would require no great casuistry to show the probability if not the certainty of the thing. Admitting that in all Irishmen "the blood runs tickling up and down the veins" with sufficient vivacity to make mirth natural to them, we must also admit that this running and tickling may be augmented by stimuli of various kinds—bodily, as in the shape of potheen; mentally, as in the form of good news, happy recollections, an easy conscience. Now, if we reflect that every Teetotaller has, at least, the happy consciousness of having made a sacrifice to principle in abandoning a useless and costly habit, and thereby augmented his own real comforts and the comforts of his family, and probably his own stock of health, we see at once laid open in him a new source of cheerfulness. But a considerable proportion of the men who have become Teetotallers have not merely abandoned a useless and costly habit, but have cured themselves of an almost irresistible propensity, which had brought ruin and despair on themselves and all connected with them; while by overcoming it they have restored themselves to health and peace and their families to happiness: and, surely, a consciousness like this, and the contrast of the Past with the Present, which must be constantly recurring in their thoughts, cannot fail to shed a perpetual gleam of

"that calm sunshine of the breast" which is the very basis of cheerfulness. We all know the truth of the saying, as well as the great man who said it, —"Conscientia bene actæ vitæ multorumque benefactorum recordatio jucundissima;" and so I end where I began in repeating that my Teetotal friends probably are, and certainly ought to be, the merriest of the merry men of merry Ireland.

On reaching Galway, we put up at the new hotel just erected at the railway terminus, by the directors of the Dublin and Galway Railway. This is a splendid establishment, in point of size and accommodations calculated to cope with the finest hotels in Ireland; but at the time of our visit, the house was not complete in its interior arrangements.

Galway is an old-fashioned, crowded, and rather dirty town, without any good streets, and with very few good houses. Some of the streets are very narrow, and in these there are, here and there, curious specimens of old buildings. The population, according to the census of 1851, was 20,085, being an increase of 2810 since the former census in 1841, when the numbers were 17,275. Including the inmates of the workhouses, gaol, and hospitals (3610), the population of Galway would be raised to 23,695.

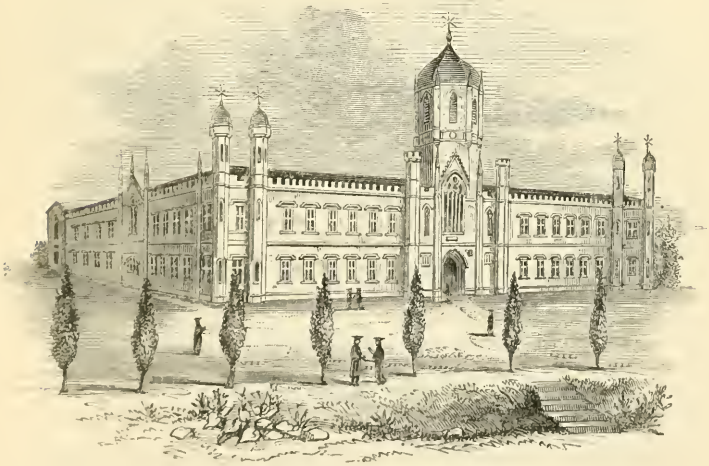
The situation of the town is flat and unpicturesque, but excellent in a commercial point of view, at the junction of the Corrib river with the grand estuary called the Bay of Galway. Immense

works have been long in progress to connect the navigation of this bay with that of the great lakes above it, Lough Corrib and Lough Mask; and they are so far completed that the Lord-Lieutenant, at his late visit to Galway, was able to pass along the connecting canal from the bay into Lough Corrib. Among these works are two very handsome bridges, crossing different portions of the Corrib river.

Here, as on the Shannon, and in many other parts of Ireland, one cannot fail to be struck with the importance and magnitude of the undertakings set on foot by government for the improvement of Ireland, the government appearing to take the place which is filled by the public and the public companies in England. This fact is, at once, indicative of the paternal regard of the imperial government towards this portion of the empire, and of the singular want of intrinsic resources in the country so aided.

We could only spend a night and half a day in Galway, and consequently my examinations and inquiries were more imperfect than usual. Our first visit was to the new College, the second of the Queen's Colleges we had seen. It is a very handsome building, on a different plan and in a somewhat different style of architecture from that of Cork, though, I believe, still a variety of the Tudor Gothic; and it is certainly no less indicative of the liberal views and good taste which seem to have presided in all the arrangements respecting these

noble institutions. Galway College is constructed on the complete quadrangular plan, with four exterior and four interior fronts, the interior quadrangle being 280 by 200 feet in extent. It is built of the beautiful grey limestone which sets off to so much advantage many of the recent public works and buildings in Ireland. It has an elegant cupola in the centre of the main front, looking towards the town, and two smaller ones at each end of this portion of the quadrangle. The effect of the whole is very imposing, and the structure altogether does great credit to the architect, Mr. J. B. Keane.



Queen's College, Galway.

The interior of the building is scarcely equal to its exterior, though it contains many handsome apartments; and the numerous classrooms are

commodious and well arranged. The Examination Hall is a handsome apartment, being 66 feet in length by 45 in breadth.

The College was opened for the admission of students in October 1849, and the following are the numbers admitted during the last four years:

Session.	Matriculated.	Non-matriculated.	Total.
1849-50	64	4	68
1850-51	23	2	25
1851-52	32	5	37
1852-53	19	1	20
	138	12	150

Of these 150 students, 76 are registered as Roman Catholics, 56 as of the Church of England, and 18 as Presbyterians. It would appear that, in this College, a note is made of the religion of the non-matriculated as well as of the matriculated.

The number of pupils has been, from the beginning, considerably less in Galway College than in either that of Belfast or Cork, owing, in a great measure to the scantier population of the district, and also partly to the lesser means at the disposal of the parents. The fees are, perhaps, too high for this poor country, although they sound very moderate in English ears. For instance, for a full course of general literature, qualifying for the degree of B.A., the following are the whole of the fees demanded of the student: First year, 11*l.*; second year, 10*l.*; third year, 7*l.* And these fees

are reduced by one third to *scholars;* that is, to students who, on examination, have shown sufficient competency to obtain scholarships, which are the same in kind and amount as at Cork College, formerly noticed, (p. 73.)

The following additional explanation of the inferior attendance at the Galway College, given in its President's Official Report for the Session of 1850-51, is so satisfactory, that I think it due to the College to insert it here:

"In estimating the progress of such institutions as the Queen's Colleges, attention must be paid to the district in which they are placed, and the population and wealth of the towns with which they are connected. Colleges placed in populous and thriving localities are at once frequented by numerous students, who live in their own homes, and who are not obliged to incur the expense of travelling to, or residing in a distant neighbourhood. The students of the Queen's Colleges, unlike those of other institutions, must attend its lectures for at least two terms of each session—a period varying from five to six months. It will thus be seen how essential it is to look to the condition of the town near which a College is situated to judge with fairness of its real progress. In the great majority of cases the young men frequenting the Galway College come from a distance, the town of Galway not as yet possessing such a population as would furnish a large number of students. Taking these

circumstances into account, I do not hesitate to say that the Queen's College, Galway, has fully kept pace with her sister institutions of Belfast and Cork—institutions which, by the confession of all, have equalled the most sanguine expectations of their warmest supporters."

The same gratifying fact, noticed in regard to Cork College, viz., the numerical superiority of Catholics among the pupils will be observed here also; and I may take this opportunity of noticing how provident the Institutors of these Colleges have been in having due regard for the religious instruction of the pupils according to their respective religions. I cannot do this better than by giving another extract from Mr. Berwick's Report:

"With regard to the religious instruction of the Roman Catholic students, and their attendance upon their religious duties, I think it right to state the following circumstances:—By the Statutes of the Queen's Colleges, the Crown has been empowered to appoint Deans of Residences for the different persuasions, to whom complete control is given over every student of their respective creeds not residing with his parent or guardian, and who can also call for College penalties upon any student, no matter where resident, who may not be regular in attendance upon his place of worship. Immediately on the opening of the College, in October, 1849, a Roman Catholic Dean of Residences was appointed, who continued to discharge, during the

entire of the first session, the high and salutary duties of his office with the most exemplary attention. It was my grateful duty to lay before your Majesty, in my first Report, the statement submitted to me by this excellent gentleman, of the extreme satisfaction he had derived from the conduct of the students submitted to his care. This statement was, indeed, a gratifying proof that the Statutes had provided abundant securities for the faith and morals of the students, and that any danger which might arise could only result from the Churches not availing themselves of the opportunities afforded them by the Statutes, and from not co-operating with the College authorities in providing for the spiritual welfare of the students."

It is painful to have to transcribe the concluding sentence of this paragraph of the President's Report: "I lament to say that this gentleman [the Roman Catholic Dean] has intermitted, during the last session, the performance of those sacred duties which he had discharged with so much honour to himself, and so much advantage to the College;" the intermission, no doubt, being the consequence of orders received from his spiritual superiors. From such conduct as this, on the part of the Roman Catholic Church, one is almost tempted to doubt whether the convictions of its directors as to its superiority in doctrine, and its consequent security, are really so strong as they are said to be.

At a short distance from the College there is a

fine National (model) School recently built, and recently opened. It contains both a boys' and a girls' school; and both have the necessary arrangements for instructing teachers. We found eight of these at the boys' school, and five at the girls'. The teachers reside one year at the school. At the time of my visit there were in the boys' school 117 on the books, and 104 in attendance; and out of this number there were 11 Protestants. An hour is set apart every Friday for religious instruction, on which occasion the minister of the Established Church and the Roman Catholic priest frequently both attend, each supervising the instruction of the children of their respective flocks. One of the masters in training is a Protestant, and to him the religious instruction of the Protestant children is confided.

The masters in these model schools are much better paid than in the ordinary schools. The master of this school, besides accommodation in the house and coals and candles, has a salary of 60*l.* per annum, and 20*l.* for the maintenance of a servant. He also receives one-half of the weekly pence, the payment of which seems to be here rigidly exacted: this adds something more to his income, which is, no doubt, still further increased by the allowance made to him for boarding the young men who are under instruction for teachers.

In the girls' school there were 53 on the books, and 46 in attendance, 9 of the number being Protestants. The plan of religious instruction is

here the same as in the boys' school. The mistress has a salary of 55*l.*, and half the school fees.

The system of instruction in both these schools seemed excellent, and the children showed great proficiency in their respective studies. All the children were tolerably neatly dressed, especially the girls, who were also—many of them at least—very good looking.

We paid a very hurried visit to the Union Workhouse, which is also in the vicinity of Queen's College. It contained, with its auxiliary houses, 2142 persons. In the principal house there were 1477 inmates—and of this number only 11 were said to be Protestants. The inmates consisted almost entirely of old and infirm people and children. Of these last (children) there is a large proportion; and they are all brought under the National School system of education. According to the Reports of the Commissioners, the children in the workhouse school, in September, 1850, were: boys 828, girls 688; and in September, 1851, boys 452, girls 720 The number of persons relieved in this Union was, in the year 1850, 9198 in the house, and 4640 out of the house; and in the year 1851, 9123 in the house, and only 120 out of doors. At present, none are relieved out of the house. The dietary is of the usual kind: Indian meal stirabout, with new milk for breakfast, and oatmeal and vegetable soup and bread for dinner.

After leaving the schools and poorhouse we paid a visit to the fishing village called The Claddagh, which is one of the maritime suburbs of Galway. It

is a large place, but consists almost entirely of low cottages of the humblest description,—filthy, dark, and smoky, and with a mere apology for furniture. The inhabitants are mostly fishermen, and almost exclusively Catholics: we were told that there was only one Protestant family among them.

Like the inhabitants of some of the fishing villages in Scotland, these Claddaghites seem to have acquired and retained some special usages and habits of their own. Even their Irish is said to differ from the Irish in common use. They have a nominal local government of their own, with a so-called mayor. They always intermarry among themselves, and consequently "are all cousins, uncles, and aunts," as one of my informants said. The same person told me that they had very rigid, yet rather peculiar notions respecting hospitality to strangers, within their own precincts. Let a stranger insult a Claddaghite ever so much in Claddagh, all must be borne with calmness and equanimity, and no retaliation thought of there. The stranger is, however, carefully guarded out of the sacred limits, and then the Claddaghites are said to take their revenge, with full interest for delay of repayment!

They do not seem so chary of hostility to strangers within the limit of their fishing bounds. A short time since a Scotch fishing vessel, with some mode of fishing new to the coast, made her appearance in Galway Bay, and excited the fury of the Claddagh fishermen to such a degree, that it became necessary to obtain a small government steamer to protect the

stranger from destruction. This vessel was still in Galway Bay at the time of our visit.

There is a fine large National School in Claddagh village, designated the Piscatory School. One portion of it is devoted to instruction in industrial pursuits, such as making nets and other piscatory gear. In the boys' school there were 271 on the books, and the average attendance was said to be from 160 to 200. There was not one Protestant in the school at the time of our visit, though there had, at one time, been five. In the girls' school the present attendance was said to vary from 140 to 180.

It was pleasing to see how neatly dressed and how clean these children were, although their parents were so very poor and their houses so wretched. Some of them were very handsome; and the fine cast of their features certainly gives some colour to the tradition that derives their blood from Spain. Only a small proportion of the pupils could or did pay the weekly pence. According to the official returns, there were in September, 1850, 287 boys and 226 girls on the books, and in September, 1851, 266 boys and 219 girls. I had some conversation with the parish priest who had the superintendence of this school. He seemed most zealous for the success of the industrial department, and evinced much anxiety for the advancement of the pupils in general knowledge.

In our way back to the town we passed by the new docks which are very extensive and complete, but they contained few vessels. We also passed

through the fish and potato markets, both held in the open streets. The supply of fish was miserably small for a fishing station: indeed the stands contained, for the most part, salted fish. A considerable proportion of the potatoes were unsound.

In some of the adjoining streets, chiefly inhabited by the poor, I found the usual signs of poverty and destitution in their houses; and the complaint of want of work was very common. Several able-bodied men were unemployed, and lamented their inability to emigrate, for want of funds.

In Galway, as in every other place visited by me in Ireland, I did not meet with a single person in a state of intoxication, nor could I discover any signs of this vice being prevalent, or even at all in existence. The organised system of pledged Temperance, after having sunk very low, seemed to be again on the rise in Galway. About two years since a new Temperance Hall, called St. Patrick's, was established, and could now boast of 200 members. The members pay sixpence for entrance and a penny weekly, to pay for newspapers, books, &c. There is no benefit society connected with the Hall. The members have a band of music consisting of fifteen, all of whom perform gratuitously, except the master, who receives six shillings weekly. They give two or three *soirées* in the course of the year, to which they invite their friends. For these they pay something extra. After three successive breaches of the pledge, a member cannot be again received into the society.

CHAPTER IX.

OUGHTERARD—MAAM—THE FISHERY.

HAVING made an arrangement with the innkeeper to supply us with a carriage and pair of horses to take us on as far as Westport, a journey of three days, we left Galway early in the afternoon, purposing to sleep at Maam, a solitary hotel among the mountains of Connemara, about thirty miles from Galway. The road, after crossing the river Corrib, passes along its right bank, and then skirts, at some distance, the shores of the Lough of the same name. For some miles the road is bordered at intervals by several gentlemen's seats, surrounded by their wooded desmesnes; but the intermediate tracts are rough, stony, and bleak, like much that we had seen in Kerry, and without anything either grand or picturesque to compensate for the wildness and barrenness—if we except a glimpse now and then of the great Lough on our right.

We had now entered on the Ballanahinch property of the late Mr. Martin, which is said to stretch full forty English miles along the wild district between this and Clifden. This estate is now in possession of an Assurance Society of London, and

the sad aspect it presented to us immediately suggested the old saying of public bodies having no heart: but it is probably unfair to apply this in the present instance. The truth, however, certainly is, that throughout the whole extent of this district, the marks of eviction and depopulation are much more extensive and more conspicuous than we had yet seen or afterwards saw in any part of Ireland.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the whole road from Galway to Clifden was bordered by ruins of cottages half pulled down, or, more melancholy still, with the walls and gables all standing, solid and firm, but roofless, doorless, and windowless. On the estates of Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert, formerly mentioned, as well as on those of some other landlords who had adopted the system of consolidation, most of the cottages had been razed to their foundations, and no trace left of them, the materials of their walls having been employed in building the fences of the new fields. But here all the horrors of the recent evictions were brought immediately before the imagination, if not actually before the eye, and completely overthrew, for the moment, in the spectator's mind, all theoretical considerations of agricultural improvement, and all abstract principles of political economy, which, at other times and in other places, might have pleaded in excuse, or even in justification of such a system. But while the smoke-stains above the humble hearths were yet so fresh; the paths to the humble doorways

were yet so clean; and the wounds to humanity were yet so raw and open,—it was impossible for any process of calm ratiocination to find place among the crowd of emotions that were busy in the mind.

We stopped about an hour at Oughterard, a small town situated on the little river Feagh, which runs into Lough Corrib a short distance below, passing, in its way, through a natural tunnel of limestone. The population of this place, by the last census (1851), is 982, being an increase of 264 since the year 1841. It contains a large Catholic chapel, and also a neat English church, with a dispensary, &c. It was here where we first met with any open signs of the energetic rivalry that has of late grown up between the professors of the two religions in Connaught; and we were told that the rivalry had, on a very recent occasion, assumed a most unseemly form in this very village.

There are several Protestant missionary schools in the town and neighbourhood. I visited one of these, situated near the chapel. It contained about 60 children, who seemed to be well instructed by a very zealous Protestant master and mistress.

Though so small a place, Oughterard could once boast of a Temperance Hall with full 200 members. The society was broken up four years ago; but there are said to be still about twenty pledged men remaining in the town.

At the end of the town near the bridge, the river

shows a pretty little waterfall, or rather rapid, in the grounds of a gentleman, who has a cottage by the roadside.

The country beyond Oughterard becomes much more dreary than before, degenerating into almost pure moorland and bog. These are, to be sure, diversified by several lakes; but none of them are either beautiful or picturesque. No doubt, the natural dreariness of the scene was heightened by the weather, which was wet and gloomy; and the disagreeable impression was not likely to be lessened by the twilight darkness which fell prematurely on us at the foot of the dark mountains we had now reached.

At about eight miles from Oughterard we turned off to the north, at right angles with our former western course, taking the road to Maam, Leenane, and Westport. We reached the first-named place at about half-an-hour after leaving the Clifden road, it being about three and a half or four miles from it. By the time we reached Maam Hotel, it was quite dark; and we were glad to accept of such hospitality as could be afforded by a house already full to overflowing with guests. We gave the preference to a back kitchen with a good fire, to an over-crowded parlour without; and we had much reason to congratulate ourselves on having made this choice, as well as on having met with so kind and good-tempered a host as we found in our landlord Mr. O'Rourke. We made a capital dinner in

our humble chamber; and slept soundly, although our bed was on the floor.

Maam Hotel is a solitary house, situated at the foot of the extreme north-western point of Lough Corrib, where it is entered by the small river of Bealnabrack, and close at the foot of the first range of mountains that constitute the Joyce country highlands. This hotel was built by Nimmo, the engineer, for his own occupation; and it is now worthily tenanted by one who lived long with this man of genius, and still venerates his memory.

I got up at six o'clock, and climbed to the top of the mountain immediately behind the hotel. It is steep; and the ascent is rendered more difficult and disagreeable by the wet, boggy nature of the superficial coating of turf spread over the rock which constitutes the mountain. Near the top we put up a pack of grouse.

The morning was delightful, and the view from the summit was wildly picturesque, at least, if not highly beautiful. The whole landscape spread out before us consisted of a cluster of mountain tops, black and barren, rising up on every side in a hundred different shapes, without a tree, corn-field, or house, to soften its austerity. So far the view was dreary enough; and in a dark day and under a clouded sky it might well convey some of its dreariness to the spectator's mind. But as I saw it under a cloudless sky, and bright in the sunshine, with a glimpse of a distant lake here and there in the

valleys, and the full gleam of Lough Corrib at our feet, the effect was anything but gloomy; on the contrary, it was both inspiring and inspiriting.

In this ascent I had for my guide a little girl of fourteen, whom I met at a cabin door at the foot of the mountain. She was active, cheerful, and intelligent, and sprung up the rocks and over the bogs, with her bare feet, as nimbly and securely as a goat. I had a good deal of talk with her; and, child as she was, I could not help thinking that, in her little history and feelings, she afforded no bad illustration of the condition and mental wants of a large class of her countryfolk. She had lost both her father and mother several years ago, and had since been employed as a helper in several houses,—one a school, where she got her living and some education for her services. During the last year she had come to *keep house* for her two brothers in the cabin above mentioned, they being both employed in the neighbourhood, one as an occasional servant, the other as a cowherd. Her housekeping consisted, almost exclusively of boiling potatoes and making stirabout, there being scarcely anything in the way of furniture to be kept in order. As her brothers were from home all day, her life was solitary enough; and as she had no hopes here to cheer her, it was no wonder that she had longings to try her fortune elsewhere.

It was, indeed, painfully obvious that the poor girl's whole mind was absorbed in dreams about

England; hoping, where there seemed no hope, of being able, somehow or other, to get there. Once there, she seemed to have no doubts or fears of success, although, poor thing, she had scarcely a notion as to how this success was to be obtained. Working in the house or in the field seemed to Mary Halloran a matter of perfect indifference, so long as there was work, and work could bring her food and clothes, and the chance, if not the prospect, of better things.

It was touching to see the keen, eager, yet subdued look of the poor girl, as she asked and spoke about England, clearly revealing the unexpressed half-hope within her, that she might possibly, even now, have found in her companion, a guide to her land of promise. Poor child, I wish it could have been so! Few things are, at any time, more painful than to reject the appeal of the poor man—

> "Who begs his brother of the earth
> To give him leave to toil;"

and the painfulness of rejection was enhanced, in the present case, by the youth and orphanage of the client, and by the very humility and diffidence which smothered in silence the longings of the heart.

After breakfast we set out for Clifden, returning three or four miles on our path of last night, until we reached the main Clifden road. The day was beautiful throughout, and the journey a very pleasant one. We passed by the side of many pleasant lakes, the chief of which are Shindilla, Derry Clare, and

Ballinahinch. But for the lakes and the chain of mountains that bounded our path on the right hand, the whole way, the immediate district through which we travelled would have been dreary enough, as it consisted, for the most part, of wild moorland only. Houses and cottages were also rare; and we saw a much smaller proportion of ruins than had bordered our path yesterday.

Notwithstanding, however, the rarity of habitable houses on our immediate route, we had sufficient evidence that the land was not tenantless, in the number of young girls and children that beset our path at every spot where the horses relaxed their speed, offering for sale their beautiful Connemara stockings of every variety of hue—and more especially red. This seems the favorite colour in Connemara, as, from the time we left Galway until we reached Westport, we scarcely met with a woman who did not wear a bright red petticoat as her outer garment. This costume, surmounted by a short tight jacket, with or without a bright-coloured shawl, looked remarkably well, and set off to great advantage the upright figures of the young women, who were at once the makers and the vendors of the stockings. This little traffic seemed, in Connemara, to have, in some measure, superseded direct begging; although it was still customary for the running vendors to be attended by a train of youthful followers, who appeared to have no special hand in the commercial part of the transactions.

A short time after we had entered on the Clifden road we came in sight of that singular and most beautiful group of mountains called the Twelve Pins (no doubt a corruption of *Bins* or *Bens*) of Binabola, which are said to occupy a space of twenty-five square miles. Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of these mountains, varying in their relative position to one another at every half-mile of road, yet never losing the peculiar charm which rivets the eye upon them. In one part of our journey we came close under the base of the southern slope of one of them, which presented to us a face of perfectly bare rock, glittering in the sunshine. Although the range showed many more than twelve peaks, it was easy to reckon the twelve of superior dignity which give name to it.

Being desirous of coming nearer to the coast, in order that we might visit the salmon fishery at the mouth of the Ballinahinch river, we again left the direct road to Clifden, passing to the south between the lakes of Derry Clare and Ballinahinch, and proceeding onwards to the top of one of the many arms of Betrachtboy or Birterbuy Bay, where the Ballinahinch river joins the salt water. In making this detour we kept the lake and desmesne of Ballinahinch on our right hand, and on reaching the river skirted its banks closely till we reached the fishery.

A little way from the point where we left the main road, we passed a very humble chapel by the road side, in which mass is occasionally said by a

neighbouring though distant priest. Adjoining this chapel, and concealed by a clump of trees, there is a small hut, like a hermit's cell, and tenanted by a man like a hermit. We paid this person a visit, and were not a little surprised to find in him a native of the south of Spain, who, through some odd accidents, had come to end his days in this wilderness. He called himself a monk, though he was not in holy orders; and told us that he obtained his living solely from the gifts of the poor country people, while travelling about like a pilgrim among them. Though hermit-like in his abode and calling, he professed no austerity, and seemed to have acquired the light-heartedness of the people of his adopted land.

There is a small hotel at the fishery, and a neat village, evidently of recent origin, whose situation, overlooking the river and the bay, is very pleasant. The salmon fishery is not very extensive, the export for the season being, at present, only about seven or eight tons: a few years since it was double this amount. The fish is exported in a boiled or cured state, in air-tight boxes of tin. The fish failing, the proprietor has taken to cure and preserve beef in the same manner; and for this purpose they have killed about 200 bullocks during the season. The space occupied by the fishery ground is very small, scarcely half a mile in extent. They have known 150 salmon to be caught at one haul, the largest only weighing about 25 or 30 lbs.

The road from the fishery, until we reached the southern arm of Ardbear bay, is almost a continuous moor, with very few habitations of any kind. From this point to Clifden, the country is more cultivated, and we have some pleasant views of the bay.

About a mile before reaching Clifden we paid a visit to a small monastery of Franciscan monks—lay monks, I think they are, not priests. Their professed occupation, like that of the Christian Brothers, is education. They have a school for boys near their establishment, which is managed by one of the Brothers. The establishment is small and on a humble scale. One of the brothers very civilly showed us everything about it. It would appear that the Catholic Bishop of Tuam, Dr. M'Hale, had been making efforts to get the whole education of the people into the hands of priests or monks, and hence his hostility to the National Schools, and the encouragement in his diocese of such institutions as the present. There are nine other monasteries besides this in the diocese.

We reached Clifden about five o'clock; our post-boy and his spirited horses giving us much reason for being content with the engagement we had entered into at Galway: and I may add that the experience of the subsequent day's long journey only strengthened our satisfaction. Our driver (a namesake, by the way, though he did spell the ancient

patronymic with an u,[1]) was a good honest Milesian, a sound Catholic, and a sharp, clever, and light-hearted fellow, as, indeed, all his predecessors in our service had been. He was, moreover, as far as I could discover, a true and truth-speaking man, as they had proved also.

The writing of these words brings to my mind an alleged trait of the Irish people which, if it be true, must be allowed to cast no slight stain on the national character. The alleged trait is no less than this:—the want of truthfulness in speech; in plain language, story-telling; in yet plainer language, lying.

It is certainly a subject of common belief in England, that the Irish are more addicted to this vice than either of their half-brothers, the English or Scotch. I must declare that my own limited experience, previously to visiting Ireland, gave no

[1 *Private Memorandum for the benefit of* The For-bes-es *of England:* To consider whether the driver's mode of spelling his name (Forbus) might not be advantageously introduced, with the view of banishing that monosyllabic horror (Forbs, usually pronounced Phoabs) now inflicted, by way of name, on the members of the clan in England. As evidence to the Suthron of the right way of pronouncing the name (Fórbës—Fór-bes), I quote the following high authorities:

"For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
Is ta'en awa'."—Burns.

"Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
His tribute to the Minstrel's shade."
Walter Scott.]

sanction to my belief in the truth of this charge; and I am happy in being able to say, now that I have visited Ireland, that the charge appears to me founded, in a great measure, on a misconception. I am ready to admit that I have often heard Irishmen say the thing that was not; oftener, certainly, than I have heard Englishmen or Scotsmen say it; but I cannot, on my own authority, accuse them of telling a downright intentional lie more frequently than other people. An Irishman's slips are more the sudden expression of emotional feeling than lies—bounces, white-lies, at most: they spring from the same intellectual source as his wit, his bulls, and his fun, and have a close alliance with the quick geniality and kindness of his heart. His impulsive nature makes him speak before he has had time to think, and hence he often speaks wrong; his eager desire to oblige, to assent, to favour, overpowers for the moment the perception or recollection of all opposing facts; and hence he often says *yes* when he should say no, or *no* when he should say yes. But give Paddy time to think, and to become calm, and to bridle his fancy, and he will speak as truly and wisely as another man; when the froth has had time to subside, the genuine liquor will be found below. I can, at least, say that I have practically found this to be the case; and I propound my theory with confidence, as one capable of washing out this blot, at least, from poor Paddy's escutcheon. That an Irishman can lie sometimes

does tell downright, intentional, motived lies, which no theory but that of cowardice or wickedness can explain, is, no doubt, too true; that he does so more frequently than other men I can neither of my own knowledge assert or deny; but I honestly believe that the chief part of his alleged misdoings in this way—that part which has attached to him the evil reputation he bears—may be easily and justly explained, and explained away, on the simple psycological hypothesis given above.

CHAPTER X.

CLIFDEN.

Clifden is a comparatively new town, having been entirely planned and built within these forty years: it still preserves many of the characters of its recent origin, in the want of those marks of dilapidation or decay, which are, more or less, observable in all old towns. It was created by Mr. D'Arcy, the former proprietor of Clifden Castle, and a large part of the neighbouring district, whose property has recently passed from the hands of his descendants through the operation of the Encumbered Estates' Act. Clifden Castle is now the property of another; but Mr. D'Arcy's name and the memory of his enterprising and public spirit will surely long survive in Connemara.

The singular rapidity of the early growth of Clifden is shown by the fact that in 1831 (less than twenty years from its foundation) it had already attained a population of 1257. Since then, its increase has been much slower, though it has still been progressive; the census of 1841 giving a popu-

lation of 1509, and that of 1851 a population of 1602.

Clifden is beautifully situated on a ridge overlooking the bay of Ardbear on the one hand, and overlooked, on the other, by the majestic summits of the ever-charming Binabola Pins. From the high grounds in its vicinity there is a full view of the Atlantic, as well as of the innumerable sea-inlets that break through and enclasp the land on all sides with their glittering arms. There is, indeed, something singularly pleasing in the landscape all around, particularly in that hilly ridge which looks along the bay of Ardbear, and commands the view of the wide Atlantic beyond it. Although I hardly know in what the charm consists, I have certainly seen no spot in Ireland which, from the attractiveness of mere locality, would claim my suffrage, as a place of residence, so entirely as Clifden. Over and above its scenic beauties, its position is such as to ensure for it every terrestrial and climatorial condition that is found most conducive to health.

Oughterard and Clifden being distinguished stations of that active agency, recently established in Ireland, with the view of converting the Roman Catholics to Protestantism, we were naturally led, on coming into the district, to pay particular attention to this matter of proselytism, its actual state and its extant results. Here, as on so many other occasions, I had much cause for regretting that the rapid nature of my journey did not allow me to in-

vestigate, in any formal manner, this very important movement. In respect to it I shall, therefore, be obliged, in a great measure, to content myself with a simple detail of the few particulars that came to my own knowledge, and with some of the statements and opinions I obtained from my intercourse with different persons in the district. But to make even this little intelligible, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting the nature and progress of the agencies by which the present state of things, whatever it may be, has been brought about. In every point of view, whether regarded from the side of Protestantism or Catholicism, or whether its final result be success or failure, this movement is one that cannot fail greatly to influence, in one way or other, the future moral and social condition of the Irish people.

Although there has always been an anxious desire on the part of the Protestants, both of Ireland and England, to convert the Irish Catholics to Protestantism, it is only within a comparatively short period that this desire has assumed a fixed shape, and an energetic action. In any formal attempt to trace the history of the agencies employed with a view to such conversion, it would be necessary to include all the Societies instituted by Protestants for the more ostensible purpose of Education. As, however, I have merely in view, at present, the more active proceedings in this way, that have taken place recently in the west of Ireland,

I shall content myself with giving in this place the mere titles of most of those societies. Another opportunity may probably be found for taking notice of them in their educational relations. I place them in the order of their foundation:—1. The Sunday School Society for Ireland; Dublin, 1810. 2. Society for promoting the Education of the Poor in Ireland, commonly known by the name of the Kildare-Street Society; Dublin, 1812. 3. The Irish Society for promoting the Scriptural Education and Religious Instruction of the Native Irish, through the medium of their own language; Dublin, 1818. 4. The Irish Society of London; with precisely the same objects as the Dublin Society; London, 1822. 5. The Church Education Society for Ireland; Dublin, 1839. 6. The Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics; London, 1846—re-constituted, 1849.

Although, as already stated, I wish to confine my observations chiefly to Galway and the west of Ireland, and to the operations of the last-mentioned society, it would be unjust to the "Irish Society" not to state that it had taken a most active part in the conversion-movement long before the Church Mission Society was in existence. This will be obvious from the following extract from one of its recent publications; which extract, moreover, discloses a very singular and, as it would seem, a very effective mode of carrying out its objects:—"A proper person was, in the first instance, employed to

seek for individuals, in a particular district, who were competent to teach the primer of the Irish language. In order to avoid exciting the notice of the priests, there were no schoolroom, no tables, no benches, no apparatus, no regular collection of scholars. The teachers were engaged to instruct their neighbours when and how they could, by day or by night, at home or abroad, sitting under the haystack, or upon the wild mountain side; and they were furnished with elementary books and portions of Scripture for the purpose. At the end of three or four months an inspection by the person who engaged them took place; and the teachers were paid a sum, usually one shilling per head, for each pupil passing this inspection." It is added—"Within two years this system so far succeeded that many thousands had learned to read the Scriptures in their own language."

The great object of the "Society for Irish Church Missions" was declared to be—"to promote Church Missions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland; the chief attention being directed to the English-speaking population, except in the Missions to Galway, and except in such districts as may not be occupied by the Irish Society." Since its establishment it has shown wonderful activity, and may be said to have already outstripped all its predecessors and contemporaries. It appears from its last report, that in the year 1851 it expended upwards of 11,700*l.* in carrying out its objects: and the following is given as the

state of its operative means in June, 1852:— Missions, 23; stations, 70; schools, 69; ordained missionaries, 30; lay agents, 18; Scripture readers, 147; schoolmasters, 60; schoolmistresses, 32.

I cannot obtain from the publications of the Society any positive statistics as to the amount of conversion from Catholicism effected by it, beyond what is supplied by the following statements, taken from one of the publications, of date November, 1852:—

"The Bishop of Tuam, in October, 1849, confirmed 401 converts; in September, 1851, he confirmed 712 converts; in July and August, 1852, he confirmed 535 converts, making a total of 1648 . . . In the district of West Galway, there are now between 5000 and 6000 converts in connection with this Society . . . Nearly 5000 children of converts or Romanists daily attend the Scriptural schools of the Society."

Although well aware, as already remarked, of the great conversion-movement in this part of Ireland, and consequently not disposed to overlook a matter so interesting and important, it is nevertheless true, that its existence would have been hardly revealed to me by anything that fell under my own immediate observation as I passed through the country. Everything that I saw and heard indicated the presence of the same Catholic people and the same Catholic institutions which I had seen hitherto in every district, town, and village, visited by me in

Ireland. I saw and heard very little more of Protestants or Protestantism than elsewhere, except I made special inquiries of those specially interested in the question. This struck me the more forcibly, from the fact of my being previously acquainted with the statistical statements given above, and because I had read, in one of the publications of the Society, the following announcement:—"*The Society's missions in West Galway have been the means of rendering a district, extending fifty miles in breadth, characteristically Protestant, which, but a few years ago, was characteristically Romish.*"

Without attempting to call in question the accuracy of the statistics given by the Society, as quoted above,—though all statisticians know the danger of dealing with *round numbers*—I must take the liberty of saying, that the statement just quoted in italics must be regarded rather as the expression of an amiable and sanguine enthusiasm, commingling the hopes of the future with the over-appreciation of the present, than as the sober definition of a reality. Even if the statistics were rigidly accurate, and we were to take for granted that the number of actual converts was 5000 or 6000, how could we distribute such a small number as this over a space of fifty miles, so as to give the district the character attributed to it in our italics? or how could we reconcile this statement with the actual population of the district? I do not know how large a portion of the county of Galway may be comprehended in

the fifty miles mentioned, but it must be a considerable portion; as I see by the Gazetteer that its greatest length is only eighty miles; its greatest breadth forty-two and a half; and its smallest breadth thirteen and a half; while by the last census it shows a population of no less than 298,564. The statement seems equally at variance with what I have just noticed as the general aspect hitherto presented to us by the people of the country, and seems in no way borne out by our subsequent experience.

There is a very good National school-house at Clifden; but it is now shut up. It was, indeed, never properly opened, although a mistress taught a girl's school in it for a short time. The cause of its being abandoned was said to be the former hostility of the Catholic Bishop of Tuam (the celebrated Dr. M'Hale), to the National school system. I found the effect of this hostility elsewhere; though it is now said that the Bishop is again partially reconciled to lay schools, as well as to the system of Father Mathew, to which also this narrow-minded prelate was at one time much opposed.

I visited two of the Protestant Mission schools at Clifden, one in the town, and the other about a mile and a half beyond the town, on the road leading to the mouth of the bay. In the former, at the time of my visit, there were about 120 boys and 100 girls on the books, the average attendance being about 80. Out of the 80 girls there were no less than 56 orphans,

all of whom are fed and clothed out of the school-funds, and a large proportion provided with lodgings also. Only two of these girls were children of Protestant parents; and in the boys' school there was only one born of parents originally Protestant. In the girls' school there were, I think, about 25 who are the children of converts, the great majority being either the children of Catholic parents still living, or orphans of parents of the same religion. I forget the precise relations of the boys in these respects, but I think there were about 25 whose parents are Catholics. Of this school, the master and mistress are Scotch, having only been at Clifden about nine months. The master's salary is only 40*l*.

At the probationary girls' school there were 76 on the books, at the time of my visit, their ages varying from eight to eighteen years. They are all Catholics, or children of Catholic parents; and out of the number no fewer than 40 are orphans. All the children at this school receive daily rations of Indian meal; 45 of them 1lb., and the remainder, half that quantity. Whether this is exclusive of the stirabout breakfast I saw preparing for them in the school, I forgot to ask. All the children of these schools read the Scriptures and go to the Protestant church, Catholic and Protestant alike. I was told at the school that, out of 40 converted children between the ages of 14 and 18, confirmed by the Protestant bishop some time since, only one has "jumped" back to Catholicism.

The chief agent in the work of conversion going on in Clifden is the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy, the English clergyman of the place, the son of the former proprietor of Clifden Castle and the surrounding district. He bears a most excellent character in the place; and seems to direct the same amount of energy towards what he considers the moral and religious regeneration of the people, as his father directed towards their economical welfare and the physical improvement of the soil. His paternal mansion is now evidently in the hands of one of the other faith, as one sees, in passing by it, an immense cross displayed in the centre of the grounds, as a sort of manifesto against the new doctrines so rife around it.

On the summit of a hill, between Clifden Castle and the town, there is a portion of an obelisk erected to the memory of the late proprietor, the creator of Clifden. It never was completed; surely, to the great discredit of a community so vastly indebted to this noble-spirited man.

I also visited a private Catholic school in Clifden, containing about 60 pupils, in which number there were two Protestants. It is not a Charity, the master being remunerated by the quarterly fees of the pupils. No religious instruction is given during school hours; but the catechism is taught every morning. The quality of the instruction given seemed good, and the results creditable to both the master and pupils.

There is a fine Union Workhouse near Clifden, which I visited. At the time of my visit there were 840 inmates, the great majority being women and children. Out of the whole number there were only ten Protestants. The master, like all the masters of Unions I have seen in Ireland, was a very active and intelligent man. He had been in the situation four or five years, and never had so few in the house on any previous occasion. In June, 1851, they had 3600 persons on their books, and he is sure that among these there were not more than 30 or 40 Protestants. I see by the official reports that the total number of persons relieved in this Union was:

Years.	In-door.	Out-door.
In 1850	6753	13,590
In 1851	6744	446

At the time of my visit there were 57 persons in the Infirmary and 12 in the Fever Hospital.

The dietary was here nearly the same as already mentioned in other workhouses: viz. for *breakfast*, 8 oz. of Indian meal made into stirabout with water and half-a-pint of new milk; for *dinner*, 16 oz. of rye bread and two pints of vegetable soup made with oatmeal. The rye bread, though sound enough, was very heavy and by no means palatable. All persons in the house capable of work, are constantly so employed. Here, as in all the other Unions I have yet

visited, there is a Catholic and Protestant chaplain, who attend regularly their respective flocks.

In the schools I found 60 boys and 240 girls, all neatly dressed and all carefully disciplined and taught. Among the 240 girls there was only one Protestant, and not one among the boys. Here, as in all the other Unions, the children have an extra allowance for supper: the extras, in the present case, consisting of 4 oz. of rye bread.

The schools in this workhouse are in connection with and under the direction of the National Board; an arrangement which ensures good teaching and good discipline. In the official return for the first half-year of 1850, the number of children in the schools of this workhouse was 496, viz. 230 boys and 266 girls; and in the return for September 1851, the number was 766, viz. 337 boys and 429 girls. I do not know how it happens that the present number of boys is so small in proportion to that of the girls.

In visiting the Clifden schools, and still more in visiting the workhouse, I was necessarily struck with the very small proportion of Protestants in them, considering that this town is justly regarded as one of the chief centres of the proselytising movement. Surely if the general population of the district was so characteristically Protestant, as the good missionaries believe, we ought to find a larger proportion of the workhouse inmates belonging to the new religion. As we have seen that there is a Protestant as well

as a Catholic chaplain belonging to the establishment, there would appear no sufficient grounds for supposing that the converts, if they existed, might be concealing their religion. Of course, no one will imagine that, in the admission of claimants for relief, any preference of the professors of one religion, could have been shown by the Guardians.

Being thus brought back to the matter of CONVERSION, I will here put down, almost at random, some additional memorandums on the subject, chiefly derived from persons with whom I conversed in Clifden or its neighbourhood. It is but fair to state that my conversation on these matters was chiefly, though by no means exclusively, with Catholics,—and for the simple and obvious reason that, in a district essentially Catholic (as I still think it), persons of this class must be the individuals with whom a stranger must come mainly into contact.[1]

The fact of conversions having taken place, to a greater or less extent, throughout this part of the country, was admitted by all; but the evidence varied extremely as to the probable number of converts—or "Jumpers," as they are invariably called by the Catholics. All admitted, also, that the conversion-movement originated in the year of famine; and the Catholics attributed its entire success to the relief

[1] Perhaps it may be well to state, that I did not bring a single introduction with me into Ireland, my intention and desire being chiefly to communicate with those who required no such passport to their presence—the lower and the middle class of persons—cotters, labourers, artisans, farmers, shopkeepers, priests.

then and subsequently afforded to the physical wants of the population by Protestants and Protestant institutions. They also asserted that many of their poor brethren who had been seduced (as they expressed it) by the temptation of food and clothing to join the ranks of the Protestants, had again seceded from them, since the return of better times: and the belief seemed general among the Catholics that if the country were to become prosperous, so that the labouring class could feel themselves independent of charity, the greater portion of the so-called converts would return to the mother Church.

An intelligent Catholic schoolmaster, however, thought it most probable that a considerable number of the children would adhere to the Protestant religion. Indeed, I should think this adherence might be fairly predicated of almost all the children who are *orphans:* and this unfortunate class constitutes a larger proportion among the children of the poor in Ireland, at this time, than probably can be found in any other country.

A respectable man in Clifden, connected with one of the principal agents in the Reformation-movement, and evidently having a leaning towards it, though still a Catholic himself, gave it as his opinion, that from 300 to 400 adults had been converted in the town and throughout the two large adjoining parishes of Omay and Ballindoon (containing together, according to the last census, a population of 10,933,) during the last five years. The same

person expressed himself as confident that out of the numerous children admitted into the Protestant schools in Clifden alone, fifty, at least, would have died of actual starvation but for the relief afforded to them in these schools.

In the same missionary document quoted from above, it is stated that in addition to the five or six thousand converts, "nearly 5000 children of *converts* or *Romanists* daily attend the Scriptural schools of the society." It would be interesting to know what was the relative proportion of the two classes of children. Judging from the few positive statistics I was myself able to obtain (manifestly too few), it might be inferred that the great majority of these children are not only the children of Catholic parents, but are in no other way Protestants except as attending such schools, and a certain portion of them going to the Protestant Church. I learnt from various quarters, and from the Catholic parents of some of the children themselves, that they permitted their children to join these schools chiefly for the sake of the food and clothing supplied to them. They also regarded it as an additional advantage that their children were receiving education: both advantages together they seemed to regard as sufficiently great to justify them in exposing their children to the risks of proselytism.

I was told by one of the teachers in a Mission school of some instances where the children of Catholics, after being trained for some time in the

schools, had been the means of converting their parents; but I suppose such instances must be rare, as I was not able to ascertain the fact personally, and as it was denied by others in the same place, of whom I made inquiry.

As far as I could learn, the heat and bitterness produced by the active labours of the Reformers, had of late rather subsided than increased, notwithstanding the unabated zeal of the Missions. This result was attributed to the fact of the people getting habituated to the agitation.

I heard more than one Catholic, however, complain a good deal of the annoyance of the domiciliary visits of the Scripture readers; and one Protestant inhabitant in a country-district near Clifden, accused these young men of being often deficient both in courtesy and good sense, in their dealings with the poor people in their own houses. Their zeal, he said, greatly exceeded their knowledge and far outran their discretion. This account seems probable enough, when we consider that many of these readers are young lads, the children of the poor, educated in these very schools. I was informed that they receive from seven to ten shillings weekly for their labours; but I had this from no sufficient authority to justify me in stating it as a fact.

I had a short conversation in Clifden with a youth of fourteen, who was then attending the head Mission School, and expected soon to be promoted to the office of Reader. He seemed elated at his

prospects, and was evidently very zealous in the cause he was about to advocate. One of this boy's parents was a Catholic, the other a Protestant. By way of testing his knowledge, in a small way, I asked him what was the difference between the old and the new systems; when he replied instantly, "The one teaches religion by the Scriptures, the other by the Priests,"—certainly a very clever and characteristic answer.

As might be supposed, the priests, and the Catholics generally, spoke very slightingly of the Reformation-movement, calling the creed of the converts "the Stirabout creed," and themselves "Jumpers;" and denouncing the system altogether as one of seduction and bribery, not of legitimate conversion on rational grounds. They seemed to think the contest altogether unfair and unmanly, conducted, as it was, under such unequal odds on the part of their opponents.

I give no opinion on the subject; but I presume that in this as in other wars, the belligerents are not expected to be over-nice in the choice of their weapons. The fight, as the Catholics say, is certainly not a fair one according to pugilistic law, or the law of the Duello; but it is in perfect accordance with military law, which authorises the contending parties to bring into the field whatever amount and kind of force they choose. There is only one disadvantage attendant on the use of the "stirabout" weapons employed by the missionaries—viz. the handle it gives

the enemy to maintain, even if conquered, that they are defeated by carnal, not by spiritual weapons. And so they say now; loudly asseverating that, on equal terms, they would assuredly be the victorious party. It is, however, a great thing for the missionaries to be able to reply, that if they employ weapons of flesh, these very weapons are hallowed by the fact of their being authorised and even enjoined by humanity and benevolence. It is the bounden duty of Christian men to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked; and if, in fulfilling this duty, they have an ulterior object, also good, surely they merit a double commendation instead of blame.

It must, however, be admitted that there is some force in the arguments of the Catholics; and that the triumph of the Protestants, if they are to triumph, would be purer, grander, and more decisive, if they could boast that their victory was the exclusive result of the goodness of their cause and their own personal prowess. At present they certainly give nearly as good grounds to their enemies for bestowing on Protestantism the nickname of "The Stirabout Creed," as the honest Laird of Rum, in olden times, gave to his Catholic subjects for bestowing on it the nickname of the "Religion of the Yellow Stick." I give the history of this transaction in Dr. Johnson's own words:—"The Rent of Rum is not great. Mr. Maclean declared that he should be very rich if he could set his land at twopence-halfpenny an acre. The inhabitants are

fifty-eight families, who continued Papists for some time after the laird became a Protestant. Their adherence to their old religion was strengthened by the countenance of the laird's sister, a zealous Romanist, till one Sunday as they were going to mass under the conduct of their patroness, Maclean met them on the way, gave one of them a blow on the head with a *yellow stick*, I suppose a cane, for which the Erse had no name, and drove them to the kirk, from which they have never since departed. Since the use of this method of conversion, the inhabitants of Egg and Canna, who continued Papists, call the Protestantism of Rum, *the religion of the Yellow Stick*."[1]

It will probably appear to both the parties concerned in this religious crusade, that, in the preceding statements, I have shown myself honest overmuch. If I had taken up the part of a zealous partisan instead of that of a calm observer, I would, no doubt, have given a certain degree of satisfaction to the side on which I had marshalled my forces, however weak and insignificant they might be. As it is, I shall probably displease both.

I shall, however, have the comfort of knowing that I have not, even here, deviated from that rule of rigid impartiality which I had laid down, from the beginning, as my guide and director in observing and judging of Ireland, of Irish men, and of Irish things.

[1] Johnson's Tour to the Western Isles, (1775.)

In the position in which I purposely placed myself during this journey, even religion itself—or, rather, its two dominant forms, Catholicism and Protestantism—were to be viewed, not in reference to their essential and relative truth or value, but in regard to their relations to men's opinions and feelings, to the conditions of social life, to human liberty and progress, and to rational government: that is to say, in those relations in which alone it is the duty of a government to regard them.

It may be admitted, that in some of these relations, Protestantism has an advantage over its rival: but the amount and value of this advantage will be very differently appreciated by different parties; and to those who do not consider it as *immense*, it will appear unjustifiable to seek to attain it at the risk of the comfort or peace of a nation which is profoundly devoted to Catholicism, proud of its peculiar doctrines, and happy in the practices they enjoin.

Therefore it is, that while doing full justice to the motives which animate the missionaries in their exertions to convert the Catholics; and while acknowledging their object to be, according to their views, most praiseworthy; I have not been able to regard their proceedings with any more favorable bias, than the proceedings of the Catholics in resisting them.

CHAPTER XI.

CONNEMARA—WESTPORT.

We left Clifden in the forenoon to pursue our journey through the northern districts of Connemara to Westport. The weather still continued fine, and enabled us to see, now at a distance, now nearer, during the first half of our journey, our old and dear friends the twelve peaks of Binabola. The whole tract through which we passed, a distance of at least thirty Irish miles, may be generally characterised as moorland, bog, and mountain, the general wildness and barrenness being only broken here and there by isolated patches of cultivation; and yet it is here, strange to say, that so many of the English colonists have chosen to settle, as if they were ambitious of showing that resolution, when aided by money, can triumph over every disadvantage both of soil and climate.

Perhaps I ought to except from this general charge of barrenness a portion, at least, of the first six or seven miles out of Clifden, which were not only better cultivated, but were pleasingly diversified with views of the inlets or bays, along whose heads we travelled. This locality may be now regarded as partly "planted" by Englishmen. First we passed,

close on the left-hand side of the road, the new house and new farm of Mr. Butler, with its neat new church opposite, and where fencing and draining and bog-paring were seen going on all around with much activity. Immediately beyond Mr. Butler's are two or three more settlements, on one of which a new house is still under the builder's hands. Then, after an interval of bog, we came to a sort of straggling village, containing a grand new shop, built and endowed by Mr. Ellis, and which is the wonder and the comfort of all the country round. It is a perfect storehouse of all kinds of necessaries,—all I believe, of the best sort, and all transferable to the uses of the community at the lowest possible scale of prices. Further on we came to Mr. Ellis's own demesne; and as his house and school are only a very short distance off the road, we paid them both a visit, the schoolmaster informing us that Mr. Ellis is kind enough to see any passing stranger that may call upon him. The little farm of Mr. Ellis is surrounded by moors and barren hills, and was, indeed, only four years since, nothing but a barren moor itself. By indefatigable and continuous exertions, and a great expenditure of money, Mr. Ellis has converted this wild spot, if not to a paradise, certainly to a cultivated, fertile-seeming, English-looking homestead,—a green smiling island amid the dark desert of moors and bogs around it. In accomplishing this great work, this benevolent and noble-minded man, a worthy member of the Society

of Friends,) achieved a triumph of another kind, and yet greater: he saved a whole population from utter ruin, nay, from death itself. I was told by a gentleman on the spot, that but for the constant employment, and its accompaniment, constant and liberal pay, scores of the poor people in these secluded valleys must of necessity have sunk from mere starvation. Even now, Mr. Ellis's works supply the staple support of the labouring class in the district, as, at this very time he constantly employs about sixty persons on his farm, and in breaking up fresh moors to add to it.

Mr. Ellis's own abode, a neat house in the English cottage style, is prettily situated on a gentle elevation at the mountain's base, and commands, what cannot fail to be a delightful view to himself, the whole of the conquests achieved by him over his wild and stubborn enemy, the primeval bog.

To complete his bounties to the poor of this valley, Mr. Ellis has built a school at his own expense, and pays the whole outlay for keeping it up in full efficiency, including the salaries of an English master and mistress. It is a neat building of two stories, the one floor being set apart for the boys' and the other for the girls' school. At the time of my visit there were nearly 60 boys in the school and 32 girls, the whole number of girls on the books being about 40. There was not one Protestant in either school.

The boys' school is conducted precisely on the

principle of the British and Foreign schools in the Borough Road, London. The girls, in addition to book-learning and writing, are carefully taught sewing and the other mysteries of the needle; and for this purpose remain at school from half-past nine in the morning to half-past five in the afternoon, an interval being, of course, allowed for play and food.

I remarked that the boys were more ragged, and altogether less neatly dressed than in most of the National Schools I had visited, and was told that this was the result of principle on the part of Mr. Ellis, he deeming it unsuitable to hold out any mere physical lure to attract children to the school, and wishing to encourage the parents to make an effort to clothe their families out of their own earnings. Ragged as they were, however, they were fully a match, in point of learning, for the boys of any school I had yet seen in Ireland. Their feats in mental arithmetic were really alarming to men accustomed to do their little reckonings in pen and ink; and were enough to frighten from their ancient haunts, if any still lingered there, all the elves and fairies and brownies of the Malloge Mountain, at whose base they were performed.

The aspect of the girls' school was very different, and seemed to whisper the secret that the womanly care that presided here was not so rigid, at least, in the matter of political economy, as was the masculine authority; the girls being all extremely neat and well dressed, with a great array of charming white pinafores. However, it appeared, that even Mrs. Ellis

was not altogether regardless of social economics, as she made the children buy the main parts of their dress out of their own earnings with the needle, she only supplying, from her own private stores, the pinafores aforesaid. On the whole, looking on this scene in all its varied relations, I doubt if I found anything in Ireland more delightful—more especially as there was added to its intrinsic attractions the enhancing charm of unexpectedness.

If I might be forgiven for touching, however slightly, on what ought always to be sacred in a traveller's eyes, the Lares of the kind hosts who receive and succour him, I would add that I was almost as much surprised and gratified at what met my eye and ear in the interior of Mr. Ellis's cottage, as I was by the metamorphosis which his enterprising philanthropy had worked on the scenes around it. In the crowded haunts of civilisation, whether in town or country, we are prepared for and expect all the high conditions of social and intellectual refinement; but "in deserts where no men abide," as may almost be said of this locality, such things strike us with a sort of wonder: unreasonably, no doubt; for men and women of cultivated minds, and long accustomed to the elegancies of civilised life, cannot leave behind them, with change of scene, what has in fact become a portion of themselves.

Before taking leave of Mr. Ellis and his school, I must relate a little anecdote connected with it, as, besides the fact it displays, I think it illustrates very

well how careful travellers, as well as all other inquirers ought to be, not to give positive statements on second-hand evidence only. At the hotel at Clifden, on the preceding evening, a gentleman mentioned it as a curious *fact*, related to him by an eye-witness, that the children brought up in Mr. Ellis's school, though carefully kept from receiving any religious instruction or even from reading the Bible, should still present even more of religious partisan feeling, than children educated in all the exclusiveness of one sect only. As evidencing this sectarian feeling, it was stated that the children of the two creeds had been seen respectively to hoot and hiss clergymen of the opposite creed that happened to be passing through their village. It will be seen from the account given above of Mr. Ellis's schools, that both the alleged facts are false, there being only one creed among the children of the school, and the Scriptures being read there!

Shortly after leaving Mr. Ellis's farm, we entered more completely into the region of mountains, and soon came into the Vale or Pass of Kylemore, with its river and its lakes. In the entrance to this valley we saw another English settlement, that of Mr. Eastman, who has, like Mr. Ellis, reclaimed a large tract of land of the most unpromising kind. He has also built a large house on his property, but the site seemed to us bad; the house looking, from the road, as if it were crammed into a corner at the very base of the mountain.

The valley contracting as we advanced, we first came upon the banks of a river constituting the outlet of Kylemore Lough, and then upon the banks of the lough itself. This lake, filling up, as it does, the whole space between two parallel ranges of lofty and almost perpendicular mountains, not more than half a mile apart, and extending nearly three miles in length, is one of the most romantic and beautiful pieces of water in all Ireland; and taken with all its accompaniments, is not excelled, in point of grandeur and picturesqueness, even by Killarney itself. The mountains on either side rise to an immense height, Gurraun on the north to 1973 and Benculiagh and Benbawn on the south to more than 2000 feet; and the slopes of these mountains are covered with the most luxuriant woods and coppices. The flanks of the Gurraun mountain on the north side, at whose base the road runs, are exceedingly steep and rocky, and the trees and shrubs which line them are disposed in the most beautiful and romantic manner.

Beyond the Pass of Kylemore the road still continues through a most wild and barren tract, but redeemed from tameness by the noble mountains rising up and filling the horizon in all directions. Rounding the base of one of these, we suddenly came in sight of Killery harbour, or The Killeries, as the place is usually named, a scene which in grandeur and beauty may almost compete with Kylemore. It is an arm of the sea running up full ten miles into

the centre of a mountainous region, almost as narrow as Kylemore Lough, and like it completely surrounded and overhung by lofty mountains. Among these is the grand Muilrea, seen towering up right in our front to the height of near 3000 feet. The mountains more immediately bordering the lake are devoid of wood, and have slopes much less precipitous than those of Kylemore, at least on its northern side; and in this respect they want some of the traits of beauty which are so charming in that glen.

The road on reaching the Killery lake turns directly eastward along its banks, but at a sufficient elevation to command a splendid view of its great longitudinal range, and its singular environment by its mountainous girdle. Proceeding in this direction three or four miles, we reached the extremity of the lake, and then turning abruptly round, soon arrived at the half-way house or halting place of Leenane, situated at the junction between the road we had come and the direct road from Maam.

We found several carriages and cars at the small inn, their occupants, like ourselves, waiting for the feeding of their horses. There was, consequently, a considerable number of persons congregated; and among the rest, of course, the omnipresent police, always in order themselves, and with gentleness keeping order in others. They have a station here. At the inn-door, among the rest was a blind old Irish piper, seated on a stool, doing his best to

amuse the company, with some of the melodies of his country, of which he was certainly no mean exponent.

After a time the piper began playing jigs; and a dance was immediately got up, first by a young woman and an old woman, and then by the young woman and our Galway driver, an active young fellow. He danced zealously and well; but the young woman acquitted herself incomparably. It is but speaking the simple truth in regard to the performance of this young woman, to say, that it possessed every charm that an elegant and graceful carriage and the most thorough command over all the varied movements of the dance could give it. If she has not been long and strictly drilled in her vocation, she must have been born with all the aptitudes of original genius in this harmonious art. It was really wonderful to see how perfect her execution was, on her rough platform, and with her naked feet; though I cannot but think that the nakedness of the feet added not a little to the charm of the whole.

There were a good many beggars here, as might be expected from the aptitude of the locality for the exercise of their functions, and from the existence of the numerous poor cottages scattered around. As usual, the police were vigilant to prevent annoyance, but tender in the exercise of their authority and not over-rigid in enforcing obedience. They presented to us here the same fine soldier-like aspect which

had struck us everywhere, as well as the courteousness, gentleness, and propriety of demeanour which appear to be the invariable characteristics of this invaluable body of men.

All travellers have been struck with the fine qualities of the constabulary force in Ireland. For my own part, looking at them in their mere physical aspect, I cannot help regarding them as the finest body of men, of equal numbers, ever brought together. They are, I believe, the picked men of Ireland; and being so, I verily believe it scarcely an exaggeration to say that they are also the picked men of mankind. They are not merely all tall, well-grown, and muscular, but they are almost all (I really think, judging from my own observation, I might say all,) well-knit, of fine carriage, and of handsome countenances.[1] Most of them, to be sure, have the bloom of unsullied youth and health in their favour, which no ordinary regiment can be expected to possess; but still, making all due allowance for this, their claims to superiority in the physical conditions mentioned, must still, I

[1] Sir Francis Head, who had accession to official documents, gives (Fortnight in Ireland, p. 44,) the following as the actual heights of the whole force:

Height. Ft.	In.		No. of Men.	Height. Ft.	In.		No. of Men.
6	3	and upwards	23	5	11	and upwards	1794
6	2	„	161	5	10	„	2921
6	1	„	506	5	9	„	4623
6	0	„	1104	5	8	„	1518

think, be conceded. And all that we have heard of the general conduct of this body of men, would seem to entitle them to an almost equal praise for their moral qualities: at least, they have ever borne, and continue still to bear, the highest character for general good behaviour and efficiency in the performance of their important duties.

The following was the state of this Force on the 1st of July, 1851, according to the return made to the House of Commons: 1 inspector-general; 2 deputy inspectors-general; 2 assistant inspectors-general; 1 receiver; 1 surgeon; 1 veterinary surgeon; 17 paymasters; 71 magistrates; 35 county inspectors; 246 sub-inspectors; 334 head constables; 1716 constables; 355 acting constables; 9674 sub-constables. Total of all ranks, 12,385.[1] There are 352 horses belonging to the corps. The total expenditure of this body during the year 1850, was 562,183*l.* 14*s.* 6½*d.*—an enormous sum, certainly, but no doubt well exchanged for the benefits procured by it. The following are the annual allowances of some of the officers and of the men:—inspector-general, 1500*l.*; deputy inspectors-general, (each) 800*l.*; assistant inspectors-general, (each) 500*l.*; county inspectors, according to their rate, (each) from 220*l.* to 298*l.*; sub-inspectors, according to their rate, (each) from 100*l.* to 180*l.*; head con-

[1] Sir Francis Head informs us (Loc. cit.), that of the total force 7798 were Catholics, and 4703 Protestants. This makes the total greater than that given in the text by 216, no doubt owing to the increase since the Parliamentary Return from which I copied my numbers.

stables, from 50*l.* to 80*l.*; mounted constables, 38*l.*; infantry, 36*l.*; sub-constables, first rate, 27*l.* 14*s.*, second rate, 24*l.*

The duties performed by these men are very multifarious, but may be easily understood. Besides exercising the more ordinary functions of constables, they assist all public bodies in town and country, and perform themselves the functions of others. For instance, they took the late census, not merely as to the population, but as to houses, farms, farm produce, &c. &c. In short, I believe it is almost as easy to say what they do not do as what they do: they are the servants of public order and public convenience in all things—always wanted, always found. In my frequent personal intercourse with these men, I was always struck with the readiness of their replies and the suavity of manner with which they were given. They seemed to deport themselves as if it were at once their duty and their pleasure to be agreeable. On several occasions I obtained the most valuable information from them, not merely by word of mouth but by correspondence; and the letters with which I have been favoured, would do credit to any professed clerk.

On leaving Leenane, we turned, first, for a short way, round the inner end of the Great Killery Lough, and then made our escape abruptly through a gap in its boundaries into the county of Mayo. After this we soon left all our noble mountains behind us, and with the exception of the valley of

the Errive, with its fine woods and river, all the rest of our journey was tame and uninteresting. We reached Westport between five and six o'clock.

We had sufficient daylight remaining after our arrival at Westport, to visit the adjoining park and demesne of Lord Sligo, and to take a peep at Westport Quay, the marine portion and port of the town. The wall of Lord Sligo's park bounds the whole of the western side of the town; and the main entrance fronts one of the principal streets. This is a great advantage to the inhabitants, access to the park being liberally granted to all persons at all times.

The grounds of Westport House consist mainly of a small valley at the foot of a gentle hill, and of the flat alluvial plain by the side of the small river, which, after passing through the town, traverses the park. This is of considerable extent; but, like all Irish parks, too full of trees. The damming up of the rivulet by an embankment at the lower extremity of the grounds, near the Quay, has created a small lake, which occupies the centre of the valley, and almost washes the walls of the house,—a large square unornamented building, with no pretensions to architectural elegance. The walks through the woods are pleasant; but the thickness of the coppices and the over-crowding of the trees give to the whole an impression of closeness.

The Quay, which adjoins the lower end of Lord

Sligo's park, can boast of some pretty large store-houses; but I fear the sea-traffic from it is far from considerable.

The town of Westport is situated principally on the brow of a small hill, and in the valley at its foot. This lower portion of it is traversed by the small river already mentioned, which is embanked, and the ground on both sides converted into a Mall, with a range of good houses overlooking it. Our hotel, which is excellent, is the principal building in the North Mall. Besides the Mall, there is another tolerably wide street on the brow of the hill, and a third, very steep, crossing these at right angles along Lord Sligo's park-wall.

In the centre of this steep street there stands on the top of a ridiculously slender and ungraceful pillar, the statue of a late citizen of the place, but whose claims to such an honour are by no means allowed by the majority of his surviving townsmen. George Clendenning, we were told, was a Protestant banker, the active agent of a former Lord Sligo, the friend and helper of the aristocracy in the neighbourhood, and the great patron of the orange party. Like most men of the class, he seems to have been cordially disliked by the party opposed to him, the Catholic and liberal portion of the population, some of whom, even now, prognosticate the precipitation of his effigy, one of these days, from its present lofty position.

This statue, and the present feelings of the public

respecting it, afford a good illustration of the folly of raising monuments on mere party grounds, a fact which towns, of more importance than Westport, would do well to keep in view. A fine statue was erected very recently in London to the memory of a man, who, in twenty years, will have no memory.

Parts of the upper portion of the town, and the higher grounds on both sides of it, command splendid views of the neighbouring mountains, as well as of the sea-like bay of Clew, with its numerous inlets and islands. At the mouth of this bay, Clare Island rises boldly up from the water directly to the west; to the south-west, Croagh Patrick fills the horizon with its magnificent peak; on the south and south-east, the grand range of the Morisk and Partree mountains loom nobly in the distance; and towards the north, the numerous peaks of the Burrishoole group give additional picturesqueness to the scene. In the immediate vicinity of the town, the soil is sufficiently flat to be cultivable, and is, for Ireland, tolerably well cultivated.

The parish church of Westport is situated within Lord Sligo's park. The Roman Catholic Church is a large building, situated in the South Mall, with a somewhat imposing front, apparently of recent erection. There is also, in the town, a Presbyterian and a Methodist Meeting House.

The population of Westport was, in 1841, including the Quay, 4912, and in 1851, 4815. This makes a decrease of only 97, a much smaller proportion than

was supposed by the inhabitants themselves to have resulted from the two great causes of decrease, famine and emigration. In 1850, the number of emigrants that sailed from Westport harbour was only 690; but I believe a considerable portion of the emigrants from this district sailed from other ports.

Westport seems essentially a Catholic town, although it is one of the places in the West of Ireland in which zealous endeavours have been made, of late years, to extend the Protestant faith. I do not know what success has attended these attempts; nor do I know whether the estimate of the two religions, given to me by several of the inhabitants, is to be depended on. This estimate made the number of Protestants, of all denominations, to be only about two or three hundred. I see by the Parliamentary Returns in 1834, that the whole district in which Westport is situated, comprising a space twenty-four miles in length and twelve in breadth, contained the following relative proportions of the different sects:—Churchmen, 1222; Presbyterians and other dissenters, 111; Roman Catholics, 30,335. It will require no slight power to bring these proportions into anything like that equality which some zealous Protestants seem to think almost already reached.

Several of the respectable Catholics with whom I conversed, complained a good deal of the mischievous efforts of the religious reform movement in

the town, as productive of heart-burnings and strife, and as tending, generally, to destroy the harmony that previously existed among the different sects.

There is a very fine Union Workhouse at Westport, kept in great neatness and cleanliness, and obviously under a rigid though humane discipline. It contained, at the time of my visit, only 792 inmates, the smallest number that was ever in the house. Of this number 131 were in the infirmary. The season of harvest is always found to diminish the number of persons in the workhouses, as many can then find work who are deprived of it at other times of the year. Thus, so recently as May last, there were nearly double the number of persons in the house. In June, 1850, the master told me that he had as many as 5000 persons in this and the auxiliary houses. During that year, I found by the Commissioners' Reports that 11,441 were admitted into the house, and 8282 received relief out-of-doors; while in the subsequent year, 1851, only 6896 received in-door relief, and 116 out-door relief. Among the 792 persons now in the house, there are only three Protestants; and the master says that the number never exceeded 20 when the houses were at the fullest.

The diet was, as usual, according to the regulations; but the bread was greatly superior to the rye-bread of Clifden, being made of a mixture of Indian meal and what is termed whole wheaten flour. It was well-baked and very palatable. The bread of the

children is made of whole wheaten flour alone, and that of the infants of the ordinary white flour. The adults have buttermilk ; the children sweet milk.

The decrease of numbers mentioned above has not been solely owing to the harvest. No fewer than 300 children have gone out of the house, in consequence of money received from their fathers in England and Scotland; and 21 have gone to America, through funds sent home to them by their relations. Except the children in the schools, every person capable of work does work, either in the house or out-of-doors. Forty men are now at work on the grounds attached to the workhouse.

I found the schools in this house, as indeed everything else, in capital order, and the children all actively engaged in learning. There were in the boys' school 122, and in the girls' 240, all dressed in the uniform of the house, and all singularly neat and clean. Cleanliness is, indeed, most carefully enforced. Beside the usual ablution of the hands and face in the morning, the children wash their feet before going to bed in the evening. I saw a most convenient and compendious apparatus for this purpose in one of the rooms—viz., a sort of small wooden trough or canal running round the room, close by the wall, which can be filled with water at will, and into which some hundreds of little feet may be inserted at once. With such care it is no wonder that the children in the workhouses in this country are in general so healthy, and look so well.

According to the reports of the Commissioners of National Education, with whose Board this workhouse school is in connection, the number of children on the rolls, in the year 1850, was no less than 1686, and in 1851, 1496.

Among the 240 girls in the school there was only one Protestant. I omitted to inquire the proportion of Catholics among the boys, if there were any. The Roman Catholic chaplain was in the school at the time of my visit, but rather, it would seem, for simple supervision than for purposes of religious instruction. This is given at other and stated times. There are two chaplains here, as in all the other workhouses visited by me. The salaries seem to bear some relation to the proportion of clients, though, of course, not a very precise relation; the Catholic chaplain receiving for his flock of 789, 52*l.*, while the Protestant chaplain receives 25*l.* for his 3 scholars. Many of the children are complete orphans, their parents being either both dead, or one of them (the father) having left the country before or after the other's death. A considerable number have, also, come into the house along with their mothers, the family having been left by the father without the means of support.

No one can visit these Union schools without feeling strongly impressed with the conviction that they are working a change in the manners and habits of the rising generation that must tell

immensely on the manners and habits of the future men and women of Ireland. It would be contrary to all our experience if young girls, taught to work, taught to read and write, taught religion, and forced into the observance of the most tidy habits, for a continuous period of twelve, six, or even a less number of years, should feel comfortable or satisfied with the slovenly and lazy habits, or with the personal and household dirt and squalor of every kind to which their parents had been accustomed. When themselves domiciled in their parents' cottage, or occupying the place of mistress in their own, it is impossible that they should forget all the lessons they learned in their younger days; or that they should not feel anxious that others should learn the advantages derivable from the same source. I feel assured, that young women so instructed and scattered throughout the land, will prove so many well-springs of the economic virtues, and thus raise, both by example and precept, the standard of social and domestic life to a point much higher than it now is.

In proof that such habits are not unpalatable to the young in Ireland, I may mention the well-known fact, that when the mother is enabled to leave the Union, on the return of her husband, or by any other means, her daughters are often found most anxious to remain in the house. This, however, is not permitted by the rules of the Unions. The orphans, however, are permitted to remain

until they have attained the age of 15 or 16, unless they have been able previously to obtain some domestic employment.

I have said that I found everything in this workhouse in excellent order; a remark already made in regard to others, and which may be justly applied to all those visited by me. Except the police barracks, nothing domestic in all Ireland struck me more than the neatness and cleanliness of these houses. They looked as if they had been purposely set up as patterns for imitation by the cottagers; and there seems little doubt that, among the other lessons learned in them by the more juvenile part of their inmates, that of domestic as well as of personal tidiness will be one.

It here occurs to me to make another general remark on a circumstance which forced itself on my notice in almost every visit I paid to these houses, and which will account for much of the excellent discipline and arrangements found in them all: I mean the remarkable intelligence of the masters. I do not know from what class of society these men have been taken, or what may have been their previous preparation for the office, but they all appeared to be singularly well suited for the situations they filled. Their civility to us strangers was marked, and they evinced the utmost readiness to show and explain everything in the establishments under their charge. Many of them were evidently men of fair education, a fact which I

had an opportunity of putting to the test, on more than one occasion, in the course of a correspondence with them.

I found the National School at Westport not in a very prosperous condition. This is an old school, established many years since; it was suspended in the year 1839, and did not open as a National School until last year. The cause alleged for this tardy opening is the hostility of Dr. M'Hale, the Catholic bishop of the diocese, to all such schools. In the year 1851 the average attendance at the boys' school was 119; the attendance last month was 130, though on the day preceding my visit there were only present 105; the decrease being caused by the claims of harvest. The whole number at present on the rolls is 308. There is only one Protestant at present in attendance, but there have been as many as three or four.

In the Westport Parochial Protestant Schools I found the statistics as follows:—*Boys.* On the books, 42; average attendance, 25; present to-day, 22; of whom 6 were Roman Catholics. *Girls.* On the books, 40; average attendance, 30 to 36; present to-day, 22; of whom 7 were Roman Catholics. I learnt from the zealous curate of the parish, whom I met with in the school, that there were three other Protestant schools in the country districts, which might have an average attendance of from 15 to 25 each. No food or clothing is supplied to the children at any of these schools. They are

supported chiefly by private subscription, though they also derive support from the Church Education Society, with which they are associated. In the Report of this Society for the present year it is stated, that the number on the rolls of the Westport School, in 1851, was 40 boys and 40 girls, with an average attendance of 22 and 27 respectively. In the same document the amount of local subscriptions is stated to be 44*l.* for both the schools.

The same gentleman also kindly informed me that the proportion of Protestants in this town and neighbourhood had certainly increased, although not fewer than 350 had emigrated during the last four years. At the last Confirmation held in Westport he said that no less than 24 converts were confirmed, of which number 18 were adults.

The accounts I received of the past and present condition of Temperance in Westport was rather interesting, though its formal aspect at present was somewhat disheartening. An active and very respectable Catholic tradesman established a Total Abstinence Society so early as the year 1835, long before Father Mathew came into the field, starting with about 40 or 50 members. After the visit of Father Mathew the numbers greatly increased, so that as many as 2000 pledged men walked in the procession of 1840. In the following year there occurred some disputes, involving some of the relationships of the members with the clergy, which brought upon them the hostility of their redoubtable Bishop,

Dr. M'Hale, and this led to the downfall of the Society. My informant, himself a Catholic, and a well-informed and highly-respectable man, reluctantly confessed his belief that the Bishop was jealous of the popularity and power of the Father, and hence in reality his hostility, though it had other ostensible grounds for it, bearing more directly on the ecclesiastical functions of the Bishop. I believe some of the over-zealous Teetotallers made a proposition that they should not countenance any priest who was not himself a Teetotaller.

There never was a Temperance Hall in this town, which is always a valuable medium for keeping people together. It is thought that there are not now more than 40 or 50 pledged practical Teetotallers in the town. The community, however, have here as elsewhere, greatly profited by the system of Total Abstinence. Although its reign was so short, it has left most valuable fruits behind it, the inhabitants being, upon the whole, very temperate.

CHAPTER XII.

CASTLEBAR.

We left Westport in the forenoon for Castlebar, purposing, after paying a short visit to it, to proceed to Ballina for the night.

There is nothing very remarkable in the district between Westport and Castlebar. We had left the region of mountains and picturesque beauty behind us, and once more entered upon a tract of that tame, rugged, and homely scenery, which characterises so large a portion of the lowland districts of Ireland.

Beauty—simple beauty—can hardly be said to characterise any of the large landscapes in Ireland. Combined with the grand or picturesque, indeed, or with both these, we often meet with fragments and glimpses of scenery super-eminently beautiful; but we rarely or never meet with any of that continuous garden-like and half-sylvan landscape, presented to us by the rounded knolls and rich plains of England, and which goes to the heart by its charm of loveliness alone. It may even be doubted whether Ireland can be ever made to rival, in the quality

of uniform richness and charm of landscape, its sister island. The inherent barrenness of much of its rocky uplands, the tameness of its wide and dismal plains, the coarse lifelessness of its moors and boggy valleys—together constituting a large portion of the soil of Ireland—seem almost to deny to it the possibility of attaining to that general aspect of delightfulness, which the combined powers of nature and art have bestowed upon England.

When, indeed, the time arrives, as it is to be hoped it will, and at no very remote epoch, that shall see all the soil of Ireland that is cultivable, cultivated as it ought to be; all her fields fenced with living hedges and lined with trees; and, above all, when the sloping shores that border and surround her thousand bays and lakes and rivers, have risen in all the glory of cultivation from the hands of an industrious, prosperous, and tasteful people; then may there be more room to question of her rank in the scale of beauty: then may she measure herself with England with less timidity. Even in her present state, it will not be denied that she is mistress of many scenes that England can scarcely pretend to rival.

The country beyond Westport was a good deal more cultivated than any we had yet traversed since entering Galway; but it presented to us many moorish and boggy spots not cultivated at all, perhaps not cultivable; and only a comparatively small

extent of occupied land that did credit to modern agriculture. The new system of consolidation, also, was here strongly indicated by the comparatively small amount of corn land and the great extent of pasture ground; and, still more unpleasantly, by the "ruined walls and roofless homes" that marked our tract on either hand as we proceeded through the territories of Lord Sligo and Lord Lucan, the great proprietors of the district.

We stopped at a small village on the roadside near a fine farm of 300 acres, belonging to Lord Sligo, but occupied by an English gentleman of the name of Stafford. Everything seemed here in good and wholesome trim, the whole aspect of the farm betraying the country of its cultivator.

Mr. Stafford is a Protestant, but like Mr. Ellis and other kind and just men of that religion, is as popular among the people as if he was of their own creed. Indeed, I found it invariably the case in all parts of Ireland, that the popularity of the landlord, or the farmer, depended in no degree upon his religious views, but upon his practical conduct towards his neighbours and dependants: and this fully as much in the case of the Catholic population as of the Protestant, if not more so.

Men of this persuasion among the labouring class over and over again assured me, and collateral circumstances corroborated the assurance—that in their intercourse with people of their own humble station, or in their relations with their superiors,

they never allowed the matter of religion to influence their proceedings. They said the question with them was not whether a man was a Catholic or Protestant, but whether he was a good or bad man; and I do not think I met with a single example among lay Catholics of the lower class, of those narrow and exclusive views in religion, which unhappily distinguish so large a proportion of their superiors of both creeds. The common expression of these humble persons was, that every man had a right to follow his own religion, and that it would be much better for the people generally if they were all let alone to follow their own convictions.

In making this statement I must, to prevent all misconception, add, that this liberality of views, on the part of my humble Catholic friends, originates in no laxity of principle nor in any sceptical misgivings in their own minds as to the superior truth of their own creed. On the contrary, I never met with one among them who was not a sincere believer, and with very few, indeed, who might not fairly claim to be both religious and pious. In speaking of their individual misfortunes and distresses, they almost invariably comforted themselves with the expression that such was God's will, and with the prayer that they might, by His grace, be enabled to bear what had befallen them. Even in the ordinary and everyday proceedings of life, along with a remarkable freedom from swearing and all other sorts of bad language, they generally exhibited

—at least, elderly persons did—a degree of reverence towards the name of God which is rarely witnessed in Protestant countries,—the women curtsying, and the men raising their hats from their heads, whenever they had occasion to name that name. I would, therefore, think myself justified in believing, from such facts alone, that these people were telling me nothing but truth as to their feelings towards their neighbours and their neighbours' religion, even if I had no other authority; but I had the same statements confirmed to me over and over again by Protestants. From this, I think, the inference is fair, that whatever disorders and disturbances, or whatever violent proceedings take place in Ireland under the name or pretence of religious difference, they do not originate with the humbler classes, but with their superiors on one side or the other, most commonly on both.

In Mr. Stafford's village (I omitted to note its name) we found the National School shut up—another victim of Dr. M'Hale's prejudices. It was, however, said by the people of the village that the school was about to be opened once more, it being understood by them that the hostility of the Bishop and his priests, from what cause they knew not, had abated. Whatever it was, they were rejoiced at the prospect held out to them, as they complained much of being unable to give their children any education at present. The village, in other respects, was said to be comparatively prosperous, owing mainly to the

great number of hands employed by Mr. Stafford, and to the liberal wages given by him.

Castlebar, situated about eight and a half Irish miles from Westport, appears to the traveller passing through it, a neat and even a handsome town; but a closer inspection hardly bears out the first impression. Its population in 1841 was 5137; and in 1851, 4027, showing a decrease of no less than 1110 in the ten years. Taking the whole parish, exclusive of the town, the decrease was still greater—viz. from 5327 to 3115, a decrease of 2212, or considerably more than one third. Even this was below the estimate of some of the inhabitants, who assured me that, what with famine, fever, emigration, and evictions combined, the loss had been one half. I have already remarked that I generally found the estimate of the inhabitants themselves, as to the decrease of population in any place, above the truth.

Castlebar seems to be essentially a Catholic town; at least the official returns of 1834 gave only 1133 Protestants out of a total population of 12,111 in the parish; and one of the Protestant tradesmen only gave the present number of Protestants in the town as about 700. Some of the Catholics with whom I spoke rated the number below this.

The Catholic Chapel is large, but, as usual, ugly. The Parish Church is a neat building with a handsome spire. The Court-house in the square is also neat; and the County Prison, at the western

entrance of the town, is massy and imposing. In saying the town was neat, I ought to have confined the remark to the main street and the parts adjacent, the great body of the place consisting of poor streets with low cottage-like houses.

What is called the National School in Castlebar, was opened so long ago as 1820. On the establishment of the National School system it was adopted by the Board, and continued so associated until the year 1842, when, from some cause or other, it ceased to be connected with the National system. It has, however, remained open as a school ever since, being supported by private subscription. Negociations are again on foot to place the school under the National Board. At this time it contains about 100 children of each sex, and there is not one Protestant among them. The children ought to pay one penny per week, but the master says that not more than twenty of the boys really do so. He is, consequently, kept very poor, not having more than 20*l.* salary. He pays out of this a rent of 1*l.* per annum for his house.

I visited also the Parochial Protestant Schools, which are in connection with the Church Education Society. At the time of my visit there were 38 boys on the roll, and about 20 present, the average attendance being from 19 to 24. Some of the boys were Catholics. There were 32 girls on the rolls, with an average attendance of 18; 16 were then present, of whom two were Catholics. Among the

children of both sexes there are 26 who are orphans or otherwise destitute, and who consequently receive support from the school-fund, I think to the amount of a quarter of a stone of Indian meal per week. The Catholic children participate in this bounty as well as the Protestants; their attendance at school being found to be most regular when the meal is scarcest at home. In the last Report of the Church Education Society I find the number on the roll and the average attendance in these schools to be as follows, in 1851:—*Boys*, on the roll, 49; average attendance, 32. *Girls*, on the roll, 34; average attendance, 26. Both the master and the mistress accounted for their present small attendance, partly from the claims of the harvest season, but still more from the ill-blood and prejudices generated by the late contested election; the poor children suffering from the faults of their betters: the old story of the *delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*.

The master of the school was formerly a Catholic, and a teacher in the National Schools until the year 1848. He was converted by following up his own reflections excited by the enunciation of a physical fact in one of the lay books supplied to the school. This was the doctrine of the *impenetrability of matter*. How, he argued, could the actual physical presence of the body and blood of Christ exist in the bread and wine, without exhibiting physical gravity and bulk, or without displacing something? He considers himself as an

example of the danger to Catholicism of the National Schools, and thinks Dr. M'Hale's hostility to them is founded on this danger. The honest schoolmaster is certainly now a zealous Protestant, whatever the philosophers or the Catholics may think of the fulcrum that moved him into his present position. I am told that the doctrine his philosophy seemed to him to impugn, is not, after all, the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation but that of Consubstantiation, which is disavowed by orthodox Catholics. But I feel more concerned in wishing, poor fellow, that he had a better salary, for I believe he is, at any rate, a worthy pedagogue; he told me his whole income was 20*l.*

On further inquiry in the town I learnt that all the conversions to Protestantism were among children. No one seemed to be aware of the conversion of any adults.

My inquiries respecting Temperance were so far satisfactory as to justify me in placing Castlebar in the same temperate category as the other towns yet examined by me. Although greatly fallen from the palmy state of pledged Teetotalism, which once distinguished it, it has preserved the best fruits of this system in its habits of practical temperance. At one time it would appear that one half, if not two thirds of the population were pledged and practical Teetotallers. It is now doubted if there are more than twenty or thirty that can lay claim to this distinction.

Various causes have contributed here as elsewhere to the downfall of the Temperance system. The hostility of Dr. M'Hale is regarded as one of the principal in this town as well as in Westport. It is no enviable distinction to this prelate that he should be opposed to the two greatest measures ever devised for the moral and physical good of his countrymen—I mean the National School system and the Abstinence movement of Father Mathew; and still more that he alone, of all the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland—and the clergy whom he immediately rules, of all the priests in Ireland—should be entitled to this bad eminence.

The Union Workhouse is, like all its fellows, a well-built and roomy establishment; and all its interior arrangements are characterised by the same order and discipline, and by a degree of cleanliness that is really surprising. The total number in the house at the time of my visit was only 579, viz., 84 men, 125 women, 319 children, and 61 in the hospital. The number of Protestants 16. The present is, I believe, the smallest number that ever was in this house. The master has known it to contain (in 1848) 2500 persons at one time. In the year 1850 there were in this Union, according to the official reports, 8600 who received in-door relief, and 11,204 who received out-door relief; last year (1851) there were 5377 received into the house, and *none* who received relief out of doors. No doubt the returns for the present year will show a still more remarkable diminution.

The dietary in this house is according to the prescribed formula, as to amount and kind, with only such slight variations as local circumstances suggest. The bread in common use, called here compound bread, is made of equal parts of whole flour (unbolted wheaten flour) and rye meal. I found it very palatable and good. The Indian meal (8 oz.) allowed for breakfast is made into a mess of stirabout, weighing no less than 38 oz., so that the breakfast of a healthy man consists of 38 oz. of Indian meal porridge, and half a pint of milk. The children under fifteen have a third meal, consisting of 4 oz. of brown or white bread made of wheaten flour. The meal hours are as follows:—Breakfast, from eight to ten; dinner, from two to four; supper (for the children) from five to six. Women nursing have, in addition to their ordinary diet, one pint of gruel or vegetable soup, and one glass of milk daily. The average number of children in the workhouse schools at present is from 60 to 70 boys, and from 180 to 200 girls, over and above the infants. In the Reports of the National Board, under which these schools are enrolled, the number of children in September 1850 was stated to be 226 boys and 226 girls; and in the same month of 1851, 108 boys and 226 girls. In the house at present there are a great many orphans and deserted children. Of these, the girls are kept in the children's department until they are fifteen, when they are transferred to the women's department, if they still remain in the house.

Castlebar being the capital of Mayo has, of course, its newspapers; and of course one, at least, for each of the two great parties in Ireland,—the Liberal for the Catholics, the Conservative for the Orangemen and Protestants. They are called 'The Mayo Constitutional,' and the 'Mayo Telegraph,' and they are each recorded in Thom's Almanac as using 15,000 stamps in the course of the year.

Lord Lucan's Lodge, it hardly deserves the name of a mansion, adjoins the town of Castlebar, and his farm-buildings are at no great distance. This farm-homestead is a complete model establishment, with steam-engine-power, and everything in the most perfect order. His Lordship is said to be the most extensive farmer in the three kingdoms, having, it is stated, not fewer than 15,000 acres in his own hands. This extraordinary circumstance is explained by the fact that Lord Lucan has been for years devoting all his energies to convert his estates into large farms, on the English or rather Scotch system. His bailiff is a Scotsman, and all his farming operations are conducted on the Scottish model. The only part of his improvements that we saw was this home-farm, conspicuous by its large and regular fields, and presenting the due proportion of turnips, grain, and grass, which this system requires. It reminded me of Lord Fitzwilliam's farm at Coolattin, and, like it, exhibited a striking contrast with the wild country around it. Lord Lucan retains such a vast quantity of land in his own hands simply

because part of it is in the process of consolidation, and because he has not been able to get tenants for much that is consolidated.

The outlay of money in these gigantic improvements has been enormous,—amounting, it is said, to some hundred thousand pounds. We were told that, in some of his improvements he has expended as much as 15*l.* per acre. Whether or not he himself, even if he lives to be an old man, will ever receive any adequate return for his expenditure, most people seem to doubt; but that the *property* will eventually be an immense gainer by his labours is clear enough.

Lord Lucan seems to have set about his great work with such determination, that he has been as little daunted by the moral and social difficulties involved in it, as by the physical obstacles presented to him. The number of cottages that have been pulled down, and the number of people evicted from them, and compelled to go into towns and into workhouses, or to emigrate from the country altogether, have been literally enormous. Although a very soft nature could scarcely be brought to front at all such a trial as this must have been to the heart and mind of its institutor, and although the name of Lord Lucan is certainly very unpopular among the people of the district, yet I nowhere heard that he had betrayed, in the operations which were necessary to the completion of his plans, any undue severity, much less any cruelty that could be avoided.

Neither must we suppose that all the persons deprived of their potato-gardens were disposed of as above mentioned. Some, no doubt, have remained in their old haunts, working at his improvements, and will probably be fixed there eventually as labourers on the new farms.

Still it cannot be doubted, that hardship and distress, in the highest degree, must have often been the necessary consequence of Lord Lucan's proceedings; but whether he was wrong in doing what he has done, or whether he may not, in reality, rather claim from the large-thoughted and far-seeing patriot and philanthropist, the merit of conferring on his country the greatest of boons, is a question which will be answered very differently by different individuals, according to the strength and extent of their mental grasp, their economical and political views, and their personal temperament. I will venture to say this much—that though there are many good and wise men who would have shrunk from doing, or even from witnessing, such things, there is no patriotic Irishman who must not rejoice that they have been done. The thunder-storm and the hurricane are felt and deplored as terrible inflictions, but we are told by philosophers that they are wise and benevolent provisions in the economy of nature.

In reference to the system of eviction generally in Ireland, it is but just to the landlords to remark that the establishment of Union Workhouses and of Poor Law relief generally, during the last ten

or twelve years, has deprived it of much of the horror that would have otherwise accompanied it, and which must have gone along with it in times when no such asylums existed.

The Poor Law system came into operation in 1839, and workhouses began to be erected in the following year. Four houses were completed in 1840, and the erection went on so rapidly, that in the year 1845, no fewer than 123 had been opened. The number was increased every successive year until 1850, when they had reached their present number of 163. The following table shows the number and extent of accommodation and assistance afforded by these houses, and at what cost to the country, during the last four years :—

No. of Unions.	Years.	Numbers Relieved.		Total Expenditure.
		In-door.	Out-door.	
				£
131	1848	610,463	1,433,042	1,835,634
131	1849	932,284	1,210,482	2,177,651
163	1850	805,702	368,665	1,430,108
163	1851	708,450	60,120	1,110,892

Two things are evident from this statement—first, that there was a sure asylum to which the evicted families could resort, and had a legal right to resort, so that the evictors could not be justly charged with the crime of knowingly exposing them to actual want of either food or shelter: secondly, that this food and shelter were provided, in a very

considerable degree, by the landlords themselves, and at an enormous cost to them; the very act of eviction that placed their property within their own control making them liable to the whole amount of poor rates levyable on it. The amount of this rate has for a good many years been very great—some years in certain places almost equal to the whole rental; in many places, during a few years, equal to one half the rental. The amount of the rate during the present year I found to vary from 3*s.* to 5*s.* in the pound; an immense decrease for many places, but not much in others.

As illustrating the burthen of the poor-rates on the landlords, I will here give the actual rates of one particular place (Killarney) for the last seven years; always rather preferring, according to the title of my book, to state individual facts, than to make general propositions.

POOR RATES *levied on Property in the* KILLARNEY ELECTORAL DIVISION, *from* 1846 *to* 1851.

		Rate.		Per Annum.
February,	1846	1 6	=	1 6
February,	1847	2 8	=	5 8
October,	1847	3 0		
April,	1848	4 6	=	7 9
October,	1848	3 3		
July,	1849	2 4	=	5 4
September,	1849	3 0		
July,	1850	2 6	=	2 6
June,	1851	1 3	=	5 9
October,	1851	4 6		

The following are the different ways in which the rates are proportioned between the landlord and tenant:—

1. Where the rent per annum is equal to the valuation of the property under the Poor Law, the landlord pays half the rates, by allowance to the tenant *when paying* his rent.

2. Where the valuation of the property exceeds the annual rent, the landlord pays *half the rate per pound* on *every pound* of the *year's rent.*

3. Where the valuation of the property *is less* than the annual rent, the landlord pays half the rates levied.

In all cases the occupier must pay the collector in the first instance, and deduct from the landlord, when paying his rent, the amount legally chargeable against the latter.

In making these statements I am the apologist of the landlords to this extent—of those landlords, at least, who have only adopted the practice of consolidation since the complete establishment of the Poor Law system—viz. that if they had the conviction that this consolidation was not merely for their own interest as proprietors, but was also for the good of the country at large, and for the happiness of the future people of Ireland, they were not merely legally but morally justified in carrying it into effect. The existence of the Poor Law system, with its Union Workhouses in every district, was an essential preliminary, not merely to render such an

act justifiable, but to render it possible without incurring the responsibility of a most positive outrage on humanity, which no mere legal authority could either warrant or palliate. And the apology, moreover, proceeds on the assumption that the evictions were had recourse to after due warning to the parties concerned; and that they were conducted with every practicable accompaniment that could mitigate the physical and mental distress which must, under all circumstances, be too severe not to reach the heart of any one in any way concerned in the proceedings, much more the hearts of those who were the direct cause of it. I believe this was often the case; I would fain hope that it was generally so: I have learned, however, that *the reverse* was also true —nor rarely, I fear; more especially where the task of dispossession was left in the hands of a mercenary agent. If this be true, the landlord, whether a resident or an absentee, has incurred a fearful responsibility, which, far from being limited to the immediate case, must take its share in answering for those terrible deeds of mistaken vengeance which have of late years so darkened and saddened the social history of Ireland.

Although Lord Lucan's plans of consolidation comprise, as a general rule, the establishment of large farms, yet the rule seems to be wisely modified by him in practice. And, indeed, I cannot but believe that a country or a district with nothing but large farms, would only be a shade better than that

of the wretched cottier system. The mixture of large and small holdings in the same district seems to be capable of producing infinitely greater good than can be achieved by the exclusive adoption of either. This would appear to be Lord Lucan's opinion also. At least, I found such holdings in one of his villages near Castlebar. One tenant, under a recent lease, rented a house with 15 acres of land adjoining for 17*l.* per year; and another had only 7 acres and a house, for which he paid a rental of 9*l.* 14*s.* annually.

The people we saw employed on Lord Lucan's harvest field, were chiefly paid by the piece, at the rate of 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre, which amounted to about 1*s.* per day. Those employed by the day were paid as follows: the men 10*d.*, the women-reapers 6*d.*, and the women-binders 4*d.*,—all without victuals.

The locality of Castlebar has naturally led me to refer more particularly to Lord Lucan in relation to the great change as to the consolidation of agricultural property now taking place in Ireland; but it will be seen by many previous statements in these pages, that he is far from being the exclusive promoter of it. Indeed, we have seen that the practice has almost become general throughout Ireland. And now, in writing out my memorandums on this head, I am enabled to avail myself of information of the most important and most authentic kind, showing the actual advances made in this direction. This information is derived from

an admirable Report recently published by the Commissioners of the late census in Ireland. The whole of this Report I recommend to those who wish for a complete knowledge of the subject: I can here only make a few extracts from it.

It will, I think, be impossible, after reading these brief but pregnant statements, any longer to retain a doubt that the great revolution as to the holding of property in Ireland has already made great advances; while it seems equally certain, from what is at present going on, that these advances will proceed to an early consummation. What may be the precise effect of this remarkable change on the future fortunes of the people of Ireland, remains to be seen. In all probability, it will be one of great though not unmixed good; but for good or for evil, the die is now cast—the thing is now done.

1. *Changes in the several Classes of Agricultural Holdings, exceeding one acre in extent, which have taken place during the last ten years.*

Classes of Holdings.	No. of Holdings in 1841.	No. of Holdings in 1851.	Decrease.	Increase.
Number above 1 and not exceeding 5 acres .	310,375	88,083	222,292	—
Number above 5 and not exceeding 15 acres .	252,778	191,854	60,924	—
Number above 15 and not exceeding 30 acres .	79,338	141,311	—	61,973
Number above 30 acres	48,623	149,090	—	100,467
Total . . .	691,114	570,338	283,216	162,440

II. *Changes in each of the last three years.*

Years.	Total Holdings.		Holdings not exceeding One Acre.		Holdings exceeding One Acre.	
	No.	Ann. Dec.	No.	Ann. Inc.	No.	Ann. Dec.
1849	651,145	—	31,989	—	616,156	—
1850	628,222	22,923	35,326	3,337	592,826	26,260
1851	608,066	20,156	37,728	2,402	570,338	22,558

From these Tables it will appear that the total number of holdings has continued to decrease. The entire reduction between the years 1850 and 1851 is 20,156—which is, however, 2767 less than that which took place between 1849 and 1850, although at the same time the returns for 1851 exhibit an increase of 3402 in the holdings under one acre. This increase of the very small holdings is satisfactory as showing that the remark made in a preceding page, respecting the retention of a portion of the evicted tenantry, in or near the consolidated estates, must be correct. It is presumed that among the vast number of "holdings not exceeding one acre," many must be occupied by former cottiers, now engaged as labourers on the property of others.

The following Table shows the interesting fact of the actual results of the consolidation system so far as yet developed.

III. *Actual number of Farms in Ireland, exceeding 30 acres, in the year* 1851.

Above 30 and not exceeding 50 acres . .	70,093
Above 50 and not exceeding 100 acres . .	49,940
Above 100 and not exceeding 200 acres . .	19,753
Above 200 and not exceeding 500 acres . .	7847
Above 500 acres	1457

The following two extracts from the Commissioners' Reports have also very important bearings on the same general subject of the influence of the changed system on the tillage and produce of the land. The first (IV) shows that there has been a considerable increase in the amount of cultivated land during the last ten years; while the next (V) seems to prove that the recent practice of throwing corn-land into pasture, has already told on the amount of the cereal produce.

IV. *Relative quantity of arable land in Ireland now and formerly.*

"The quantity of arable land in Ireland in 1841, was 13,464,300 acres; the amount according to these returns is now 14,802,581, showing that the extent of the cultivated land has been increased by 1,338,281 acres during the last ten years; and from 1847 (the first year the extent of tillage was recorded), to 1851 the quantity of land under crops has been also extended from 5,238,575 to 5,858,951, thus showing an increase of 620,376 acres.

v. *Estimate of the quantity of corn, beans, and peas grown in Ireland during the last four years.*

Crops.		1847.	1851.
Wheat	(barrels of 20 stones) . .	4,916,599 ..	2,508,963
Oats	(ditto of 14 stones) . .	18,433,390 ..	17,232,874
Barley	(ditto of 16 stones) . .	2,489,330 ..	2,482,992
Bere	(ditto of 16 stones) . .	423,978 ..	442,752
Rye	(ditto of 20 stones) . .	102,273 ..	157,537
Beans and Peas	(bushels of 8 gallons) . .	675,649 ..	1,283,610

vi. *Total produce of the above crops reduced to tons of 2240 lbs. each:*

Years.	Tons of Produce.	Years.	Tons of Produce.
1847 . .	2,548,503	1850 . .	2,113,327
1849 . .	2,182,514	1851 . .	2,165,864"

vii. *Total produce of edible roots (in tons) during the last four years.*

Years.	Potatoes. Tons.	Turnips. Tons.	Carrots, &c. Tons.
1848	2,048,195	5,760,616	(Not known.)
1849	4,014,122	5,805,848	101,727
1850	3,945,990	5,439,005	83,622
1851	4,441,022	6,081,326	87,627

In the year 1847 the proportion of cereal to green crops was, in acres—four six-tenths to one; whilst in 1851 the proportion was two three-tenths to one.

viii. *Amount of flax (also showing its great increase) cultivated in each province in Ireland.*

	1850. Acres.	1851. Acres.
Leinster	1801	4889
Munster	2094	5991
Ulster	85,065	125,407
Connaught	2080	4249
Total of Flax . .	91,040	140,436

The two following Tables, showing the total amount of stock in Ireland in 1841 and 1851, complete the view I have been desirous of giving of the present state of the agricultural interest in Ireland. It will be seen how well these details confirm the observations I have had occasion to make in various places respecting the deficiency of pigs and sheep in Ireland. I may add, that they point out to the speculator in Irish stock a fine field for his exertions:

IX. *Total and relative amount of each kind of Stock in Ireland in* 1841 *and* 1851.

	1841.	1851.
Horses and Mules	576,115	543,312
Asses	92,365	136,981
Cattle	1,863,116	2,967,461
Sheep	2,106,189	2,122,128
Pigs	1,412,813	1,084,857
Goats	—	235,313
Poultry	8,458,517	7,470,694

"This Table shows a gradual diminution in the number of horses and mules; the decrease within the ten years being 32,803. Pigs, though greatly increased since 1847, have not yet reached the numbers shown in 1841, the deficiency as between that year and 1851 being 327,956. Goats were not enumerated in 1841, but their numbers have considerably increased since 1847. Poultry have also increased since 1847; but they are yet under the number in 1841 by 987,823. The number

of horned cattle in each period shows a considerable augmentation; the increase within the ten years being 1,104,345.

"The Census Commissioners of 1841 not only made an enumeration of the stock at that time in Ireland, but also, after inquiry, assumed an average rate per head for each description, viz.:—horses and mules were valued at 8*l.* each, asses at 1*l.*, horned cattle at 6*l.* 10*s.*, sheep at 1*l.* 2*s.*, pigs at 1*l.* 5*s.*, poultry at 6*d.* By this means they arrived at an approximation to the value of the entire stock in Ireland in 1841. There is every reason to think that were the inquiries on this subject now repeated, horses and mules, cattle, sheep, and pigs would be estimated at higher rates; but as any alteration in these rates would disturb the comparison with previous years, it has been thought judicious to adhere to the prices adopted in 1841. A general view is thus afforded of the extent of the changes which have taken place since that year in this important branch of farming."

x. *Past and present value of farm stock in Ireland:*

Years.	Value.
1841	£21,105,808
1851	27,737,393

"In contrasting the number of holdings with the value of stock in the years 1841 and 1851, it appears, that although the number of holdings has diminished by 120,776, and the gross value of stock

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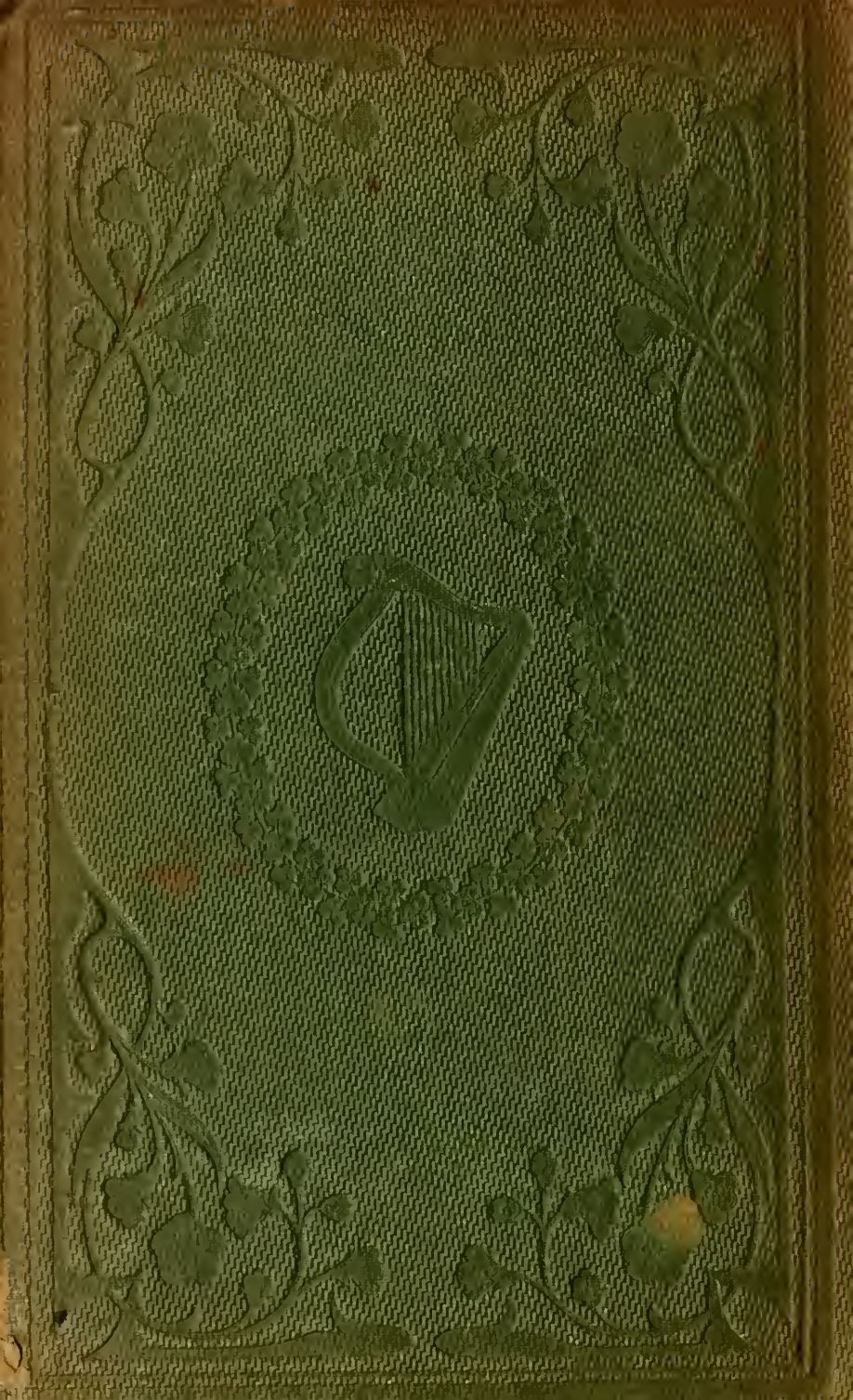
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